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Saturday Review

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40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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Shenandoah...

Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.

When you visit Shenandoah National Park and ride along the breathtaking Skyline Drive over the mountain tops, you will see a peak called Pollock's Knob, named for a man who looked beyond the years.

Thanks to George Freeman Pollock, future generations will see the Blue Ridge Mountains as the Indians and pioneers saw them, blazing with millions of wild flowers, forested with a hundred kind of trees, and watered by some of the clearest trout streams in America.

Pollock first saw Shenandoah's rolling ridges when he was a boy. For fifty years, he worked and fought to save the natural glory of this wilderness. Bit by bit, he bought and set aside mountain scenery. He walked the hillsides with governors, senators, businessmen, conservationists—anyone he could inspire with his dream.

Through his efforts, the Virginia Conservation and Economic Development Commission made a study. Local chambers of commerce helped. So did the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club. Some 24,000 Virginians pledged a million dollars. In 1927, Governor Harry F. Byrd signed a state appropriation for another million. And Shenandoah became *your* National Park.

Since then, our population has increased by 50 million. We need more Shenandoahs. We need more lands for outdoor recreation, so that more of our people will have the opportunity to know Nature's blessings and, through them, find refreshment of body and spirit. Everyone benefits from such conservation. That's why conservation is everyone's job.

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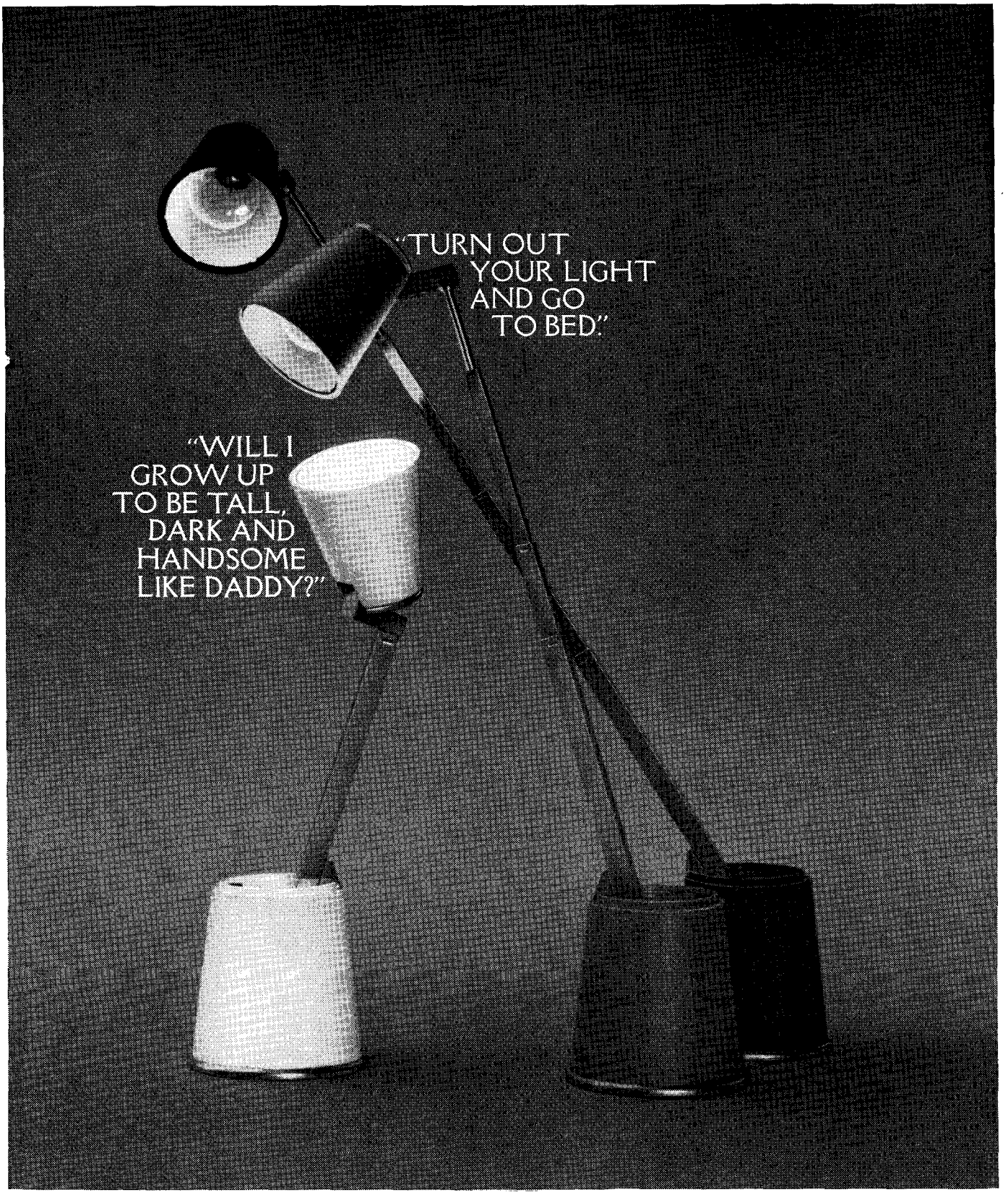

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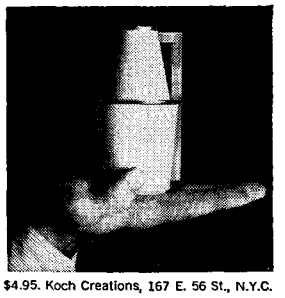

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(Advertisement)

"The prospects of American civilization?" I can only hope, in this summer of national politics and local madness, that we still have some.

This issue asks about the most "influential" books published during the magazine's 40 years (congratulations, old *SR*, home of the brave!) A nice invitation to this column but no editor in his right mind, working with a long list of outstanding authors, would think of selecting a mere handful of nominees. (Shame, old cowardly Editor-at-Large!) Yet even I might nominate Shakespeare and the Bible and I do so, herewith. Soon the first volumes of the Anchor Bible will appear; you'll hear more about that revolutionary work. As for Big Bill, Doubleday has for years sold *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* illustrated by Rockwell Kent.

Now a new book about Shakespeare is demonstrating its influence. The director Peter Brook attributes the inspiration for his acclaimed "King Lear" to Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary.* The specific chapter, "King Lear or Endgame," is a fine sample of the way in which Kott illuminates the playwright's remarkable pertinence to our age and his presence in the ancestry of Beckett and Ionesco. (Martin Esslin, author of Anchor's *The Theatre of the Absurd*, shows in the introduction how Kott's personal background prepared him for these electrifying interpretations. Esslin makes the interesting point that once any nation, or any language, achieves a full translation of the Bible and of Shakespeare, it can be said to have arrived.)

Read Kott. His book is an astonishing concordance and guide to Shakespeare's vast inventory of human hopes, lusts, grandeur, and shame.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Shakespeare Our Contemporary ($4.50) by Jan Kott (Translated by Boleslaw Taborski) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, New York.

Saturday Review

40th-Anniversary Issue

August 29, 1964

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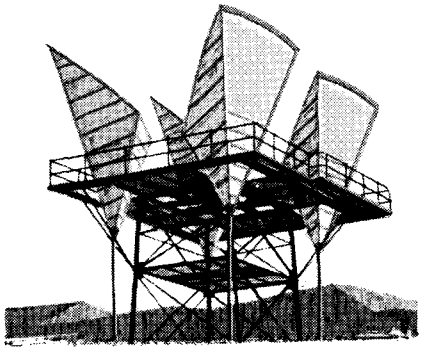

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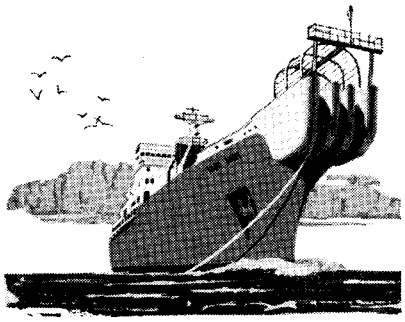
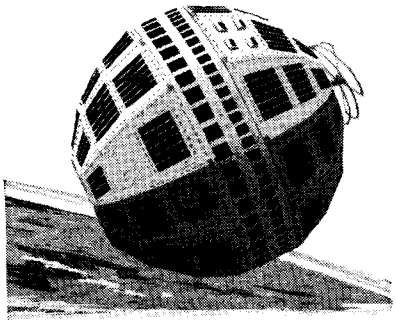


Submarine cables whisk your words under-seas as clearly as when you talk across town.

These developments will speed your telephone conversations tomorrow



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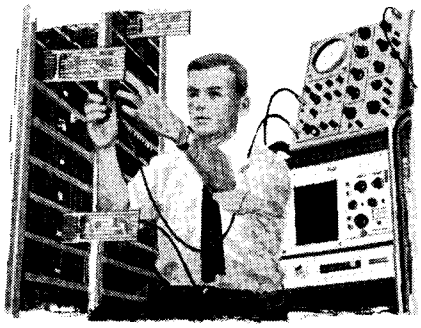

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THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
April 24, 1926

SOMETHING MORE IN THE RECORD THE *Saturday Review* CAN CELEBRATE ON THIS ANNIVERSARY

ONLY OLDSTERS among *Saturday Review* readers will be aware of its close cultural association with the Book-of-the-Month Club over the past four decades. The association has been on the personnel level. Key individuals in the founding of the *Saturday Review* also worked with and for the Book-of-the-Month Club from the very first days of its inception in 1926, less than two years after the magazine itself started.

Henry Seidel Canby, first editor-in-chief of the *Saturday Review*, was almost foreordained for choice as chairman of the Club's original Board of Judges, and he became as deeply absorbed in the problem of choosing Club Selections as he was in his own perpetual editorial closing dates. He remained on the Board for twenty-eight years, until his retirement in 1954 because of failing eyesight. Christopher Morley, also a "natural" for the kind of work the Board of Judges had to do, worked uninterruptedly until shortly before his death in 1957.

The incomparable Amy Loveman was as indispensable to the Board of Judges as to the *Saturday Review*. She was the Club's original screening editor, through whom all books received from publishers were distributed among "preliminary readers"—a task that became so time-consuming that she was obliged very soon to leave the publication and devote her full energies to the Club's work. Later she replaced Dorothy Canfield as a member of the Board, when the latter retired in 1951 (also because of failing eyesight). Two other staff members of the publication—John Mason Brown and Basil Davenport—have long been involved on the literary side of the Club's activity, and both have been on the Board of Judges since 1956.

This fortieth birthday is certainly a good occasion for the *Saturday Review* to point up and to celebrate the significant role it has played in the encouragement and advancement of American letters, but this unpublicized help to the same end is likely not to be mentioned just because it was indirect. The Book-of-the-Month Club, in all but two of these forty years, was right alongside the magazine playing a very similar major role in literary history over the period.

It has made available to its readers something like 700 Selections and Alternates, not to speak of innumerable miscellaneous "recommendations," and five of the individuals mentioned above participated actively in deciding what they were. Practically all the important writers of our time, European as well as American, have been represented in this distribution. All together the Club has placed in American homes the almost incredible total of some 183,000,000 books—more than there are in all public libraries in the land, including the vast Library of Congress and all the university libraries.

At this milestone it seems only fair and proper—for those who may not know about it—to call some special attention to the indirect contribution of the *Saturday Review*, through its personnel, in this historical record. And, incidentally, it also becomes timely to announce to *Saturday Review* readers a newly launched project of the Book-of-the-Month Club in a related cultural field. It is described in the following pages.

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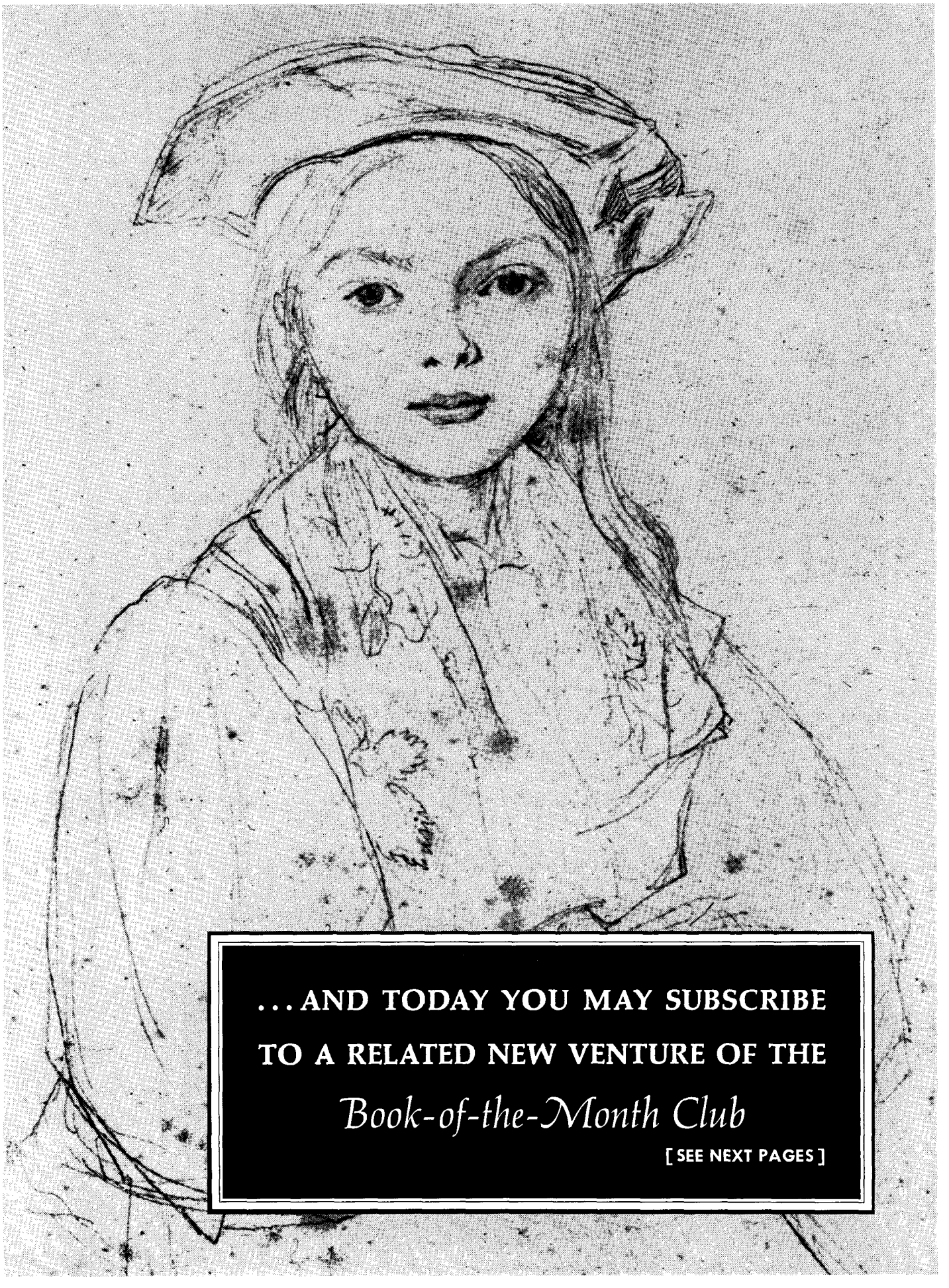

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✶ For each volume kept, there will be a charge of $4.95, plus a small mailing cost. (Even without the handsome slipcase provided with each volume, this is an unusually low price for fine art books of this high quality.)

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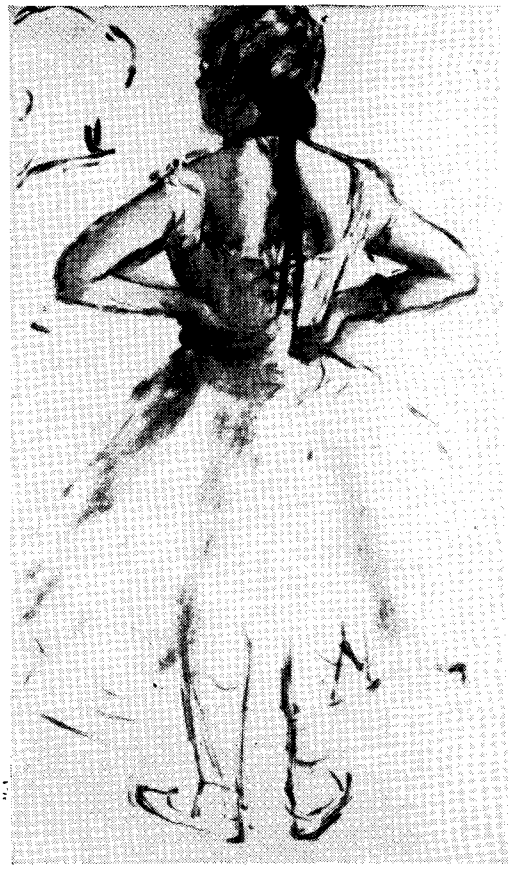

EDGAR DEGAS • *Ballet D*
Brush sketch in oil on pink

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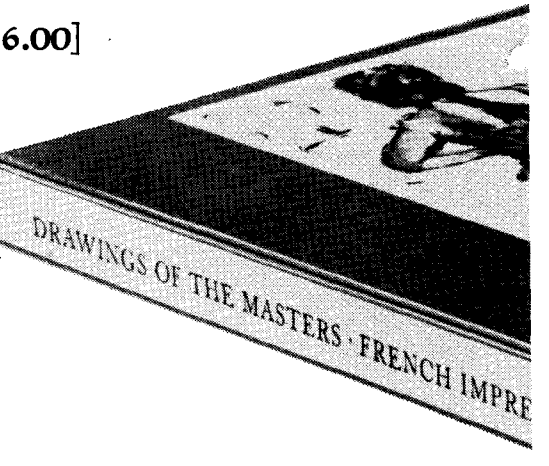

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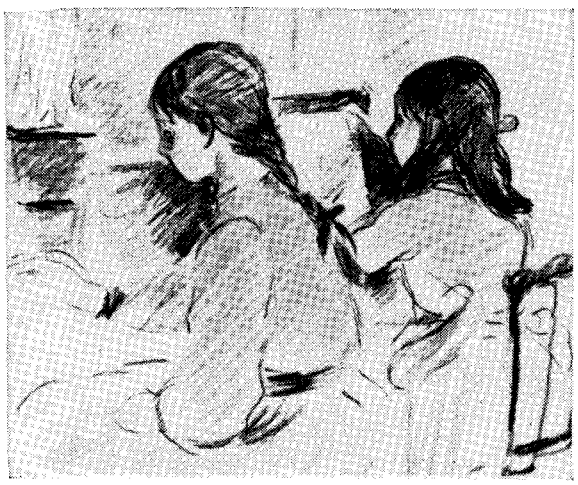
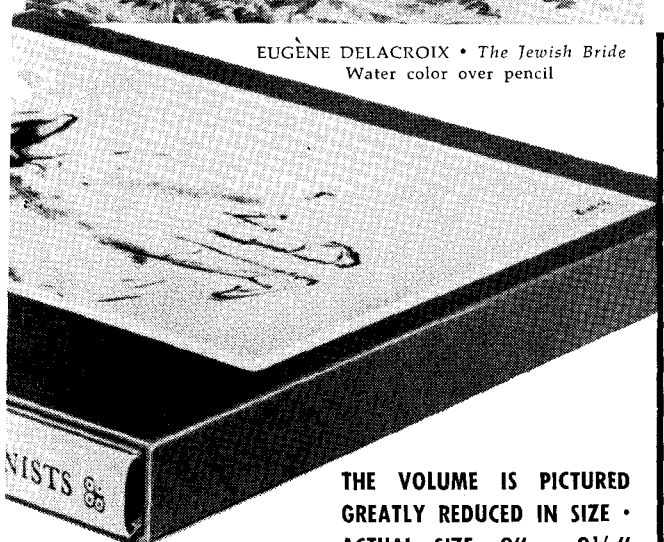


BERTHE MORISOT • Study for *"At the Piano"* • Pastel

EUGÈNE DELACROIX • *The Jewish Bride*
Water color over pencil



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Background of the Project

IN RECENT YEARS one of the most striking developments in the world of art has been the rediscovery of drawing. Because of the spontaneous quality of this medium—and the revealing insight a drawing often gives into the artist's personality and philosophy—museums and private collectors have been acquiring drawings today at an unprecedented rate; drawings by artists as widely separated in time and style as Michelangelo and Modigliani. Drawings, however, are fragile. Instead of being displayed in galleries and museums they are usually filed away in protective portfolios or solander cases, available only to scholars and serious collectors.

Nine years ago a noted American artist and critic, Ira Moskowitz, was assigned the task of selecting the finest and most representative drawings from the earliest cave artists to the most recent moderns. He was offered entry to the major public and private collections of the world, including hitherto restricted repositories in the Soviet Union. He studied no fewer than half a million drawings, consulting with the world's most distinguished scholars in this field. Eventually, some four thousand drawings were photographed in color.

Selections from this remarkable collection of rare color reproductions were first published internationally two years ago in four huge volumes, entitled GREAT DRAWINGS OF ALL TIME, in a limited edition priced at $175 a set. In this country the edition was limited to three thousand sets, all of which were quickly spoken for by museums and wealthy private collectors.

That would have been the end of it . . . except that it seemed inexcusably wasteful to allow the fruits of this scrupulous care and long effort to lie buried where only a privileged few could enjoy them. With this in mind, the Book-of-the-Month Club determined—in cooperation with Shorewood Publishers, Inc.—to make this great collection of drawings available to a far wider audience in the unique program described on these pages.

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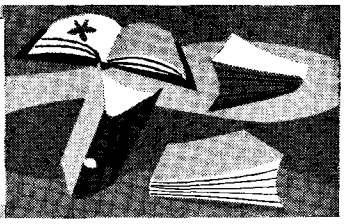
Trade Winds

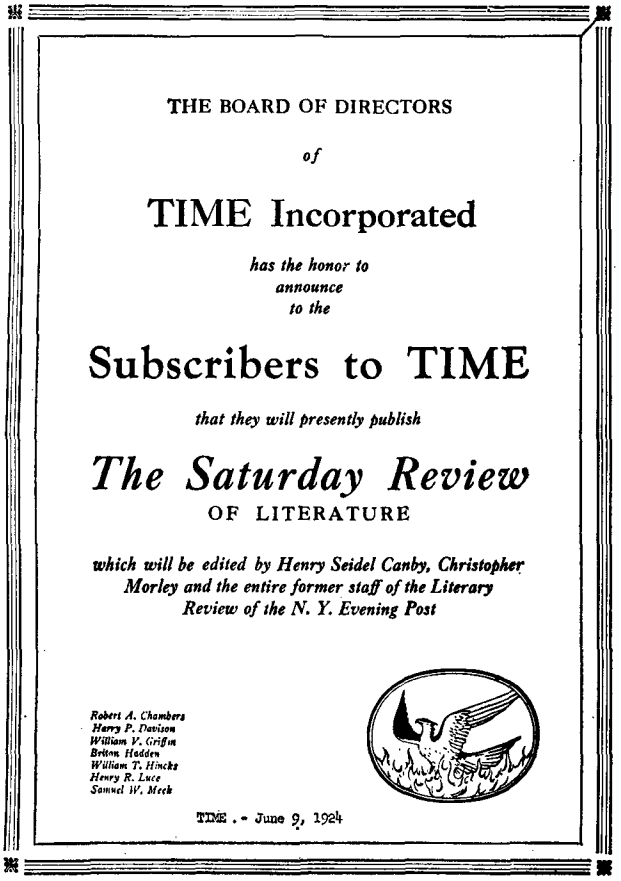


EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this special anniversary column, Bennett Cerf, succeeded Christopher Morley as regular writer of the "Trade Winds" department in 1942 and continued to write it for the next fifteen years.*

August 2, 1924, was a typical, lazy, sunny, midsummer day in New York with very few citizens bestirring themselves unduly except in one modest office at 236 East 39th Street, where Editor Henry Seidel Canby and his associates, Amy Loveman, William Rose Benét, and Christopher Morley were flipping over the pages of their very first issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. They were in a glow of justified enthusiasm and self-satisfaction, fanned by the approval of Henry R. Luce. He was there, too, for the spanking new *Review* was being sponsored by his own still relatively modest magazine venture, Time Inc.

The front page of that first *SRL*, designed by those two superb typographers, W. A. Dwiggins and Carl Rollins, featured a discerning essay by Canby and a new poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Just-published books reviewed or advertised on succeeding pages included David Garnett's *A Man in the Zoo*, Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, Ring Lardner's *How to Write Short Stories*, John Buchan's *The Three Hostages*, Louis Bromfield's *The Green Bay Tree*, Edith Wharton's *Old New York*—and the book then topping all nonfiction best-seller lists, Plaza Publishing Company's *Cross Word Puzzle Book Number One*. Very soon thereafter the two ambitious owners of Plaza Publishing were to rip off their false beards and reveal themselves as Richard L. Simon and M. Lincoln Schuster.

The first issue of *SRL* initiated three columns destined to be popular features of the enterprise for many years to come: Chris Morley's BOWLING GREEN, Bill Benét's PHOENIX NEST, and May Lamberton Becker's READER'S GUIDE. The TRADE WINDS column was not yet so much as a gleam in this conductor's eye, though he was already telling many of the corny stories that he smuggled by Amy Loveman's eagle gaze twenty-five years later.



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OF LITERATURE

which will be edited by Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley and the entire former staff of the Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post

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William V. Griffin
Briton Hadden
William T. Hincks
Henry R. Luce
Samuel W. Meek

TIME . . June 9, 1924

The first advertisement for the *Saturday Review of Literature* appeared in the June 9, 1924, issue of *Time*.

How many of the worthy publishers who advertised in that first issue have long since been scuttled, merged, or diluted: D. Appleton; Duffield; Brentano's; B. W. Huebsch; Small, Maynard; Thomas Seltzer; the Century Company; George Doran; Frederick A. Stokes Company. And how many bookshops then extending their felicitations to the Canby complex have now vanished from the scene: The Sunwise Turn, around the corner from Grand Central; Edwin Mitchell's *gemütlich* nook in Hartford; Alfred Goldsmith's on lower Lexington Avenue; Rumana McManus's Hidden Bookshop at 74 Broadway; McDevitt Wilson's in the Hudson Terminal. . . !

America's number one fiction best-seller that August 1924 was Edna Ferber's *So Big*, with Zane Grey's *The Call of the Canyon*, Booth Tarkington's *The Midlander*, Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *The Home Maker*, and Percy Marks's *The Plastic Age* not far behind. In nonfiction, trailing some distance behind the aforementioned *Cross Word Puzzle* compilation, were Lulu Hunt Peters's *Diet and Health*, Papini's *The Life of Christ*, Maurois's *Ariel*, and Albert E. Wiggam's *New Decalogue of Science*. Those were the days when fiction outsold nonfiction by a wide margin.

Saturday-morning papers are traditionally light on news as well as advertising, and the *New York Times* that August 2, 1924, provided no exception to the rule. Greek army units were in pursuit of Bulgarian raiders, and the *Times*'s front-page headline, which might well have been left standing, read, BALKAN SKIRMISHES CAUSE NEW ALARM; SOVIET IS SOWING STRIFE. Prohibition agents—what infernal and impotent pests they were!—raided the private home of a socialite nephew of William Howard Taft and carted off sixty cases of his choicest liquors. They didn't say what they intended to do with this precious haul—but I'd like to venture a modest guess.

Governor Al Smith of New York was feuding with the city's incredible Mayor Hylan, and President Cal Coolidge, who had slipped unostentatiously into town, was disdainful of the chances of John W. Davis, the compromise candidate the Democrats had dredged up to oppose him that fall. His lack of concern was understandable. In November,

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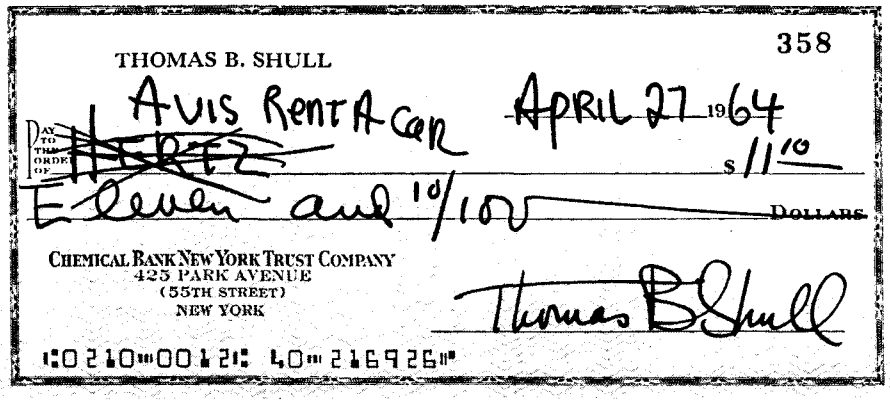
Who do you think of first when you think of rent a cars? Certainly not Avis.



THOMAS B. SHULL

358

APRIL 27 1964

PAY TO THE ORDER OF ~~HERTZ~~ Avis Rent A Car

$ 11.10

Eleven and 10/100 DOLLARS

CHEMICAL BANK NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY
425 PARK AVENUE
(55TH STREET)
NEW YORK

Thomas B Shull

How one of our customers made out his check.

It must be nice to be a household word. Like Jell-O, Coke or Kodak.

But we're not. Avis is only No. 2 in rent a cars, and it's always the big fellow you think of first.

So we have to try harder. Hoping the people who stumble on us will come back for more.

(We probably have the world's most fussed-over Fords. Spick and span and nicely in tune.)

And when someone calls us by the wrong name, we turn the other cheek.

After all, it doesn't matter what you call us.

Just so you call.

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"Happy is he who has been able to learn the causes of things."
Virgil

The quest for facts which are close to "the causes of things" is a difficult and sometimes frustrating part of our research effort.

Such a quest remains an art. It requires individuals who possess a nicely balanced blend of iron drive and delicate touch. These are the imaginative and perceptive men Virgil described. We think we have some of them working with us.

Allied Chemical Corporation,
61 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Allied Chemical

Divisions:
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Nitrogen • Plastics • Semet-Solvay
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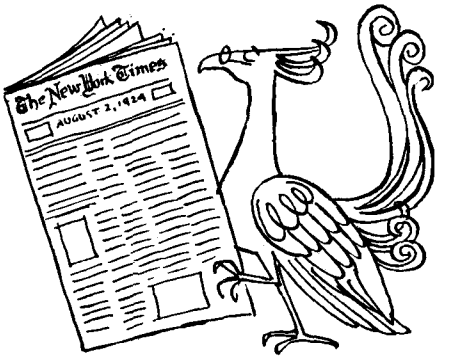
In Canada:
Allied Chemical Canada, Ltd., Montreal

he clobbered Davis by 15,725,016 votes to 8,385,586—and 352 electoral votes to 136. The usually taciturn Calvin *did* tell a *Times* man that he proposed to "stand on his record," that he wanted no fireworks for campaign purposes, that he intended to "hurl no bricks," and that, in his opinion at least, "more flies could be caught with molasses than with vinegar."

A reporter covering the City Hall beat indicated that this was the week Mayor Hylan had delivered a meaty résumé of his political philosophy. It was a speech he not only had not written, but had not even bothered to read before he arose to deliver it. In the middle of his peroration he came to the phrase, "That reminds me of one of my favorite stories of a traveling salesman." It developed that the good mayor never had heard the joke before, and when he finished reading it he laughed so heartily that his eyeglasses fell off and splintered on the floor. The chairman of the dinner had to complete his speech for him.

August 2, 1924, marked the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of World War I, and various German generals, their arrogance undiminished by defeat, volunteered statements bristling with defiance and threats to future world peace. Field Marshal von Hindenburg, whose name, for one reason or another, seems to be back on many a concerned citizen's lips these days, thundered, "May the spirit of 1914 again be the common property of all Germans!"

Minor news items on inside pages of the August 2, 1924, issue of the *New York Times* referred to Britain's long-



running border disputes with the Irish; Italian journalists' hopeless protests against "restrictions" imposed by the as-yet-undisputed dictator champ, Mussolini; and the opening of a Soviet fair at Nizhnii Novgorod, with showmen in the amusement area protesting that the trade commissars were giving them a raw deal.

The society pages featured a ball hosted by Condé Nast in Newport and a dance program by Ruth St. Denis in Southampton. In Harlem a splendifer-

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After practicing baton twirling, Judy climbed the apple tree to rescue the cat, skated to the store for bobby pins. Now she's home from dancing class. She needs a sugarless, go-less soft drink like a kangaroo needs a baby buggy. What are little girls made of? Sugar. For energy.

NOTE TO MOTHERS

How much energy does your child get from the synthetic sweetener in a bottle of diet soft drink? Exactly none. And how much energy does she need? You tell us —and ask yourself if you're doing her a favor when you stock the refrigerator with no-sugar soft drinks. She'll drink them—her thirst craves anything that's cold and wet. But if you want her to have the energy she needs, you'll bring home the kind with sugar.

SUGAR'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES

...18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

For sweetness with energy, get cane or beet sugar

Sugar Information, Inc.

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Ergonomics

is not a word that we coined, nor is it an idea that we originated. But it represents a philosophy that we believe in, a philosophy that prevails throughout our company.

Ergonomics is the art of fitting things to people: the handle to the hand, the chair to the body, and, in our company, *the securities to the investor*. With us, it is based on the strong conviction that every investor is unique, a case unto himself, and therefore he needs and deserves individual consideration. That conviction affects everything we do.

For example, we offer the services of our Research Department — nearly 300 strong — to review your portfolio, to provide suggestions for the investment of any sum of money, or to give you any other kind of investment help you wish, custom tailored for you without charge.

And ergonomics is the reason we take pride in the range of services that we can offer to all kinds of investors, individual and institutional, through all of our more than 150 offices in the United States, Canada, and abroad:

- **stocks, listed and unlisted**
- **government securities**
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MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

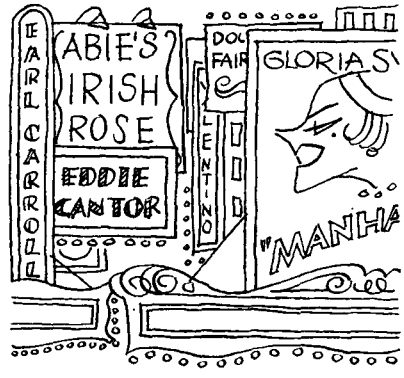
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK
48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK
(Government Securities Office)

ously uniformed Marcus Garvey, self-styled "President General of the African Republic," reviewed a parade on 135th Street.

The Cunard's proud liner *Aquitania* eased into port, carrying the Dolly Sisters (returned to their native shores to adorn *The Greenwich Village Follies*) and eighteen-year-old Helen Wills, who had just won the women's Olympic tennis championship and was training her guns on a French phenomenon named Suzanne Lenglen.

Will Rogers was starring in the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theater, Eddie Cantor in *Kid Boots* at the Earl Carroll, the Marx Brothers in *I'll Say She Is* at the Casino, and Bea Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence in *Charlot's Revue* at the Selwyn. *Abie's Irish Rose* was just settling down at the Republic in the second of its seven straight years there. The taunts of frustrated critics like Heywood Broun and Robert Benchley seemed only to increase activity at its box office. When author-producer Anne Nichols started substituting new—and cheaper—performers for the original actors and actresses, one indignant patron threatened, "If you keep changing this cast, I'm going to stop coming!"



In Broadway movie palaces that August 2, Douglas Fairbanks was cutting up in *Thief of Bagdad*, Gloria Swanson was cuddling up in *Manhandled*, Valentino was impersonating Monsieur Beaucaire, and Mary Pickford was tossing her curls as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Steeplechase was in its heyday at Coney Island, and in Luna Park, now the site of a mammoth apartment project, unjaded teen-agers were still getting a thrill out of chuting the chutes.

On the sports pages, Babe Ruth was the big name. His three hits the day before had helped the Yankees nose out the St. Louis Browns, 3-2. The third hit was not a home-run but a bunt, and moments later the Babe had been called out on a close force play at second. The Babe's mild protest—coupled with the tossing of a little harmless dirt that just happened to blow in the umpire's direction—led to his ejection from the contest. The Yankees, as usual, were in first place that August day forty years ago, but on their heels were the then formidable Washington Senators, who, indeed, went on to win the world's championship that fall. The Senators' "Goose" Goslin shared the league lead in batting with Mr. Ruth. In the National League, the Giants had a full seven-game lead over the second-place Chicago Cubs. Either the hitters were more potent in those days or the pitchers had not yet developed

such unfathomable deliveries as "butterfly" balls and slider, for Rogers Hornsby was batting an incredible .472, Kiki Cuyler .376, and the Brooklyn Dodgers' Zack Wheat .373. Speaking of the Dodgers, whose zany antics had kept addicts in Ebbets Field in an uproar for years, they had performed faultlessly on August 1, with their incomparable pitcher, Dazzy Vance, whitewashing the Cubs, 4-0, and striking out fourteen men in the process. Alas!

Wall Street had been buoyant on August 1, 1924—in the early stages of the wild bull market that was not to end until the calamitous crash of 1929. General Motors was selling that day at 14 and IBM at 97—and heaven knows how many times those stocks have been split since then. Conversely, United Fruit closed at 217 (up 6 points on the day), Santa Fe, paying a six-dollar dividend, at 104, Baldwin Locomotive at 122, and New York Central at 107.

(*Continued on page* 190)

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1585)

AFL-CIO *NEWS:*
EDUCATION SEASON

(Issue of June 13, 1964)

Twenty thousand members of AFL-CIO unions will study under accelerated labor education programs this summer at thirty-three universities and thirteen trade union centers, with about a thousand full-time union staff members receiving advanced training.

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When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She's stranded. Helpless.

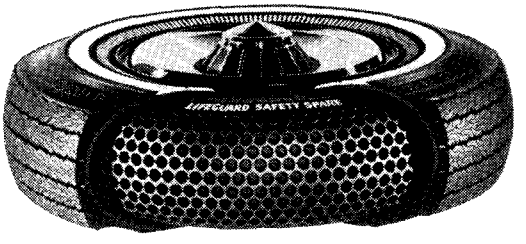
A flat tire and no one in sight to change it. But with the LifeGuard Safety Spare she won't have to change a tire.

Because the LifeGuard is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead. Designed to keep her going even with a flat, puncture, or blowout.

The secret is two tires. One inside the other. The outside tire is the Double Eagle. It's made with the exclusive Vytacord polyester . . . the "dream cord" that's strong as nylon and smooth-riding as rayon . . . yet makes a cooler-running tire than both.

And like all Goodyear auto tires, the Double Eagle is made with Tufsyn rubber, that's 25% more durable.

In fact, the Double Eagle is the toughest, longest-wearing tire you can buy.



Add the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare and it becomes the safest tire in the world. Chances are the Double Eagle will never let her down. But if it should, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over.

She won't have to stop to change tires . . . even with a blowout. It's almost as good as having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord--T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio.

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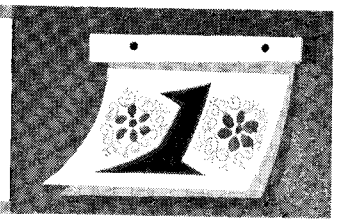
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

AUGUST 29, 2004

THE big news of the month was, of course, the announcement, on the part of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the television news departments, of the final results of the forthcoming November elections. Although this announcement, more than three months before the polls opened, occasioned some criticism, David Sarnoff III, Ambassador from NBC, defended the rights of his Univac III to its individual house-to-house brain-tapping service. "Either we have a free press," he said," or we don't."

• • •

The final results in the Electronic College gave the New Federalist Party 384 votes to 299 votes for the Confederates—formerly known, of course, as Republicans. And although the closeness of the vote led to some fears of bitterness, little actually occurred. Indeed, most Confederates seemed willing to take their cue from their National Committee Chairman. "Whoever we may have been for yesterday," he said, "we are all loyal Americans, and, today, she's *our* President, too."

• • •

Of the gubernatorial contests, perhaps the most interesting was in Arkansas, where Orval Faubus easily won re-election to his twenty-sixth term. Elsewhere on the civil rights front, down in Mississippi at the University of South Natchez, a federal judge issued a court order demanding that school board officials show cause why they should not proceed with integration—"with," it was said, "all deliberate speed."

• • •

The announcement during the month that 500,000 more technical advisers, each equipped with a nuclear warhead, were being dispatched to South Vietnam met with high favor from the plucky commander of the beleaguered Vietnamese forces. He issued a communiqué from his island headquarters somewhere in the Pacific. "The morale of your boys is good," he said, "and although it is still too early to make a definite prediction, it looks as though the tide is turning."

Meanwhile, high U.S. officials met during the month with their opposite numbers on Mars to discuss easing of Cold War tensions. High on the agenda was the pressing question of the admission of Red China to the U.N., plans for a "meaningful" disarmament conference, as well as ways and means of counteracting what was described as the "obdurate" attitude of France's General de Gaulle.

• • •

One of the curiosities of the month was the accidental recovery, on the part of a Consolidated Edison Company crew digging at rush hour on the Long Island Expressway, of a time capsule believed buried at the time of the World's Fair in 1963. The capsule was found to contain a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, a bundle of bullrushes, nine Commandments, and a small bust of a man identified only as General Moses Motors—apparently a military hero of the day.

• • •

On the sports front, the New York Yankees clinched their forty-fourth consecutive American League pennant by nipping the Boston Red Sox, 17 to 2. In the National League, the New York Mets, splitting a twin bill that was attended by 80,000 fans and 430,000 servicemen, were mathematically eliminated from ninth place.

• • •

On the movie front, Hollywood officials admitted there had been some delay in the editing of the film *The Greatest Story Never Told*, which has been shooting on the Utah desert since the fall of 1961. "We might as well face facts," George Stevens told us. "There is very little demand for finished pictures at this time. But we have managed to maintain high-level interest in *Greatest*. Last month alone we had five magazine articles written about our progress. The policy of our company is still never to release a picture until all our word-of-mouth pre-tests tell us that the advance publicity is finalized."

• • •

On the TV front, the Messrs. Goodson and Todman announced that there was no truth to the rumor that *What's My*

(*Continued on page* 184)

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FOREMAN

Meet a front-line member of GM's management team . . . the on-the-job manager who makes things go in a General Motors plant. In his job, he is a man of many talents.

He interprets blueprints, sketches, orders, ideas . . . and he puts them into action. He trains workers and places them in jobs they are best qualified for. And he is responsible for the performance and safety of his men, as well as for the quality of their work.

There are 16,000 foremen in GM . . . a great many of them up from the ranks of the men they supervise. Their knowledge, experience and judgment are essential to General Motors progress.

People—able, dedicated people—are GM's greatest asset . . . and none is more important than the foreman, a capable, experienced member of the General Motors management team.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You

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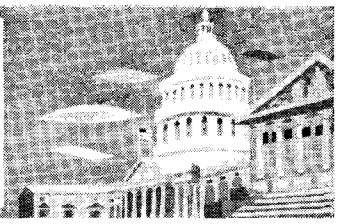
State of Affairs



The New Renaissance Man

By HENRY BRANDON

FORTY years is a good age, a good vantage point in life. It is not one of those anniversaries that make one too sentimental or too nostalgic, for it is a peak and not a decline. You do not mind looking back. One of the best and most exciting periods of one's life has been covered, and one can rest happily on the assumption that a promising future still lies ahead. You feel bold enough to believe that you have accumulated a store of experiences and can take an audacious look into the future.

And what is true of men in a sense also applies to the fortieth anniversary of a magazine of opinion. It has a life of its own, it has special responsibilities, and it, too, needs to take stock occasionally to keep a fresh point of view.

Few things are more difficult than to keep a perspective on one's own life or on the swift pace of contemporary life around us. We are inclined to view the past as the Golden Age and to forget that future generations will think of our present as their golden age. Thus we often talk loosely nowadays of the "Renaissance man" as a man of a great period, a man with an extraordinary range of intellect, talents, and interests, a man who strove for spiritual freedom, wider learning, and who encouraged criticism. We refer to him with awe and admiration, while tending to forget that in our own post-midcentury period everyone who wants to play a part in this contemporary world needs to be something of a Renaissance man; that, in fact, this is by force of circumstances the age of the *modern* Renaissance man. For never before did the individual have to be so versatile, so knowledgeable, so reasonable, or so perceptive as today. And this applies as much to men of heavy responsibility, like Presidents and legislators, as to teachers, industrialists, scientists, editors. The idea, therefore, that ours is the age of the specialist seems to me to reflect a serious misconception.

It is true that in a world becoming ever more complex, specialization becomes inevitable; but it is also true that because of the very complexities of contemporary life it is impossible or unwise to remain solely a specialist. Man owes it to himself and to his fellow men to develop a more rounded personality.

It is not enough today to have a knowledge of one's own country, its history, its politics. One's range must encompass a far wider world than was ever required in the past. It is not enough to limit oneself to becoming familiar with one's own surroundings; one needs to be acquainted with other civilizations. It is not enough to have an idea about the American Constitution. It is vital to pay attention to other important political systems—particularly those with a world-wide impact. An isolated life in one's own backyard, however much one may yearn for it, is out of date.

Never before was it so necessary for the average man, to say nothing of the statesman, to have some understanding of the effects and implications of modern science, whether it relates to automation or to the nuclear bomb. Surprisingly, in fact, a large number of people already have a basic knowledge and comprehension of the impact of modern science. To the ordinary American this understanding seems elementary, but to the Renaissance man of a few centuries ago it would have been awe-inspiring.

Similarly with economics. It is a subject so basic to modern life that what was once the preserve of the expert has become an essential part of everyday education.

The same is also true of communications. They have an increasing effect on the human mind and are one reason why the world has seemingly shriveled. Mass communication is of such significance that one needs to have enough awareness of this subject to understand how it affects one's perspective and judgment. All this has made it imperative to offer people every possible opportunity to satisfy the average man's thirst for knowledge. He knows that, without it, it is almost impossible, at any level, to keep his end up in this confusing and complex world.

To meet this craving, the underlying social pressures in the United States have brought about the age of mass education. It began with a vengeance in the United States, and, like so many other aspects of contemporary American civilization, it is now spreading from here to everywhere. For a long time it was Europe that influenced, inspired, and fertilized the American mind. But today something is happening that Europeans in their superior way never expected to happen and as a consequence find it hard to get used to—a reversal of that flow of influence and inspiration. American ideas have suddenly become a new, creative, or at least provocative force in the Old World; they have even had their effect in such unlikely places as Japan and the Soviet Union.

The most powerful impact the United States has had on the world in the last fifteen years is economic. Just as in the heyday of British economic power British ideas followed the Union Jack, so American influence follows on the heels of American investments. This is not surprising, for no other country today can match the power of American industry, its resources for scientific research, its experience gained from trading in such a vast market as the American continent. Almost everywhere American economic, scientific, and commercial methods are being copied; the world is trying hard to keep up the pace of economic development set by the United States.

Even in the arts and letters American influence has provided inspiration and, in painting and architecture, achieved something of a dominant lead.

THUS, just as Americans are forced to broaden their knowledge about the world beyond their own frontiers, so the rest of the world shows a new eagerness to acquaint itself more with life in the United States. And not only because of the far-reaching material influence this country is exerting throughout the world, or its new cultural influence, but because so much of the rest of the world's future depends on the actions of the American government. For wherever we turn it has become more and more important, whether in the United States or elsewhere, for the politician to know something about science; for the scientist to know something about politics; for the economist to know something about both; and, for the man who wants to communicate, something about everything, whether he is a poet, a novelist, or a reporter. So Europe, too, however reluctantly, is forced into adopting mass education to develop that versatile modern Renaissance man.

There is, therefore, virtually unlimited need to increase and broaden the facilities of education. The more material conditions improve, the greater will be the pressures on these facilities. The economic prosperity of the postwar years has been such that at least in the highly industrialized countries a new middle class has emerged that, having established its economic status, now wants to translate it into greater political and social influence. This is one reason why in the United States the newly industrialized South and West are trying to assert their political power, and that

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Watch courtesy Tiffany & Co., from $110 to $3,000.

Smith-Corona outfoxes the field...

Now there's a jeweled main bearing in this Smith-Corona portable.

Why? For the same reason jewels are put in a fine watch!

A typewriter, like a fine watch, is a precision instrument. Now Smith-Corona® adds a new dimension to typewriting precision. The first jeweled main bearing in a typewriter—made from the same hard sapphire used in the bearing points of fine watches, U.S. satellites, and many space-age precision instruments. Only Smith-Corona has it and so many other exciting features. Changeable type. An all-steel frame so strong you can stand on it. A cushioned carriage-return handle. Distinctive new colors . . . even the platens are colored! All from the company that offered the first five-year guarantee on any typewriter. Small wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other portable in the world. How about you?

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

SCM® GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell or charger after 90 days. Does not cover damage from accident or misuse and extends only to original owner. SCM CORP., 410 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 22, N. Y. IN CANADA: SCM LTD., 30 BERTRAND AVE., SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

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Come home with us to Nice

(Migrate to the sun and the fun on an Air France "Fall Jet-Away Holiday")

ST. TROPEZ HARBOR ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

While most people are home unpacking their parkas, you can be slipping into your swimsuit for a dip in the Mediterranean. Or sipping an aperitif at an outdoor café. Or turning back the clock in a tiny medieval fishing village. Such are the year-round pleasures of the fabulous French Riviera. Air France continues its convenient schedule of Boeing 707 jet flights between the U.S. and Nice (gateway city to the Riviera) all through the Fall. Our low 14/21-Day Economy Excursion Fares will be in effect every Monday to Thursday through November 5. And our frequent flights between Paris and Nice allow for a leisurely stopover in the world's most romantic city before you head South. Of course, Air France knows many more warm-weather retreats. We also know how you can fly, cruise, motor or walk to and through them at remarkable savings. We tell all we know in our colorful "1964 Fall Jet-Away Sun Holidays" tour folders. They're free for the asking at your Travel Agent or your local Air France office.

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

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the dominance of the old industrial powerhouses in the East is waning.

The East, with its established traditions, its settled ways, its sense of history, and its experience in world affairs, is being challenged by a new group in American society that has not yet found its roots or structure and whose lack of experience and swift rise to economic well-being have made many among its ranks impatient. This situation has imbued it with a feeling of omnipotence and a belief that success comes with bold and extreme action. It also considers those who do not share this view as "anti-American" and as conspiring against the United States. This painful process of integration of the new group into the older American society is creating severe strains and conflicts, and it will take all the ingenuity, imagination, and pragmatism the American system is capable of to overcome this social crisis.

England, France, Germany, and Japan are experiencing similar strains from the emergence of a new middle class, except that they are less abrasive in smaller countries where the contrasts are not as sharp and where social mobility is not as flexible as it is in the United States.

It will take patience, time, and a deeper understanding of the facts of contemporary life before the turmoil caused by this new white middle class, and also by the combustive insurgence of the Negro, subsides and a new balance is re-established in American society.

Mass education is not an ideal solution, for it leads to superficiality and a certain debasement of intellectual values, but it is one way of coping with this new development.

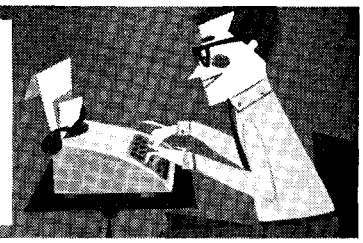
Magazines of opinion also have their mission in this evolution.

Saturday Review once devoted itself almost exclusively to the arts and letters, which, of course, are a vital stimulus to the mind. But gradually it has been opening its pages to articles about scientific developments, about the state of affairs in education, mass communication, travel, and politics.

De Tocqueville and Lord Bryce in their day looked benevolently upon the United States as a kind of *Wunderkind* of still vast, unexplored talents. By now, however, the United States has grown far beyond anything they dared to anticipate. It has become an economic and nuclear superpower that outranks all other nations. It has assumed immense responsibilities, yet it is still an unfinished society with an accelerating rate of social change.

The need, therefore, to help equip the modern Renaissance man is greater today than ever before. He is not just a noble figment of history and nostalgia. He is, or should be, a competent reality in our time.

Top of My Head



Jack Benny Plus One

FORTY years ago the *Saturday Review of Literature* began publishing. Some years later "of Literature" was dropped from its title. William Patterson, its vice president and secretary, has often assured me that the fact it was dropped on the day I started contributing was a coincidence. "Uncanny coincidence," he keeps saying. If I were nervous I'd worry about that.

Forty years ago *Saturday Review of Literature*—hereafter and herewith known as *SR*—had not come into view of my magazine reading. A gay blade then, a life of the party and devil take the hindmost sort of fellow, I was involved with *Judge, Puck, Liberty,* and the pursuit of happiness. As I matured I was graduated to *College Humor.* That publication influenced my becoming a comedy writer. Some of the best jokes I wrote appeared in *College Humor*—first. Another Mr. Patterson of that day referred to it as "uncanny coincidence."

This is one anniversary into which I can throw myself wholeheartedly. Mostly because I don't have to rush around frantically looking for a present for somebody who has everything—a task that keeps me pretty busy in our house because we have so many thankful days we have to celebrate, she tells me. There's the birthday anniversary, the engagement and wedding anniversaries, first-day-we-met-in-school anniversary. Then there's First Mink Coat Day, First Daily Double Winner Day (paid $5.10, a low record for any North American track), and October 14, which is the anniversary of the day I always remember that her birthday was October 12, following which is October 15, Make Up Day. Alexander Graham Bell Day—she has a lot of telephone stock known as AT&T, which in her case is the symbol for And Talk—and Talk. And finally, of course, the day in honor of her all-time hero—Marconi Day, or, as she familiarly refers to it, Marchese Guglielmo Marconi Day.

Which brings me back to the early days of radio forty years ago. It was suggested that in this piece I recollect some of the highlights in early radio and project some of the possibilities of the future in television. Of the two, I happen to think radio has more of a future. But I can sublimate my own thinking to please an editor any day. Radio forty years ago was a happy-go-lucky, carefree, fun thing. I recall most fondly Joe Penner, Ben Bernie, Jack Pearl, and their catch phrases we went around quoting—"Wanna buy a duck?" . . . "Yowsa, yowsa, yowsa" . . . "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" And you can throw in *Amos 'n' Andy* and their famous "I'se regusted." That quote is still being used about television. And while you're throwing, let's throw in *Easy Aces* and all those pre-rehearsal arguments in which she said, "I don't see what's funny about saying 'I went down to the ghetto to look at some of those Old Testament houses.' What's funny about that?" Those were the days.

Then along came television. And Fred Allen years ago had the prescience to have Titus Moody say: "I don't hold with any furniture that lights up." After a courageous start when creativity was the motivating factor, TV got down to big business and creativity was replaced by carbon copy. But only in the entertainment shows. Television has stood us in good stead in transmitting important world and national events. The world will never forget, for instance, the year 1963—the tragic year in which for all Americans there were only fifty-one weeks—as we sat in shock before our sets hardly believing our eyes.

As for projecting the future, Telstar will become an everyday part of programing. But in light of the most recent development, the pictures telecast of the actual surface of the moon, a feat which only a few short days ago would have been thought impossible, it is difficult even to imagine what may come next. This last miracle left me a little unhappy. When I saw what the moon actually looked like—all those holes and shreds of straggling something or other hanging off it—I wondered where now the poetry of our romantic moon songs? "Moonlight becomes you" is an actual insult, unless the girl you sing it to is pock-marked and her hair needs combing. The first glimpse of those moon shots convinced me that Con Edison had already been there.

But who knows? Come the eightieth anniversary of this magazine and the moon will have been reconditioned and culture will have seeped in. *SR* will have been flown to the moon.

—GOODMAN ACE.

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY
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Views from the Dolphin's Back

The *Saturday Review's* fortieth birthday is certain to induce a nostalgic name-dropping in the publishing world. Every book publisher represented in this issue will remember the giants of four decades who shaped the image of his house.

Over the colophon of Piper and Dolphin, the years between world wars produced Dos Passos' monumental U.S.A., DeVoto's magnificent exploration of our Western heritage, Esther Forbes' recreation of a colonial society, and James Agee's tortured eloquence about the abandoned poor of his own time.

With a terrible accuracy, Adolf Hitler defined the end of an uneasy peace, and Winston Churchill paid a soaring tribute to his countrymen and their allies when a new peace began. The half-legendary George Patton wrote a classic testament to military life, and Archibald MacLeish chose Job as the modern symbol of man's ageless doubt and faith.

The New Frontier drew some of the best writers of the half-century to Washington or on to embassies half a world away. John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Edwin O. Reischauer, and McGeorge Bundy were among the men who were bringing to the political world a degree of lucidity that it does not often boast.

Through these years of literary strength and daring, the *Saturday Review* has been a sounding board, a source of critical evaluation to be proudly quoted. In the current season, nine books on the Piper and Dolphin list have been favorably reviewed in this magazine and in the *Saturday Review Syndicate:* —

The Rector of Justin, Louis Auchincloss. "Its dominating portrait of Prescott is a major, three-dimensional presentation, in which the reader is able to walk right round the figure, as it were, and observe him in all his aspects . . . " *John Barkham, SRS*

The Scotch, John Kenneth Galbraith " . . . very choice little volume . . . a captivating recollection of his ancestral background, his upbringing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and his unclouded reflection on his Scottish-Canadian forebears . . . Of all this prestigious author's books this is at once the most accessible, delectable, and instantly quotable. It's a delight to read . . . " *John Barkham, SRS*

Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr., Fred Ayer, Jr. " . . . captures the vigor and vinegar of a free-wheeling warrior . . . " *Mark S. Watson, SR*

One Whaling Family, Harold Williams. "What makes them so valuable is their unmistakable period atmosphere and expression. Reading these journals is to be taken right back to the valiant days of whaling . . . " *John Barkham, SRS*

Going to Town and other stories, Yuri Kazakov. " . . . his uncanny resemblance to Salinger and Anderson . . . display not only the author's craftsmanship, not merely skill, but his deep emotional and imaginative involvement, even with the secondary characters . . . " *Peter Viereck, SR*

The Mythmakers, Bernard D. Nossiter. " . . . irreverent and brilliant essay . . . What Mr. Nossiter has undertaken is to show up the manipulations of the 'invisible hand' that, according to Adam Smith, gently leads a free enterprise system into the best of all possible paths . . . Bernard Nossiter still is young; he has fired a well-aimed and potent volley in this war . . . " *David Cushman Coyle, SR*

The Professional, William S. White. " . . . an 'inside' book . . . and expert dissection of his subject's character, methods and achievements by one who knows him well. It is written with genuine perception . . . The best tribute one can pay White is to say that much of what he wrote months ago has since become apparent to the whole country . . . White's book leaves you with a strong feeling of confidence in 'the pro'." *John Barkham, SRS*

Winter of Madness, David Walker. "Wild, witty, uninhibited, and jolly good fun." *SR*

The Practical Cogitator, edited by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet. "Fortunately the vast majority of what man has said, thought, and written is tripe. What remains, what is provocative and helpful, sublime and inspired, is scattered through thousands of volumes, millions of letters, and a few hundred formulae and theorems. The job of rounding it up, judging it, and arranging it for practical use, is what the editors of **The Practical Cogitator** set for themselves. Their success is amazing and heartwarming." *SR*

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

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THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

SR's fortieth-anniversary issue is only partially retrospective. Most of the number is concerned with the prospects before America and, in a larger sense, before human intelligence in general. Thus it is something of an inventory of hope.

In preparing the issue, *SR* has included articles not only by its regular contributors but also by other writers who are particularly well equipped to illuminate the main theme. The special guests:

- Arnold Toynbee, author of *A Study of History*, who throws the grand loop around the human situation, applying his classic challenge-and-response equation to the crisis of survival.
- Barbara Ward, Robert L. Heilbroner, and Walter P. Reuther, who in a three-part section describe and assess the new shape of global economics and its impact, both present and potential, on the individual. Barbara Ward, a staff member of *The Economist*, is the author of *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations*, among other books. Mr. Heilbroner, an economist and author, wrote *The Future as History* and *The Making of Economic Society*. Mr. Reuther is president of the United Auto Workers.
- R. Buckminster Fuller, one of the most prolific and original of living inventors, who offers some startling predictions based on current trends.
- Allan Nevins, Senior Research Scholar at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, and a distinguished historian and author, who surveys current American society and appraises its capacity for greatness.
- Roscoe Drummond, syndicated Washington columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune* and former executive editor and Washington bureau chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who asks how adequately the government is prepared to cope with the future.
- John Mason Brown, *SR*'s former drama critic, who appraises the current state and the prospects for the American theater.
- Malcolm Cowley, literary critic and author, who offers some reminiscences about the early days at *SR*.
- Alice P. Hackett, who, as a former editor for *Publishers' Weekly* and author of the forthcoming *Seventy Years of Best Sellers*, looks back on some odd, interesting, and enduring books of the last forty years.

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Saturday Review
August 29, 1964

Conditions of Survival

BY ARNOLD TOYNBEE

HUMAN hopes are always of two kinds. A human being has hopes for himself—hopes that are individual and personal. At the same time, he has suprapersonal hopes for the human race or for some fraction of it: his tribe, his family, perhaps, or his church.

These two kinds of human hope are not always sharply distinguishable from each other. Self-centeredness, which seems to be one of the characteristics of life, is so powerful a force that it invades even our suprapersonal hopes. In fact, "*nosism*" (or *we*ism) as we may call this collective counterpart of "egotism," is the most formidable form of self-centeredness. Whether for good or for evil, man is far stronger when he is acting collectively than when he is playing a lone hand; and also, when he is acting collectively, he can behave selfishly without being pulled up short by his conscience, because he can delude himself into believing that he is subordinating his self-centeredness to the common interest, when in truth he is merely expanding his self-centeredness to the plural number from the singular. Thus self-centeredness may invade our suprapersonal hopes. On the other hand, our personal hopes may take the form of a moral reaction against self-centeredness and of an effort to transcend it.

However obsessively a human being may be concerned with his personal hopes, these seldom drive his suprapersonal hopes off the field. Most human beings seem to want to leave descendants behind them who will carry on the continuity of their family; and this wish for descendants is notably strong in one present-day society—the Buddhist world—in which the official objective of every individual is self-extinction. This unquenchable hope for survival in one's descendants can, no doubt, offer one no more than racial longevity. It cannot offer us racial immortality, if our present-day scientists are right in forecasting that this planet will continue to be habitable by human beings for no more than another two thousand million years. This span of time, which is so unimaginably long by comparison with the shortness of an individual human life, is, nevertheless, no longer than the twinkling of an eye when measured by the time scale of the physical universe. So far as we now foresee, we have no prospect of ever being able to colonize any of the other habitable planets.

WHEN one turns from a human being's suprapersonal hopes for mankind to his personal hopes for himself, one is astonished at the greatness of the difference between the personal hopes that are offered and recommended by different historic religions. Every individual is troubled by his foreknowledge that he is certainly going to die and by his ignorance of what death signifies. Does death bring extinction with it, as, on the face of it, seems to be the fact? Or is this appearance of extinction an illusion? Every religion has offered to its adherents some answer to the question raised by the fact of death, but their answers differ surprisingly. Some religions expect the individual to be content with surviving vicariously in his descendants. Others offer him an assurance of personal immortality, if that is what he craves. Others, again, offer him the prospect of an escape from a never-ending round of rebirths, if that is what the individual dreads. Hopes of racial survival are overshadowed by hopes of personal immortality for Christians and Moslems, and by hopes of self-release from rebirth for Buddhists, while, for Jews, hopes of personal immortality and hopes of racial survival perhaps balance each other more evenly.

On the whole, it would be true to say that, at the Western end of the world, hopes of racial survival were predominant in the pre-Christian and pre-Moslem age, and have become predominant again for ex-Christians and ex-Moslems who find themselves no longer able to believe unquestioningly in their ancestral religions' dogmas. For human beings who have once tasted the hope of personal immortality, the loss of this hope takes much of the light out of life, and the post-Christian ideologies offer no satisfactory substitute. If I have lost a dearly beloved wife or husband or child or parent, what consolation is it to me that the sacred rights of private enterprise or the sacred rights of the community have been vindicated or that a spaceman has landed on the moon or that salt water has been converted into fresh water at an economical price? These collective human triumphs are all very fine, but they do not bring the dead back to life and do not console me for my human losses. On the other hand, the fading of Jewish-Christian-Moslem hopes of personal immortality can perhaps be watched by a Buddhist with equanimity; for these hopes that have been blissful for Moslems and Christians and Jews look, in Buddhist eyes, like an unbearable nightmare.

One hope that has sometimes flickered up is surely a mirage, and that is the hope of some coming radical mutation in human nature. So far as we can tell, homo sapiens's human nature has not changed since homo sapiens came into existence; and it is possible that the human nature of earlier hominids, now extinct, was already not very different from ours. We cannot, of course, be sure that human nature will not have changed within the next two thousand million years; but the practical point, of which we certainly can be sure, is that this theoretical possibility of some future change in human nature is not something that we can seriously take

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into account in setting the sights for our hopes at the present day.

One of the characteristics of human nature, as we know human nature in ourselves and in our contemporaries and in our predecessors, is that our actions are not wholly predetermined by built-in instincts but are partly and, to all appearances, largely matters of free choice. And every choice that a human being ever makes is momentous. Even choices that seem to be trivial are, in some minute degree, choices between life and good on the one hand and death and evil on the other. This apparently permanent feature of human nature means, as far as we can foresee, that every human being will always be capable of doing evil as well as good and will be most unlikely to pass through life without actually doing at least a certain amount of evil. As a contemporary Christian theologian has put it, "original sin is reborn into the world at the birth of every child." This means, in turn, that, in addition to the sufferings that are inflicted on us by nature—such sufferings as bereavement and disease—we shall continue to inflict avoidable sufferings on each other and on ourselves. We shall continue to sin and to be sinned against. We shall continue to experience failure and disappointment and remorse. In short, life, for every human being who has his brief taste of life, will continue to be a mixture of personal sorrow and joy. And his sorrow will not be compensated for, and his joy will not be enhanced, by any triumphs or defeats of this or that collective human technique or ideology. Even the most public-spirited human being cannot ever identify his personal interests completely with suprapersonal public weal and woe.

The inalienability of our human freedom of choice and the consequent ineradicability of our human original sin signify that our human hopes of an eventual millennium will always elude mankind. Technological achievements and religious and ideological "cure-alls" are powerless to bring the millennium with them. Not only that. Civilization itself, even in the highly imperfect form in which it has been achieved so far, will continue to be precarious. In our own time we have witnessed the appalling spectacle of a great Western people, the German people, allowing itself to be led by a gang of criminals into plunging back into barbarism after more than 1,000 years of Christian civilization. And this Nazi neo-barbarism was vastly worse than the primitive barbarism to which it was intended to be a reversion. It was a self-conscious and deliberate sinning against the light. Its watchword was "Evil, be thou my good." And it used, cold-bloodedly, the latest devices of technology and organization to carry out its criminal policies. The moral to be drawn from the temporary capture of the German people by Nazism is not that German human nature is intrinsically more depraved than non-German human nature is. It is that non-German human beings, too, are capable of plunging into the headlong moral fall into which the Germans plunged under the Nazi regime. The moral is that civilization is precarious always and everywhere; that the price of it is eternal vigilance; and that the necessary vigilance is not just a collective exercise that each of us can afford to entrust to the hands of the public authorities. In order to salvage civilization, each one of us has to wrestle with the original sin in himself, and to be doing this perpetually, at every moment of his life.

We started by classifying our human hopes into personal hopes and suprapersonal ones, but we have now stumbled on a classification of them that is more fundamental and more important. Both personal hopes and suprapersonal hopes can be either good hopes or bad hopes. And the degree of the badness of a bad hope can be measured by the degree to which egotism or "nosism" has been given free play in it. The most evil hopes are those that express an unbridled personal or collective lust for power; and, as has been noted already, collective lusts are more formidable than merely personal ones. The antisocial individual has a comparatively short range to his tether. He may go to considerable lengths in adding field to field at his neighbors' expense or in making himself a tyrant. He can work

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Family Group," by Henry Moore

"Civilization itself . . . will continue to be precarious."

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great economic or political havoc, but, in the end, he will be stopped and, in the last resort, he will be liquidated. On the other hand, when we pursue the human lust for power collectively, there is no limit to the damage that we then have the power to inflict on our fellow human beings individually and on the human race as a whole—including ourselves, of course.

IN the Atomic Age into which we have recently entered, the very survival of the human race is in jeopardy once again, for the first time since the beginning of the Upper Paleolithic Age; and, this time, the enemy that is threatening mankind with extinction is not the saber-toothed tiger and is not even bacteria or viruses; it is man himself; and man is now threatening to liquidate the human race in his attempts to satisfy two collective lusts for power.

One of these is the lust to make one's own national fraction of the human race top dog over the rest of one's fellow human beings; the other lust is the lust to convert the rest of them to one's own religion or ideology—whether the religion happens to be, say, Christianity or Islam, and whether the ideology happens to be free enterprise or Communism. In any inventory of current human hopes, these two hopes have, unfortunately, to be given a prominent place. This is indeed unfortunate, because these happen to be hopes that are perverse. If the human race does liquidate itself now, at a date at which it still has a two thousand million years' natural expectation of life ahead of it, the idols that will have lured us into self-destruction will have been the hopes of unlimited aggrandizement for our own fractional nationalism and our own fractional ideology. These hopes are pernicious ones, and it is therefore a good thing to remind ourselves of their presence in our current inventory, and of their prominence there. This will be a reminder for us, and a spur to us, to expunge these undesirable hopes from our list. But this is easier said than done. It can be done only by a personal change of heart in hundreds of millions of people, and this change can be achieved only by the most strenuous and unremitting spiritual exertions.

Having noted these current collective hopes that we have to root out of ourselves, let us ask ourselves what are the current hopes that we have to cherish and to achieve.

The first, in order of urgency, of these good hopes on our agenda is our hope of abolishing war. This evil institution has always been a sin, and in our time it has become a suicidal one. We are now faced with the choice between abolishing war and liquidating ourselves. Which of these alternatives we are to choose is obviously not an open question. What is doubtful is whether we shall succeed in choosing life and good when this choice requires us to break with a deeply ingrained habit. Our habit of making war on each other is at least 5,000 years old, and may be still older; and, though 5,000 years or 30,000 years are not long spans of time by comparison with the age of the human race up to date, they are long by comparison with the length of a human lifetime.

The next most urgent hope on our agenda is our hope of narrowing the social and economic gulf between the rich minority and the poor majority of society. Class, like war, is one of the congenital diseases of civilization; and class differences, too, have always been sinful and odious. In our time they have become intolerable, because they have now ceased to be irremediable. The development of human technology has now reached a point at which it is not only capable of enabling us to liquidate ourselves, but is also capable, alternatively, of enabling us to provide the amenities of civilization for everybody—supposing that we decide not to use our new-found technological power for the insane purpose of committing mass suicide.

"Atoms-for-peace" have the power to enable us to do social justice, at last, by providing welfare for all of us; but, if technology is to do this for us, there is a second condition that has to be fulfilled. We have not only to refrain from liquidating our planet's human population; if we do not liquidate it, we have to limit it. We have to, because our age is the age of preventive medicine, besides being the age of nuclear fission; and preventive medicine has now drastically cut down the rate of premature deaths, particularly the rate of infant mortality. It has cut this down even in backward countries, and the result is that—especially in the backward countries—population is now increasing by leaps and bounds and will continue to increase at a geometrical rate of progression unless the human race as a whole breaks with its immemorially old habit of breeding up to the physical limits of fecundity.

This habit will be hard to break with because, so far as we can guess, it is far older than the institutions of war and class. It is probably as old as the human race itself. It is a habit that we share with our fellow mammals, the rabbits, and we share it with them for a common reason. When a species is exposed to the risk of being exterminated by predators, ranging from carnivores to viruses, the best chance of survival lies in breeding up to the maximum, as an offset to the infliction of the maximum number of casualties. The situation is revolutionized if and when the species that has developed this rabbitlike style of breeding gets the upper hand over its enemies; and this is the human race's position today. We have already got the upper hand over all our enemies except ourselves. If we conquer our last enemy—and man's last enemy is man, not death – then the breeding habit that has made for survival in the past is going to make for extinction in the future. If we refrain from exterminating ourselves now, we shall be in danger of extinction from a plethora of population.

IF and when the planet's population has grown to twenty or thirty times its present magnitude, the whole habitable surface of the planet will have become a single worldwide city, and our descendants, say, 100 years hence, will be hard put to it to feed their teeming numbers. We have already entered on a race between a disastrous degree of overpopulation and a revolutionary change in our breeding habits. The hope that we may win this race ought, today, to be given high priority on our agenda. It is one of the hopes on which our future hangs, and at the same time it is a difficult hope to translate into achievement. We are asking thousands of millions of wives and husbands to make a drastic break with their habits in one of the most intimate fields of life. Instead of planning to bring the maximum number of children into the world, we have to learn to plan to bring the optimum number: that is, the number that will provide the best possible opportunities in life—in the particular social circumstances of the time and the place—for each of the children that we decide to procreate.

Family planning cannot be imposed by law or enforced by police action. To speak more accurately, it can be enforced only by countering contumacy by inflicting the penalty of sterilization, and this would be an interference with human liberty that we shall surely be reluctant to resort to so long as there is any hope that the world's population is going to be limited by a process of voluntary self-re-education. In this field, it is unlikely that we shall resort to governmental action unless self-destruction through overpopulation should be-

(*Continued on page* 193)

"The enemy that is threatening mankind . . . is man himself."

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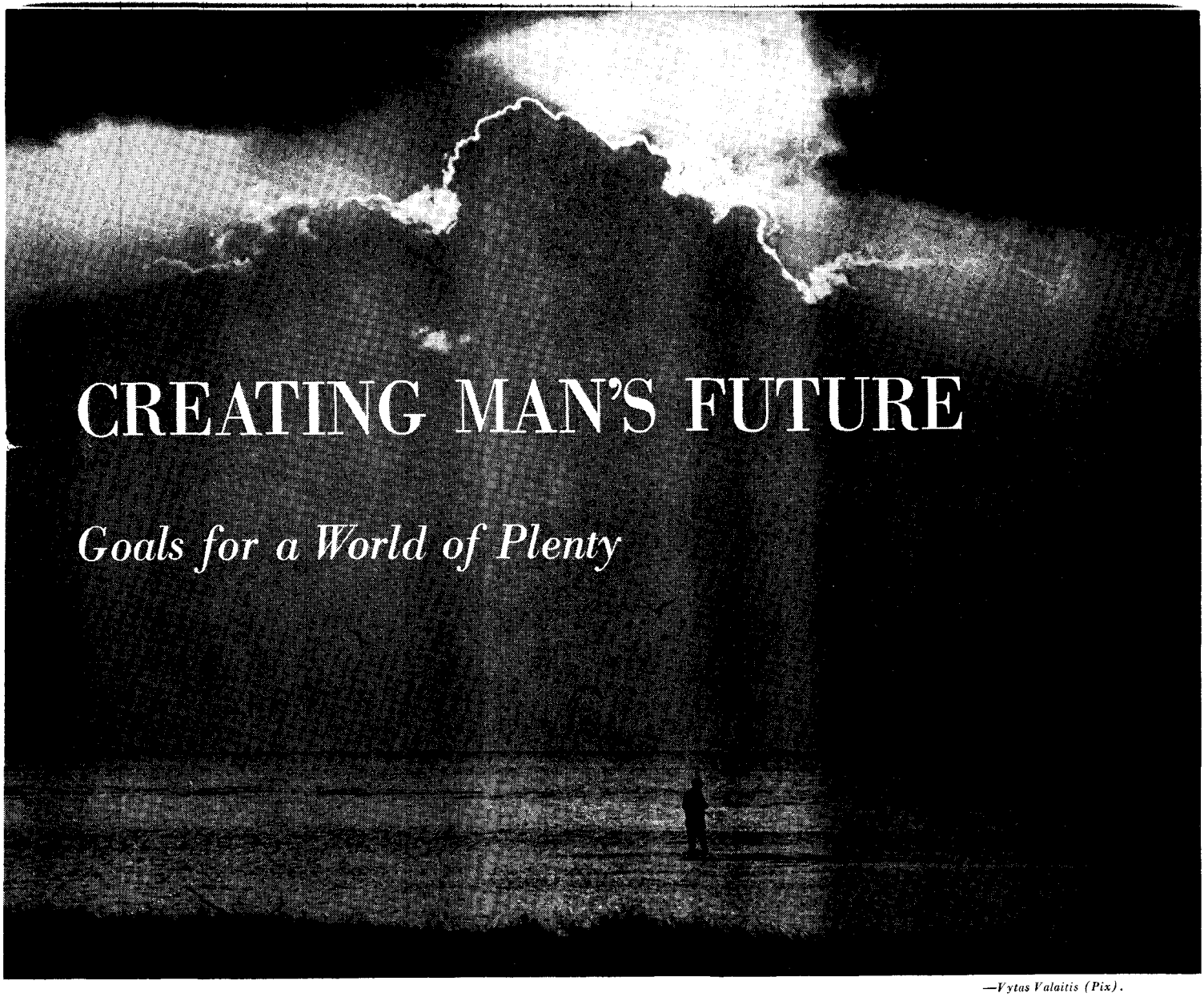

CREATING MAN'S FUTURE

Goals for a World of Plenty

—*Vytas Valaitis (Pix).*

1. The Uses of Prosperity

By BARBARA WARD

WITH good fortune and good management, the next forty years should see the end of economics as "the dismal science." The two great classical traps supposed to await man on the road to abundance—population growing so fast that the mass of workers would always be forced back to mere subsistence and the cost of increasingly scarce resources rising to squeeze out profit margins and hence further investment—seem to have been banished. Populations in the West do grow but at a rhythm that stimulates rather than swamps the economy. As for resources, there is no element entering production today that, in any but the shortest run, is not abundant beyond the dreams of Ricardo or Malthus or any of their cautious successors.

Since America is just emerging from a decade during which many influential and official voices tended to stress the limitations of the economy—its proneness to "national bankruptcy," its liability to inflationary overheating, its weakness under a mounting weight of national debt—it is perhaps useful to take a quick look at the resources that are actually available now and that seem likely to be available on an even larger scale over the next four decades.

Labor is not scarce. Even if the moderately rising birthrate did not look after supplies of manpower, the vast new factor of automation provides alternatives that we still cannot fully measure. Certain skills in certain places may be scarce but all Western societies know and do much more than they did about the problems of rapid retraining. Nor is managerial and entrepreneurial talent scarce. A wholly new emphasis is placed by modern societies upon managerial formation. Even Britain, the last laggard believer in the gifted amateur, has been compelled by competitive reality to recognize the primacy of professionalism and to set up schools of business administration.

The men are available. So are the resources. Food pours out of the Atlantic nations. The possibility of unlimited nuclear energy is, it seems, a safe forecast for the next forty years. Desalinization will open up the deserts, and the oceans have still to be farmed and mined. Chemical science marches on toward an almost unlimited interchangeability—margarine from coal, cows' ears from silk purses, plastics from anything. Instruments that can click open a camera's shutter 240,000 miles away on the far side of the moon con-

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tribute a precision, accuracy, and economy to production methods that are virtually equivalent to the creation of fresh resources.

And in the midst of such abundance, capital itself, the finance whereby all these resources are set to work together, changes its meaning. It began as a reflection of scarcity. It had to be *genuine* saving, the diversion or sacrifice of today's consumption to the production of means for increasing consumption tomorrow. But in fully developed economies capital is no longer scarce. There is a completed infrastructure of power and transport and urban services that needs renewal, no doubt, but remains productive. Established businesses tend to provide a large part of their fresh investment from retained profits: in America, the percentage has been as high as 60 per cent. A fully articulated banking and insurance system controls and directs private savings that, again in America, have risen to over one trillion dollars. Nor does the capital have to be drawn from existing savings. In an expanding economy one can as it were pre-empt future growth. Over periods of varying length, banks, mortgage houses, hire purchase companies can safely create "capital"—or debt—in the shape of advances against future promises of repayment. Finally the government itself, with its absolute power to create money, can under certain conditions pump more purchasing power into society—to be used either in immediate consumption or for further investment—simply by means of running a deficit in the budget.

In fact, the only vestigial remains of the old problems on the side of supply—in other words, of scarcity—are in certain specific limitations of time and space. At any given point of time, the whole apparatus of the modern economy can only produce so much. To increase the scale of plant, raw materials, and skills demands a certain delay. It is, therefore, still possible in the short run to demand too much from existing facilities and to set in process an inflationary increase in the prices of all the elements going into production, simply because, for the time being, they are becoming scarce. Sometimes the "overheating" can come from government, when, say, the sudden risk of war creates vast demands for more arms while civilian claims have not yet been reduced by taxation to give the needed elbow room. Sometimes, as in the automobile boom of 1955, private investment may gather too much momentum. But the most usual cause of excessive demand—and perhaps *the* crucial problem facing economic statesmanship in the next decades—is the familiar tendency of wages, which make up the vast bulk of demand, to rise faster than the expansion of productivity in the economy. The "wage-cost push" is still with us as a reminder that the modern economy and the affluent land of Cockaigne are still many leagues apart.

The crucial limitation is simply that certain economies operate on too narrow a base for their supplies to be brought quickly under their own control. Britain has been the key example since the war of an economy in which increases in internal demand have invariably come up against the inability of exports to keep pace with rising imports.

But between the wars, a score of little separate nationalist markets in Europe contributed to each other's undoing by high tariffs and cutthroat competition. Today the Common Market has lessened this risk—which is why the greatest decision facing Britain in the next decade is still whether to join it. Yet Italy's current economic crisis is a clear example of the continuing limits imposed by scarcity in both time and space. Rapid industrial growth used up Italy's surplus labor by the early Sixties and led to a sharp increase in wages. Rising wages in turn increased the range of consumption of the working class, and with it Italy's import bill, just when higher costs were making Italian exports less acceptable. In the short run and inside Italy alone, there is no solution save the classical method of a severe cutback in growth to lessen employment, lower costs, and bring down imports. Unfortunately, such a solution would also add another million to Italy's Communist vote.

BUT given a little time and given the framework of the whole Common Market, massive outside (probably German) investment to increase Italy's industrial facilities, and a wage policy that guaranteed the workers an agreed and tolerable share in the future use of production could set the economy moving again without further inflation. The limits are not absolute. They are limitations of geography and the clock.

These examples of what can still go wrong in the modern abundant economy are also the pointers to what, over the next forty years, can permit these last problems of scarcity to be overcome. The key is the old balance between demand and supply, but since supply is largely solved, the emphasis now has to lie on the side of demand. Every form of spending—the private citizen for his car, General Motors for its expansion, the government for its arms or its welfare—is a demand on the economy's current resources. Thanks to revolutionary changes in the collection of statistics and to the quick work of the computers, it is possible for modern governments to have a fairly clear picture of how demand is moving in relation to existing supplies in the economy. If there are signs of overheating, it can slow down its programs or lessen the claims of private citizens by higher taxes, which then, unspent, form a budget surplus. If, on the contrary, the economy is stagnant, and demand is well below the ceiling of resources, it can remit taxation or increase expenditure, or do both.

The American economy has just come through four classical years of this new style of "demand management." The gap between supply and demand showing up in unused industrial capacity and in unemployment has made it possible for the government to finance an increase in its own programs by a large deficit, thereby increasing government demand, and to pass on an $11 billion tax cut, thereby boosting private demand. Yet prices remain stable after the longest expansion in American history simply because supplies are still ahead of demand. In this situation, a budgetary deficit is strictly non-inflationary. Total demand, not government demand, is the key.

The point has to be underlined in part because the concept of "demand management" is still not yet wholly respectable and also because a further test of the system lies ahead. This is to produce a rolling upward adjustment of demand and supply so that, after growing for four years, the economy goes on growing for another ten or forty years.

There are two keys to the test. The first is that wage demands, on the average, should not exceed the possible 4 to 5 per cent rise in production. Such a policy would seem to require a far greater effort to enlist labor's direct interest in steps to achieve rising productivity—by more plans to share costs-saving, for instance, or more direct worker participation in shareholding.

The second key, in all mixed economies, is closer cooperation between government and business to concert their broad decisions in the field of demand. If, for instance, in the year 1965 private enterprise plans a further $10 billion investment in fresh facilities, the government has to reckon by how much this fulfils the spurt in demand needed to secure steady growth and by how much it must therefore check or expand its own programs—or, alternatively, increase or remit taxation. In some developed countries today—France, Spain, Britain—an official body makes such calculations and does a varying amount of forecasting of future trends. In the

Must private and public needs compete?

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United States, fuller annual reports from the President's Council of Economic Advisers might fulfil the same function.

In international terms, the need for "demand management" points at the *regional* level to markets wide enough to be coherent units for balancing demand and supply. There are no absolute rules. The Common Market is clearly a better unit than the little economies of Europe in the 1930s. Japan has proved that an internal market of 90,000,000 with a remarkably narrow supply of local natural resources can achieve the highest sustained growth rate in the world.

But probably the Japanese success has been possible only because, at the *world* level, through such institutions as the International Monetary Fund and such expedients as the sterling and dollar balances, effective demand in the shape of working capital for world trade has at no point dried up in the postwar period. One of the crucial tests of policy in the next decades will therefore be to institutionalize the provision of finance for international trade on a judicious but steadily increasing scale.

Let us for a moment accept the possibility that, in developed economies, supply problems are solved in all but the very short run. Let us also suspend belief in the fallibility and prejudice of mankind and accept the chances of creative "demand management" in the future. What would be its implications for the most powerful and advanced of affluent economies—the United States?

If this year's increment of $30 billion represents a sustainable rate of expansion, the annual level of America's national income five years from now will be $150 billion above today's. The Twentieth Century Fund postulates an annual national income of nearly one trillion dollars by 1975, with average family income approaching the $10,000-a-year range and the working week falling below forty hours.

To take another perspective, if present patterns of taxation are maintained, the continued expansion of the economy will shortly add some $6 billion to government revenue without fresh taxation, and the figure will climb with further expansion. It is impossible to contemplate such figures without asking some questions about the uses to which such almost unimaginable prosperity will be put, once the scale of it and the sense of it have penetrated the public conscience and the old "either-ors" of scarcity give place to the realization that in the new economy based on "demand management," private and public needs do not compete. They complement each other as twin supports of the economy's steady growth.

This affirmation is true in more than

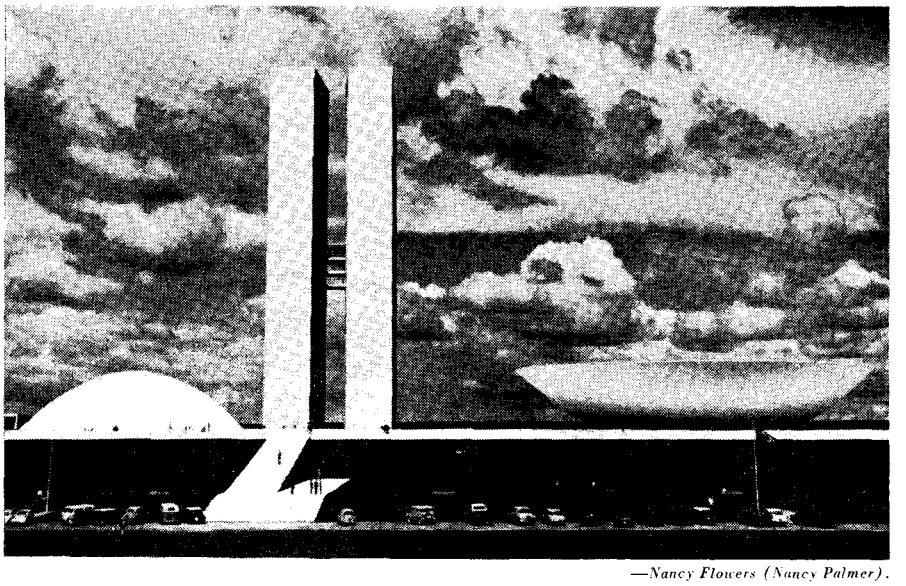
(*Continued on page* 191)

—*Marc Riboud (Magnum).*

Prosperity in Japan—"Demand . . . has at no point dried up."

—*George Zimbel (Pix).*

Medicine from the West—Can the economy match the birthrate?



—*Nancy Flowers (Nancy Palmer).*

Congress Building in Brasilia—a world-wide end to slums?

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"DOESN'T OUR TOWN REALLY HAVE A DOCTOR?"

Even the children couldn't understand it. Their town of Heron Lake (population 852), Minnesota, some 155 miles from Minneapolis, had a modern hospital, but no doctor.

For the past year civic officials had done their best to attract one. They had advertised in medical journals, mailed brochures to every doctor in Minnesota, contacted most of the hospitals in the United States and Canada, talked to many medical placement centers, and made scores of trips by car and plane.

Still no doctor came to practice in Heron Lake.

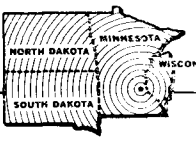
Then George Grim, columnist for the Minneapolis Tribune, wrote a story headlined, "Help wanted: One Doctor for Heron Lake."

His poignant plea told how the people of Heron Lake had replaced their 60-year-old hospital in 1951 by raising $100,000 for a new 20-bed installation and had kept the new hospital open during the past year while searching the entire time for a resident doctor.

Within three weeks nine doctors contacted the Heron Lake Hospital Board. All nine had read Grim's story. The board selected a 41-year-old M.D., regarded by its members as one of the outstanding obstetricians in the state. Today Heron Lake has a doctor.

George Grim has a reporter's knack for uncovering news and a writer's intuition for putting it into words that move people—such as a doctor to Heron Lake. His column is another reason why the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the strongest, most influential medium in our nation's 14th market.

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY



MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

650,000 SUNDAY • JOHN COWLES, *President* • 500,000 COMBINED DAILY

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2. New Horizons in Economics

By ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

IT IS curious how rapidly economic fashions change. A few years ago the economic word *en vogue* was affluence, and the problems economists talked about were those of abundance and leisure. Today we hear instead about the twenty, forty, or seventy million Americans who are poor, depending on whether we define poverty as subsistence, adequacy, or minimal comfort. One would think from the trend of public concern that the country must have been declining in the intervening years. Yet, for all our current preoccupation with poverty, average incomes have risen by an eighth over the past five years, and we are appreciably more affluent a society than in 1958, when J. K. Galbraith's influential book was written. To take a figure that I find astonishing, one-quarter of all nonfarm families have now crossed over the $10,000 income line, and nearly half of them over the $7,500 line.

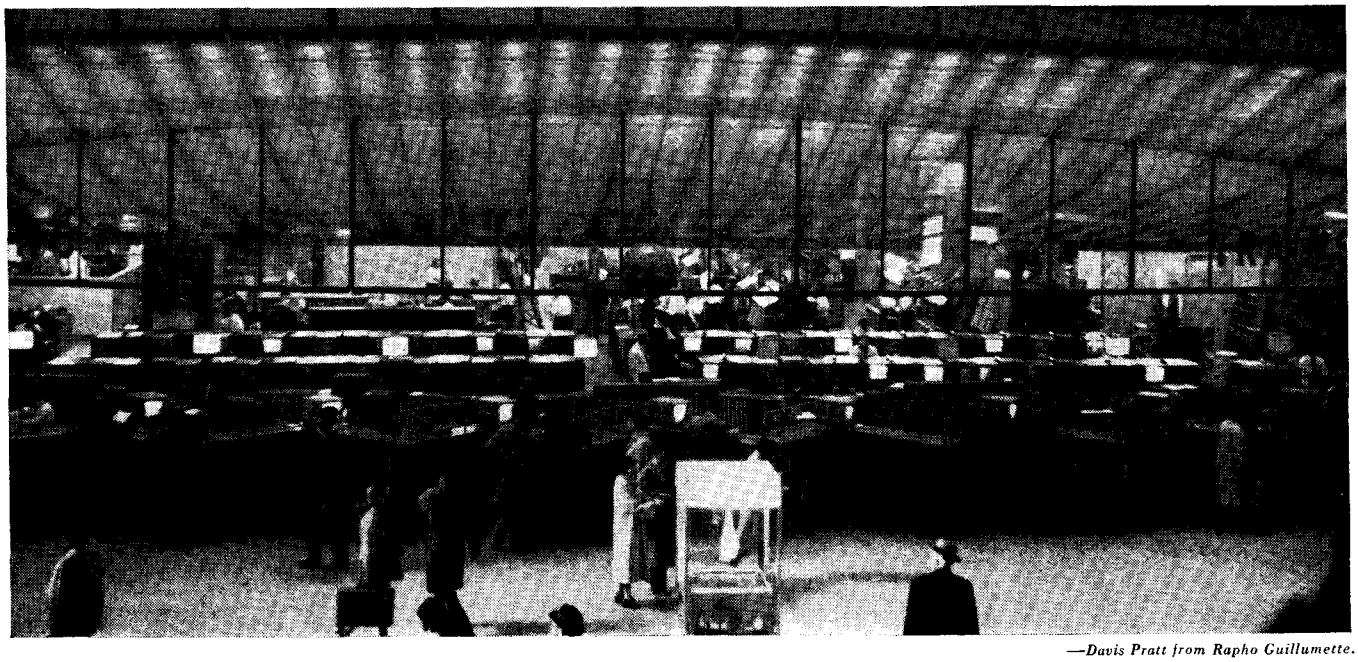
To talk of poverty in the face of such statistics is to risk appearing to be a professional hypochondriac. Yet there is a reason to accent the negative, even in the face of such positive indications. For the forces that are exerting their powerful hydraulic lift do not operate equally—nor even equitably—on all sections of the American public alike. Some are by passed. Worse yet, some are actually pulled downward in the backwash of the forces of propulsive momentum.

The bypassed portion of our society is one which we have become sporadically aware of throughout our history; we are in such a spasm of recognition at the moment. For it became clear during the great boom of the 1950s that currents of the great stream of purchasing power barely penetrate into certain reaches of the American economy, whose poverty remains stubbornly undissolved by the general prosperity. The old, eking out their days on a stingy Social Security allowance (62 per cent of all income recipients over age 65 get less than $1,000 a year total income); the Negro family condemned by discrimination to an average standard of living that totals only 52 per cent of white earnings; the family struggling along without a male earner (at the same income disadvantage as the nonwhite); the Mississippi farmer who makes only a fourth as much as a California farmer; and the Appalachian family on relief who may receive only a fourth as much as a Mississippi farmer—these are the "pockets" of poverty that defy the general advance. They do not defy it entirely; bit by bit the stagnant backwaters are drawn out into the main channel. But the pace is agonizingly slow.

Hence, if we are looking into the economic future, we shall have to count the not-so-newly poor side by side with the newly affluent. But this static sector is not what is most disturbing about the prospects ahead. Much more unsettling, because it is much more dynamic, is a problem about whose implications we are still loath to think clearly. This is the re-emergence of unemployment in the midst of the longest sustained climb the economy has ever known, and, more serious yet, the possibility that this unemployment is the sign of a fundamental challenge to which nothing less than the opening of a new frontier will be the answer.

WE are still unused to the extent of this unemployment and reluctant to tally it fully. There is a considerable temptation to dismiss the unemployment problem as affecting "only" about 5.5 per cent of the labor force, compared with an unemployment rate of 4.5 per cent in the boom years from 1947 to 1957. A gain of one percentage point does not seem unduly alarming, even after we have been told that it means an increase of 1,000,000 in the number of men and women unable to find work.

But this is still only the "visible" unemployed—those who declare to the Department of Labor poll-takers that they are actively looking for work and cannot get it. To these 4,200,000 visibly jobless during 1963 we must add another 2,300,000 who sought full-time work but could get only part-time work. And even that is not the full count. There are in addition an indeterminate number, estimated at perhaps 2,000,000, who do not declare themselves "unemployed" to the poll-taker because they have simply stopped looking for work. Many lower-



—*Davis Pratt from Rapho Guillumette.*

On the move—Pennsylvania Station's automated, television-equipped ticket counters.

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income housewives, for instance, would work if there were work to be had, but because they know that a search for a job is likely to be fruitless they stay at home.

Hence, there is reason to be concerned over the unemployment situation, even though on the surface it is not "bad." For if we add to the official unemployment rate of 5.7 per cent for 1963 the unemployment represented by part-time work and by stay-at-homes, we get a total rate that is very close to 10 per cent. Ten per cent of the labor force is still very far away from the terrible days of the Depression, when an equivalent calculation would have revealed a rate of at least 30 per cent. But it is sizable enough to represent a cause for deep concern.

How can we account for this slowly worsening problem at a time when so many in the nation have been experiencing a continuous prosperity?

It is usual to place the blame on the fact that our total dollar output, our Gross National Product, has not been growing fast enough. And it is true enough that our rate of growth of dollar output since 1958 is slower by perhaps a third than pre-1958. It is also true that if we could find ways of making our rate of growth increase considerably—let us say to the level of Western Europe or of the USSR—we would undoubtedly find jobs for many million more Americans. And yet talk about the rate of growth in some ways obscures rather than clarifies the problem. For it hides the crucial fact that one of the main causes for such growth as we do have is also a primary cause for the unemployment we are suffering. That double-acting cause—both adding to our rate of output and subtracting from our rate of employment—is the extraordinary technology of the late 1950s and early 1960s, a technology to which we have given the name "automation."

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Leisure in London—An espresso house attracts housewives.

—*D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).*

Leisure in New York—Chess players in Washington Square Park.

It is worth our while to take a moment to see this new technology in perspective. After all, there is nothing new in the entry of inventions and improved techniques into our economic process, nor in the thrust that this entry has given to our output. In what way, then, is the present situation different from the past?

To answer the question we must back off far enough to be able to encompass a century in a single glance. For if we then look over the steady technologizing of America, two impressions stand out. The first is that technology has not entered our lives at random, pouring its blessings on all industries impartially. On the contrary, it has been much more concentrated in certain areas of economic activity than in others. In farming, for instance, it has wrought miracles— in fifty years the number of man-hours required to raise 100 bushels of corn has dropped from 147 to four or five. In manufacturing it has made advances nearly as dramatic: the man on the factory floor today outproduces his grandfather six to one. But in one important area of economic activity—the area of trade, service, administration—technology has been laggard. The doctor, lawyer, salesman, clerk is not appreciably more "productive" today than he was at the turn of the century.

To this impression we must now add a second. It is that with few if any exceptions we have never utilized to the hilt the productive possibilities inherent in the technology we introduced. The reason is very simple: output depends not only on productivity but on demand, and demand for the products of industries where technology made possible huge jumps did not immediately grow as fast as potential output. As the corn farmer gradually gained the power to multiply his output thirtyfold, he found that the demand for corn was not going to increase by anything like thirty times. And as the output of each particular industry raced out ahead, its entrepreneurs would find, at least for a while, that supply was outrunning demand.

Hence the traditional use we have made of technology has been a mixed one. Partly we have taken advantage of its ability to increase output, and this is a major cause of our rising productivity and wealth. But partly we have also used its powers to reduce the length of time at work, thereby not only gaining leisure, but holding back an

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Aha! I see it now!

Don't tell me you see a ruby-throated nuthatch?

I'm not watching birds.

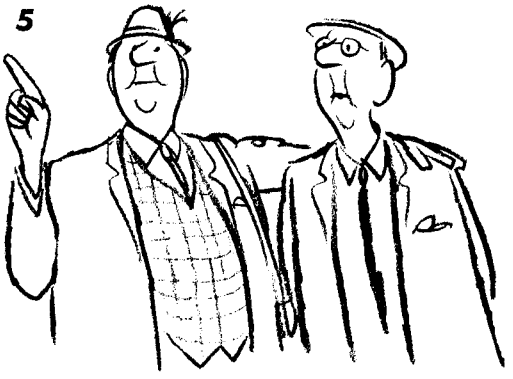
Oh, you sly devil—that's where they hold the official All-Girls Volleyball Championship.

I'm past that stage. I'm spying on a squirrel.

A squirrel?

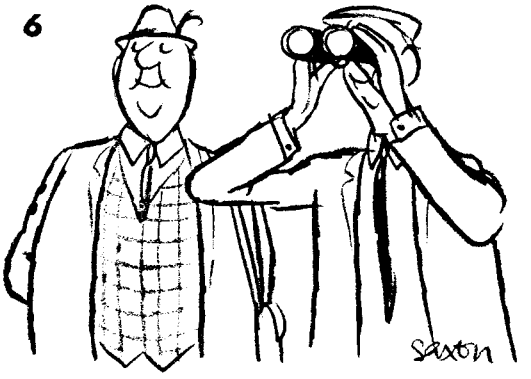
He's been teaching me a lesson.

You feeling all right?



Great. The reason I'm watching that squirrel is to see what he does with the nuts I leave him. And you know, without fail, he always puts some away for tomorrow.

Squirrels really do that?



They sure do. And I'm going to do them one better. I'm putting something away for the rest of my life—with an Equitable annuity. Guarantees me a regular income every month, even if I live to a hundred.

You're not as nutty as I thought.

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

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See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

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otherwise redundant flow of output. And perhaps most important of all, we have taken advantage of the uneven entry of technology, and of our inability to match demand quickly to its new productive possibilities, by shifting our working efforts to other areas where our expanding purchasing power wished to turn next.

The table below shows this vast process of internal migration and redirected purchasing power very clearly:

Per Cent Distribution of Employed Workers

	Agriculture, forests, fisheries	Manufacturing, mining, transportation, construction, utilities	Trade, professional, and personal services, state, local, and federal government
1900	38	37	25
1963	8	36	56

Concealed within the table is a dramatic fact. Somewhere during the past sixty years—in fact, during the late 1940s—the number of people actually engaged in services surpassed the numbers engaged in making or handling goods. A society primarily concerned with production gave way to one primarily concerned with administration and distribution.

But the main lesson of the table is anything but concealed. For at least sixty years (and in fact much longer) technology has been bringing about a gradual redirection of the economic pattern of society, draining manpower away from employment in the field and sending it into the factory, and then draining it from the factory and sending it into the office and the store. By way of recent illustration, note that between 1950 and 1963 farm output rose by 10 per cent while farm employment fell by 25 per cent, and that total manufacturing output rose by 30 per cent while manufacturing employment remained steady. And the only reason that manufacturing employment did remain steady was that the office force in manufacturing rose fast enough to offset the manpower decline on the factory floor.

This résumé of recent history brings us back to the present and to a new perspective on automation. To some extent, as we can now see, automation is only a continuation of the past—a thrust of new techniques that will push men from field to factory and from factory to office. But the new technology, with its humanoid sensory devices and its uncanny capacities to "learn" and to correct and guide itself, has an additional potentiality as well. For the first time it threatens to invade the office as well—*to mechanize the service and administrative branches of work and thereby to bring to an end their steady growth as a source of work.* Anyone who has visited a modern bank or insurance company or corporate office and seen batteries of silent computers and clunking electric printers do the work of file clerks and shipping clerks and bookkeepers and office managers has seen this new technology in action. What he has also seen is the belated entry of technology into the last major field of economic activity, where it will once again play the role it has already performed in agriculture and industry. This time, however, where shall our unneeded labor go?

There remains one last twist to the problem. The new service-performing technology in itself poses a substantial enough threat to our economy. But to make matters worse, it is cutting into our employment base, both on the factory floor and in the office, at the very time when requirements for new jobs are reaching record heights. The huge crop of one-time war babies, having burst through the nation's high schools and inundated its colleges, is about to emerge onto the market place for jobs. By way of giving some idea of how many jobs will be needed, consider that between 1950 and 1960 the young labor force, aged fourteen to twenty-four, increased by half a million. Between 1960 and 1970 it will increase by 6,000,000.

Already we can feel the first effects of this rapidly expanding labor supply. Last year the jobless rate among white teen-agers looking for work was 15.6 per cent. Among nonwhite teen-agers it was 30 per cent. And the full impact is yet to come.

Automation is not, of course, the only economic problem of the future. No one can look ten and twenty years ahead without asking worried questions about disarmament and its impact on our overmilitarized economic machine; about our relations with the underdeveloped world, at once so inescapable and so frustrating; about our growing competitive struggle with Europe; about affluence itself, with its prospects for an orgy of commercialism, a Saturnalia of advertising. Yet in many ways the problem of automation lies at the center of things, not alone in its human impact but in the larger implications of its challenge.

That challenge is to find a new frontier of employment to take the place of the disappearance of the service sector, the last great expansive area of private employment. But where can this frontier be? Where can we still use the skills and strengths of millions of Americans, some trained and some not, some young and some not so young? If one asks the question seriously, it is not difficult to answer it. America cries out for work to be done. The cities, ugly and rotten, must be rebuilt. The schools, still fearfully inadequate to their all-important task, must be expanded. The recreational space of the nation, cramped and undermanned, must be enlarged. The growing numbers of the old must be given homes, even villages, with nurses and companions. The public safety and the public convenience, both shockingly neglected in America, must be attended to. And not least, the poor must be guided out of their poverty and, where that is not possible, at least given the dignity of adequate support.

So there is no dearth of wants, no satiety of needs, no lack of work that might be done. But—and this is the crucial thing—all these wants and needs and employments will have to be initiated and financed and supported by the public sector. These are not goods or services that the market can provide. They are, without exception, matters that the community will provide through its public agencies, or that the community will not have.

There is more here than just a series of remedial measures to provide some necessary jobs. The provision of the public well-being represents, I believe, the next stage of economic activity to which a society naturally turns once it has begun to fulfil the demands of the private well-being. This is not to say that the sphere of private wants will not grow or that the private sector will not remain dominant in our economic life. But the challenge of the future does not seem to me to lie any longer in the private zone. It is the public zone that is still small and mean and dingy and poor—and increasingly important. Here is where the horizons are big.

Whether we shall meet this challenge with boldness it is difficult to say. Without doubt we shall hear the cry that it is socialism and the warning that the expansion of the public facilities will destroy the remaining vestiges of our personal liberties. But we can also be certain that the impersonal forces of the economy will be pushing us steadily into the new terrain where human labor, in its traditional places of work, becomes ever more redundant. Before this pending content of an old ideology and a new reality it would be fatuous to offer bland assurances or dire warnings. It is enough to brace ourselves for what is likely to be the central controversy of American political and economic life for at least the next decade and maybe more.

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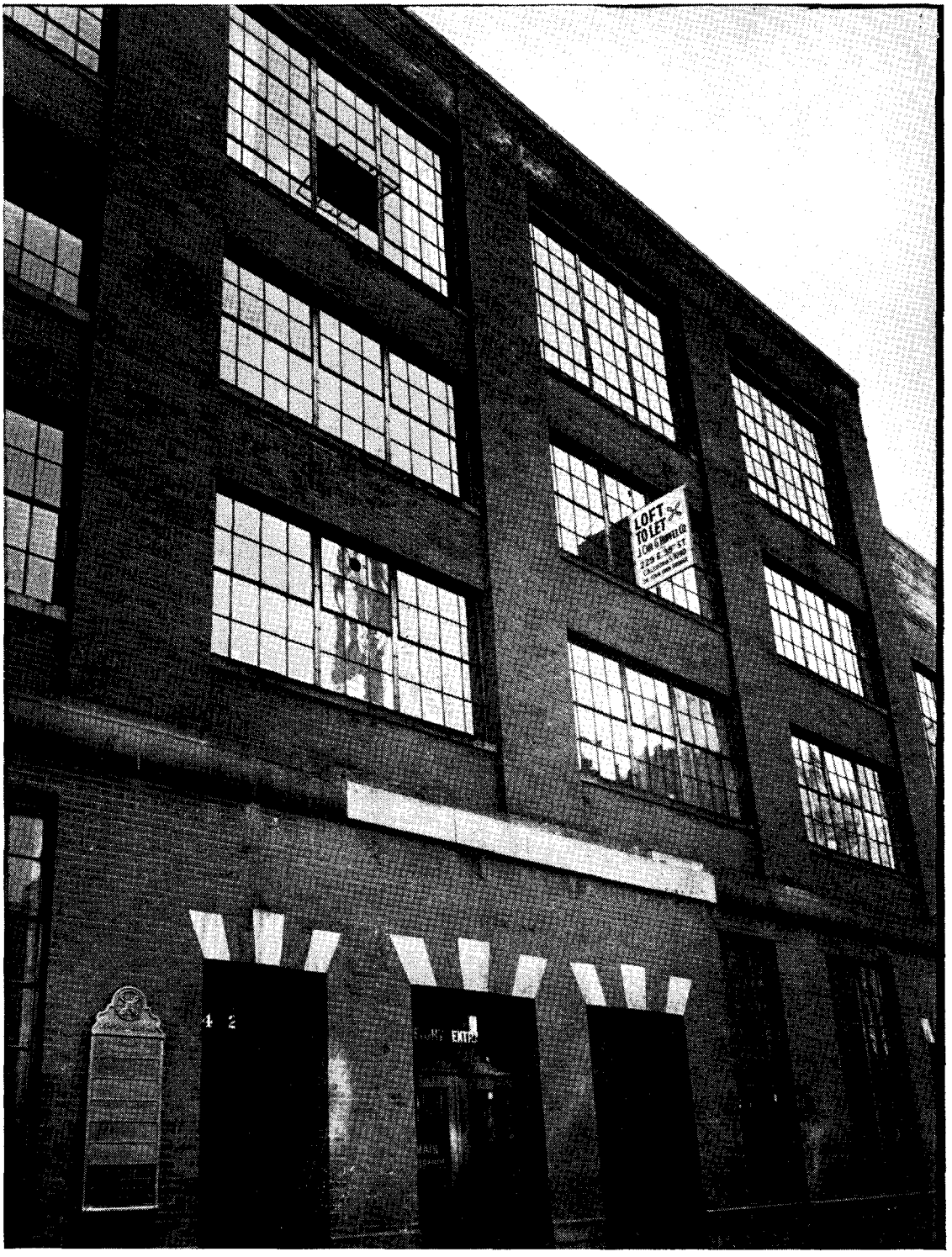

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Our mutual office in 1924.

In this abandoned brewery in 1924, TIME Inc. was privileged to be the original publisher of The Saturday Review of Literature.
The redolence of malt long ago became the sweet smell of success.
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3. Freedom's Time of Testing

By WALTER REUTHER

THERE was a time, shortly after the Second World War, when it was possible for some of the opinion-formers in our midst to proclaim that this was destined to be the American Century. If we assess our present situation against the illusions of that period, we find, I think, the beginning of a new realism, a new sense of the complex and tragic nature of our world. We are beginning to see that, far from living in an American Century, we live and must make our choices in a time of testing for free men and free societies.

The Administration of President Kennedy and his untimely, brutal death did much to open up for us this new perspective. The Kennedy initiative that culminated in the partial test-ban treaty was a victory of the new realism on the world scene; it proclaimed to the world our emerging awareness that this has to be not an American or Russian or Chinese century, but the century of humanity—of the whole human family—if mankind and its works are to survive.

At home, the new realism announced itself in the form of a growing conviction within the Kennedy Administration in its final months that our national affluence is more seriously flawed than had been thought by persistent unemployment, racial discrimination, and widespread poverty; that the three are intimately related; and that corrective action must go beyond a series of piecemeal measures and take the form of an all-out, comprehensive attack by public and private means.

—*Wide World.*

Automation in Detroit—One man operates giant machine in auto plant.

In short, we have begun—only just begun—to realize in the past few years that our wealth and power are not so much a cause for self-congratulation and complacency as they are a trust; that this nation, as a custodian of democratic values and unprecedented material riches, has a responsibility to administer its spiritual and material heritage wisely, not in terms of a narrow self-interest, but with a saving sense of the human solidarity that binds us together with the rest of the planet.

We have not yet squarely confronted the consequences of this responsibility; we have not yet measured the full dimensions of the challenge we face of harnessing the scientific and technological revolutions for human, democratic ends. We have not yet fully understood that we must judge ourselves—as history will ultimately judge us—not by what we have but by what we do with what we have. We profess to believe in the intrinsic worth and dignity of each human being; yet in our daily practice, in what might be called our collective attitudes, we set greater store by our physical than by our human resources. We let science and technology outrun our human, social responses. Our large corporations plan intricately for production and profit, yet we deny ourselves that degree of democratic planning in the public sphere that would assure that public and private efforts together efficiently and compassionately meet the needs of people in their community, of persons in their individuality.

We have put the material things of this world before people; no wonder that, in the words of Emerson, things are in the saddle and ride mankind. For when you put things first, they fail you. And things are failing us; our great productive system last year, although it enabled us to amass a Gross National Product of over $600 billion, did not enable us either to end our persistently high unemployment or to bring the essentials of a decent material life to 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 of our fellow citizens who live in or on the borderline of poverty. It did not give us a school system equal even to the new technical demands of a rapidly automating economy, much less satisfy the urgent need to educate our children for personal fulfilment and responsible citizenship in an ever more complex society. Our productive system has not put the achievements of medical science within the economic reach of millions of our citizens whose health needs are greatest; it has not eliminated the slums of our cities or of our rural areas, or made it possible for every American to live in a decent home in a wholesome environment. Our productive system has not rescued millions of our young people, our old people, and the unfortunate of all ages from wholesale neglect, from a sense of being cast off and forgotten. It has not supplied the number of doctors, nurses, psychiatrists, social workers, technicians; or the hospitals, clinics, rest homes, recreational areas, and other facilities required throughout the nation to make and keep us whole.

In other words despite our celebrated affluence, we seem to suffer not only from widespread material poverty, but from a kind of poverty of the spirit that keeps us from doing what it is within our power to do to end poverty of the material kind. The economic means are at our disposal; what we have lacked are the concern and the will to act.

THAT is why the poverty of the poor in America is so much more tragic than the poverty of Africa and Asia. It is evident to everyone who has traveled on those continents that the poor there are incomparably poorer in a material sense than the physically poor of America; yet it is equally clear that, even in their lower depths of material deprivation, they have a sense of belonging that is denied the poor of our own cities and farms. The misery of Africa and Asia is a shared misery, a fact of life for the vast majority; they are all poor together, as a result of underdevelopment. The poor of America, in shameful contrast, are not poor because the country is poor but rather because the country is rich—more specifically, because the majority is well off and complacent enough to be indifferent to the poverty and deprivation in its midst. The poor in America have been shut out of our minds, exiled from the ongoing life of the country, because our national conscience, not our national economy, has been underdeveloped.

The essential crisis of our society, in other words, is not a crisis of economics but a crisis of values. The American economy is not a natural force but a human invention, a product of our energies, our skills, and interests; an instru-

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ment of our prevailing will and purpose, our strengths and our weaknesses. If our predominant values emphasize quantity over quality, our economy will give us quantity. If we prefer gadgets to well-ordered cities and countrysides, it will give us gadgets, and urban and rural slums. If we are more concerned about our plumbing and our sewage systems than the adequacy of our schools, our economy will give us good plumbing, and overcrowded schools, harassed, underpaid schoolteachers, and poorly trained and poorly educated young people. The fact is that in community after community we approve the bond issues for new sewers and reject the bond issues for new schools and better salaries, while balking at the federal aid we need to improve our educational performance and equalize educational opportunity.

IF by freedom we mean the freedom of a privileged minority to dominate the commanding heights of the private sector of our economy, rather than the freedom that would flourish in an economy of opportunity for all our people, then we will get what in fact we have lately had: an economy in which the productive apparatus (though inefficient in meeting our actual needs) is overdeveloped in relation to our effective capacity to consume its products; in which wants are artificially stimulated and created in the private sector, while real needs are left unsatisfied, largely because the public sector, which must have a major role in satisfying them, is prevented from doing so by the carefully cultivated myth of Big Government: the large corporation is our friend, the federal government is our enemy. We get an economy in which the trend toward greater equality in the distribution of income and wealth that developed in the New Deal and Fair Deal periods is giving way to a gradual return to the inequalities that helped produce the Depression and led to the New Deal; the rich are again getting richer, the poor relatively poorer. We get an economy in which unemployment has persisted at better than 5 per cent of the labor force for years—much higher if we count, as we should, all the invisible unemployed, underemployed, and those who have for the time being given up the search for jobs because jobs they could hold were not to be had. We get an economy in which 25,500,000 man-years of labor were wasted through unemployment in the last ten years, and with them the equivalent of $700 billion in unproduced goods and services lost forever, since units of human labor cannot be stored like steel or grain. We get an economy in which, with good reason, there is a pervasive anxiety, among those who work for wages, over the present and eventual impact of accelerating technological change on their jobs—when we should be able to use the new technology with confidence, to improve the living standards of people everywhere.

Randolph Bourne said that war is the health of the state. Certainly war, in the recent experience of Americans whose chief property is their jobs, has been the health of our economy. In war, we have been capable of a high degree of unity of purpose; in war, there has been virtually full employment. Congress, which today balks at almost every major expenditure to meet the peacetime needs of our people, has been prodigal in time of war in voting record appropriations.

—Inger Abrahamsen (Rapho Guillumette).

Puerto Rican children—"We must find the common ground . . ."

While cherishing our diversity as a people, we must find the common ground of unity and purpose that we require to accomplish the complex tasks of peace, as we found it under the pressures of war. We must act together in the knowledge that our human resources, in social and individual terms, are our most precious assets and the source of all material progress. Passage of the Civil Rights Act is a historic expression of that saving knowledge, a contemporary declaration of interdependence and human solidarity; yet the Negro demands—and all of us must demand of ourselves—more than declarations. It is not enough to commit ourselves to brotherhood by a legislative act; we must commit ourselves by a movement of the heart as well; we must see to it that the rights we proclaim in law are enforced in practice, that they improve the quality of our lives in our work places and in our communities.

We must, above all, wipe out the social deficits and disparities from which so many millions of the poor and disadvantaged still suffer despite our general affluence—but which plague our Negro minority disproportionately because the Negro is victim of the cumulative discrimination of generations. We must give this "land of opportunity" an economy of opportunity in which the Negro, to put it bluntly, will be able to "cash in" on the civil rights that are constitutionally his. What good to him is the open door of the restaurant and motel if the factory gates are plastered with "no help wanted" signs, if he languishes in the limbo of unemployment because our schools did not prepare him and because our economy is moving forward too sluggishly to employ him?

We must face up to the fact that all of us will emerge the losers from a struggle between white and colored workers over who will work and who will walk the streets without jobs. We must foster a rate of balanced economic growth that will assure jobs for all who are able and willing to work. The needs of our people confront us on every hand; there is work to be done building schools, hospitals, clinics, libraries, museums, concert halls, cultural centers, highways, and resource development projects. We need to wipe out the slums and reshape our cities. And there is our continuing obligation, as the world's wealthiest nation, to help

"There is no deficit in national resources . . . The deficit is in the national will."

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the people of the world's underdeveloped areas to rid themselves of poverty, ignorance, and disease and build viable modern societies in which democracy will have a fair chance to take root and flower.

We need to do these things at home and abroad because they cry out to be done; we need to mobilize a great national coalition of conscience in the United States to end poverty here at home; we need to convert the defensive military alliance of NATO into a grand alliance for the positive waging of the peace throughout the world. We need to do these things out of concern and indignation that such conditions exist; that so many millions go to bed hungry every night in the "third world" of poverty; that so many Americans are undernourished despite the surplus of our farms.

We need to do these things because our humane impulses and democratic values command us to act. Yet we must do them with an added sense of urgency and commitment because we are not alone in the world with our consciences; our situation is complicated by the presence and the ambitions of Communist power and ideology.

THE hope of Khrushchev is that he will bury us not so much because of the successes of Communism but because of the mistakes and deficiencies of democracy. His hope is that the industrialized nations of the West, particularly the United States, will fail to find the basis for a dynamic, fruitful cooperation of interest groups within our national communities in peace as we have managed so well to do in time of war; that we shall rend ourselves in domestic conflict and thus lose by default the larger struggle between freedom and tyranny throughout the world.

Before we dismiss the Khrushchev view of our situation as a delusion, we should consider its degree of relevance over the long run, as against its seeming lack of relevance in the immediate present, when the Communist camp is in much greater apparent disarray than the democratic, and when the Soviet Union has serious economic difficulties at home and must contend with a growing will to independence of Moscow among the East European satellites.

Consider the dangerous disproportion between America's growing technological sophistication and our timid, pilot-project approach to the many problems advancing technology is piling up in the economic and social spheres. We suffer from an embarrassment of riches in the realm of *know-how*; in the realm of *know-why* or *what-for*, there is a vast confusion of tongues, much of it deliberately fostered as a means of protecting privileged positions in the private sector of the economy at the expense and neglect of the public need.

Our children are the greatest victims of the largely manufactured and cynically manipulated obsession with Big Government in Washington, for it is largely out of fear of federal controls that we have so long acquiesced in the refusal of Congress to vote adequate federal aid to our schools, while the states and municipalities, unable to meet growing responsibilities on present revenue, are short-changing, among other victims, the schools, the teachers—and the next generation of Americans. Far from pushing for the massive educational effort we need, the spirit of the Congress in recent years seems to have been a willingness to appropriate unlimited billions for military defense and the nuclear weapons of overkill while denying the funds for a modest program to get our young people off the streets and give them meaningful work experience. Seen in this perspective, juvenile delinquency is hardly worth the time and space given to it by the news media; our real trouble is adult delinquency. For the adults of America have the resources to meet our unmet needs in education, to succor the poor, the old, the sick, the unemployed, the disadvantaged, the victims of prejudice and discrimination. There is no deficit in national resources. The deficit is in the national will. We need to commit first of all ourselves and then our resources in a measure adequate to meet these great unmet human and national needs. In addition to putting a floor of decency under the whole economy, below which none of our people will be permitted to fall, government has the task of supplementing the efforts of the private sector, doing what the private market will not or cannot do, toward the end of assuring a full, balanced, and wise use of our resources calculated to improve the quality of American life and to enable us to pull our full, democratic weight in the world arena.

THE blind or privately commandeered forces of the market are in no position alone to assure that the over-all tempo of economic activity and (what must be) the rising tide of democratic purpose are sufficient to meet all these challenges and opportunities; only government—specifically the federal government, in association with state and local units—can see this large and rapidly shifting scene whole and keep the complex process in rough, dynamic equilibrium. If there were a natural harmony in economics, and if business, left to its own devices, were the natural custodian of this system of harmonics, there would have been no 1929 crash, no Depression in the 1930s, and no need for the reforms initiated by the New Deal and perpetuated by succeeding Administrations, both Democratic and Republican. For nobody bothered business in the 1920s, neither militant trade unionists nor overweening government bureaucrats. Yet the sweet music ended in wholesale catastrophe, and if Franklin Roosevelt's practical idealists had not arrived on the scene betimes, it is quite possible that an outraged America would have resorted to violent change.

The reality, as opposed to the myth, is that big societies have big governments—not because of anybody's conspiracy but because big societies need big governments to survive. The real issue is whether government will be permitted to be responsible and efficient enough to do its job—and whether its job will be seen not as that of helping the well-placed and well-off to strengthen privileged positions, but rather as that of helping all those who need help.

WE must have done with the sterile, self-defeating view that we are engaged in a struggle between private and public powers; we face, rather, the challenge of judiciously combining private and public efforts at every level, to accomplish our democratic ends.

The genius of a free society is its ability to achieve unity in diversity. The genius of our free economic system is the ability to harmonize the diversity of public and private economic decisions and make public planning for people compatible with private planning for profits. Rational and responsible democratic planning is essential if we are to meet the increasingly complex problems of the future and if we are to broaden the opportunities for private initiative.

We must, and we can, have federal aid and action without undemocratic federal controls; we have had them in the past, since the first years of the Republic, under Democratic and Republican Administrations. It was under Lincoln's Administration that federal support first went to land grant colleges, and there is no better example of how federal aid sustains rather than undermines local and regional initiative. To believe the contrary is to have insufficient faith in the vitality of the federal system, and to lack confidence in our own democratic convictions and institutions.

If we are to lift up the underdeveloped nation within our own borders—the

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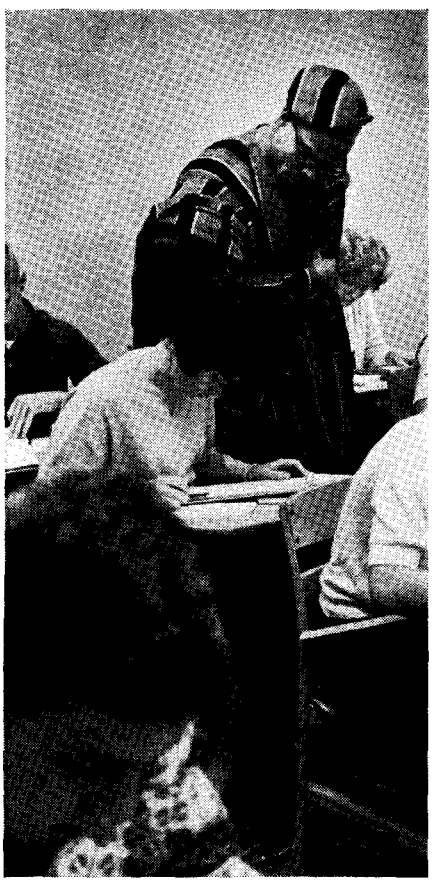

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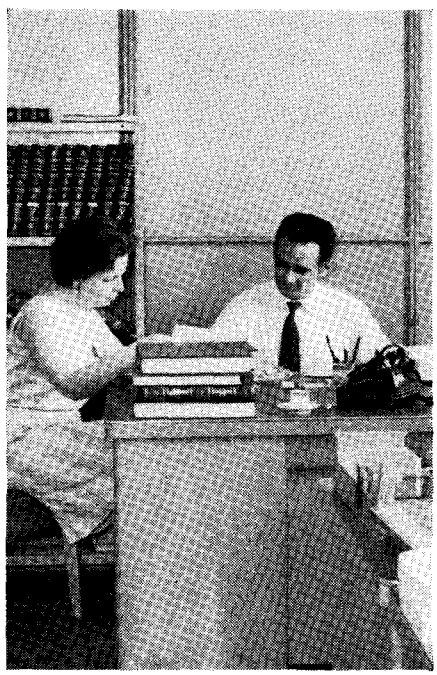

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nation of American poverty—if we are to put America fully to work and keep ourselves employed producing the good things of peace as we kept ourselves employed producing the sinews of world war; if we are to harness technology to human purposes and values here at home and to the colossal tasks of peaceful, democratic development in the rest of the world, then we must have done with the debilitating myth of American government as a usurping, hostile foreign occupying power and see it for what it is, an indispensable instrument for building the great society.

Washington, far from being a threat to democratic institutions and local initiative, is being deprived of the means to carry out its essential responsibilities (except in the domain of overkill, where the Congress is eager to outspend the biggest of spenders). President Kennedy, in his Yale address, had begun what promised to be an important campaign of demystification in this regard, which we must continue. While state and local debt has been rising, federal nondefense expenditures have in fact been declining as a percentage of our Gross National Product, despite the increasing need for governmental programs as population grows and galloping technology raises problems that the private sector of the economy may aggravate but cannot, without cooperating with government, hope to solve.

We shall make more technological progress in the next twenty-five years than was made in the last 250 years. A new generation of computers is coming on fast and strong, without waiting for us to deal with the wholesale threat to job security already posed by automation or to think through the revolutionary process of transforming a society based on work (and unemployment) into a society which, if it is to remain democratic, must increasingly be given over to meaningful leisure. We are now flying blind into this new era. Until now, blue-collar workers have borne a disproportionately heavy share of the costs of transition, with the rest of the nation in the role of more or less concerned spectators, largely unmindful of the economic loss all of us have suffered as a result of wasted labor and unused productive capacity. The new computers may shake us out of our complacency. They will be fast enough to do a decade's work in a coffee break, and their impact will be felt not by blue-collar workers alone but by skilled technicians and middle management as well. White-collar workers will then join blue-collar workers in the ranks of the unemployed—and in the realization that we cannot cope with the new technology seeking only immediate profit, or through collective bargaining alone, but must rather plan our response to it nationally, since it is a national challenge.

Mr. Khrushchev, as we have said, does not believe we have enough cohesion or sense of national purpose to make such a response. He believes in our case that nothing fails like success; that we have been so impressed by our great historical achievements that we are blind to present shortcomings and long-run dangers. I think Mr. Khrushchev is wrong; but we shall not convince him by scoring debater's points. Nor shall we destroy Communism by acting with the belligerence and bravado of small boys picking fights on street corners or in back lots. The nuclear arms race must ultimately prove to be, in the most literal sense, a dead end. Our purpose must be not to win a war but to create a peace and give the human family a future, preferably a democratic future.

Our task at home, then, is to realize our great potential and to use it to improve the quality of American life for all our people. Our task abroad is to seize the advantage implicit in our unused labor and productive capacity to mount a peace offensive, thereby transforming the negative struggle between freedom and tyranny from a military standoff into a trial of the human validity of two ways of life, two kinds of society.

We can shift the dynamics of the world power struggle from the negative nuclear arms race that no one can win to a peaceful contest to determine which social system can best harness man's creative genius in the fields of science and technology and relate the growing abundance of automation to the needs of the human community. I am confident that in such a peaceful contest our system of freedom is equal to the challenge if we will harness our full economic potential and relate the expanding abundance that this will make possible to the over-all struggle against poverty and social injustice both at home and throughout the world.

Were we, for example, to finance democratic development abroad to the equivalent of $20 billion a year in goods and services for the next quarter of a century, we could not only disappoint Mr. Khrushchev's expectation of democratic disintegration, but force him into a competitive effort in behalf of the underdeveloped nations that would oblige him to sue for meaningful disarmament.

—Fred W. McDarrah (Nancy Palmer).

The Washington March—For a land of opportunity, an economy of opportunity.

The Russians could not ignore such a challenge, since economic and social competition is supposed to be their stock in trade, their reason for existence. They could not finance such a competitive effort and maintain present armament outlays without cutting into the living standards of the Russian people. Since the Kremlin has already reached the point of diminishing returns in demanding sacrifices of the Russian consumer, who has been promised so much and given so little, Khrushchev could meet an American challenge of this magnitude only by diverting Russian resources from his military establishment. A disarmament agreement would enable us to commit additional funds to peaceful development, thus obliging the Communists to try to hold their own in a "peace race" rather than in the arms race.

The immediate question is whether we ourselves, with our friends and

(*Continued on page* 190)

"The crisis of our society is a crisis of values."

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NOTES ON THE FUTURE

THE PROSPECT FOR HUMANITY

The following article by Mr. Fuller is the first instalment of an occasional column to appear in SR under the title "Notes on the Future." It is adapted by him from the last chapter of his forthcoming book, "Design Science," which embodies his lectures and conversations as Harvard's 1961-62 Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry. Mr. Fuller, inventor of the geodesic dome and the Dymaxion three-wheeled automobile, was a personal friend of the founding editors of SRL—Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, Amy Loveman, and William Rose Benét. He was one of the original contributors to the magazine.

By R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

THE SCRIPTURES were right: the meek have inherited the earth. But they do not know it. Though irrevocable, the will has not as yet been finally probated in the court of public comprehension. The will says, "The prospects for humanity are metabolically excellent, intensely interesting, culturally fabulous, and of ever greater intellectual challenge."

But the will, it must be noted, makes all of humanity its beneficiary. It does not favor or promise unique prosperity to any exclusive blocs of humanity. For the professional secretariat of the Daughters of the Punic Wars; for political spoils systems; for national sovereignties; for annual trade balancing with gold and its concomitant exchange depressions and resultant human wage- and purchasing-power inequities; for any negative social, economic, or psychological differentiations of human origins or color; for might-makes-right; for purchasable accoutrements, architecture, equipment, and gadgets of distinction; and for the plethora of behavioral obnoxica imposed or induced by the supposed inexorability of the Malthus-Darwin theorem of survival only for the slickest fittest, *it is curtains.*

The will of history reads "for everybody or for nobody," and since we balk at "for nobody" it has to be "for everybody." And that's the way it is going, lickety-split and the world around.

I did not say that everybody will be happy and every event a joy. Far from it. If your chief happiness has been that of possessing at the expense of others you will be sunk. This revolution is not being effected by pulling the top down. It is being effected by pulling the bottom up. It is being effected by doing more with ever less in such a manner as to take care of all without taking away the functional capabilities and fundamental advantages of any. The surprise —constantly doing vastly more with ever fewer physical resources per function— is our legacy from the millennia-long armaments struggle to do more with less in a world where a pea-size transistor now does more than an army of yesterday and a fistful of atomic fuel takes a large ship around the earth.

It is an easy matter to foresee the trend of physically dramatic events during the next twenty-one-year generation. We will go to the moon and start communicating with humans in other parts of the universe and open up entirely unexpected new realizations of the significance of man in the universe. We will probably learn that Darwin was wrong and that man came to earth from another planet and monkeys are hybrids degenerated by overlong inbreeding of isolated humans. We will penetrate the ocean depths, enlarging our world threefold. We will float large colonies of humans around the world in tensegrity geodesic cloud-island spheres taxi-serviced by helicopters. And, because every action has its reaction, as we achieve new magnitudes, millionfolding our forward undertakings in time, so will we millionfold our knowledge backward in time. The archeological, anthropological, and ecological history will be as stimulating to mankind as will be the extension of knowledge through realized technology.

Within the next twenty years our theme song may well be "Anything Buck

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Rogers can do, we will do better," whether it be strapping on our jet-stilts knapsack and jumping Peter Pan-wise to our office window ledge (properly dressed, of course) and winging outward and homeward by automatically steered, collision-avoiding beam controls, or conversing over satellite-relayed, private-beam television with anyone, anywhere around the world or in space.

If you don't credit this forecasting, witness the contracting time spans between man's successive historical advances in circumnavigation of the earth. His first known circumnavigation is in a wooden sailing ship, circa 1500. His second advance is by steel steamship in the mid-nineteenth century. His third breakthrough is by aluminum airplane in the late 1930s. His fourth breakthrough is in a super alloy rocket capsule in 1957. The times required for these circumnavigations—approximately three years by sailing ship, three months by steel steamship, three days by aluminum airplane, and an hour by rocket capsule—clearly show that by 1985 almost anything you can dream of can and will have happened and that man will be living in an entirely new, responsibly conscious relationship to the universe.

I could go on to put meat and muscle on the bones of such forecasting, but since the comics and science fiction have made the coming actualities physically anticlimactic I find it much more rewarding to consider how we may be getting from here to there in the familiar terms of day-to-day economic, political, and cultural reorientations and to speculate on how they may come about. To do this I must take inventory of emerging trends that seem significant.

Trend No. 1. Medical science, through development of interchangeable human parts, both organic and inorganic, may be about to develop the continuous or deathless man. It is now concerned with rendering the integral, mostly internal, corporeal organisms of man ever more adequate to the evolving environment. The architectural scientist has become concerned with rendering the extracorporeal, external organisms of man—the world network of industrialization—ever more successfully adequate to the evolving environment. This is being accomplished by a comprehensively redesigned use of resources in such a manner that the continually decreasing per-capita resources of the earth, which now serve only 44 per cent of humanity with industrial advantage, will be made to serve 100 per cent of humanity at a higher standard of living than has ever been known anywhere by anybody. This is to be done by broad introduction of higher-performance techniques; for example, by substituting wireless for wire in communicating systems, or by scrapping all the two-ton prestige automobiles and producing out of the recovered metals twice as many one-ton cars of higher operating economy and closer parking capability. Most importantly, in response to the automation-engendered unemployment problem, this design-science revolution may be acceleratingly accomplished by paying everyone to go back to high school, college, university, and research and development laboratories, leaving physical production to ever-increasing automation.

Trend No. 2. The university student, having attained his first freedom of initiative, his optimum level of metabolic efficiency, bodily coordination, and general outlook, finds that his idealism is concurrently exposed to an awareness of powerful intellectual and technical disciplines. At the same time he is the recipient of frequent science-technology breakthrough news, such as under-the-polar-ice passages of atomic submarines and new achievements in rocketry and electronics. He also receives an overabundance of news concerning world want and political stresses that break into ever more frequent crises.

Logically, the student becomes exasperated and says, "Why can't we make the world work? All the negative nonsense is the consequence of outworn, ignorant biases of the old-timers. Let's join forces and set things to rights." Parading in multitudes, students demand that their political leaders take steps to bring about peace and plenty. The fallacy of this lies in their mistaken, age-old assumption that the problem is one of political reform. The fact is that the politicians are faced with a vacuum and you can't reform a vacuum. The vacuum is the apparent world condition of not enough to go around—not enough for even a majority of mankind to survive more than half of its potential life span. It is a "you or me to the death" situation that leads from impasse to ultimate showdown by arms. Thus more and more students around the world are learning of the new and surprising alternative to politics—the design science revolution, which alone can solve the problem.

The students are thrilled to realize that it is themselves they must turn to in order to make the world work, through practical use of their university science and technology resources and their laboratory-supported design science capabilities. The students know that they need no more license to invent the tools that will make the world work than the Wright brothers needed a license to invent one of the most needed more-with-less tools—the airplane. The student's task is clear-cut. It is to increase the over-all efficiency of the world's mechanical devices from their present 4 per cent to an over-all efficiency of 12 per cent. This is easy, since over-all efficiences up to 80 per cent are now feasible. The students know that if they invent the right tools, the tools will be used, given the right emergency. And they know that their design science revolution is bound to work because the emergencies to foster its realization are already here. Their revolution is a bloodless revolution that brings peace in the only way it may ever become effective—by elimination of the physical wants that always underlie war.

Trend No. 3. There are now in the world several thousand powerful high-capacity, information-storage, electronic computers. The number of them approximately doubles yearly. That means a quarter-million of them by 1970, 250 million by 1980, and 8 billion by 1985—more than two per each world human. The computers, both large and small, are machines for mathematical pattern cognition and recognition storage, retrieval, and coordination; the human brain is the prototype. As with the human brain, all pattern processing consists of two main classes: differentiation and integration; *i.e.*, specialization and generalization. Differentiation identifies, evaluates, selects, and separates the uniquely developing patterns. Integration ratiocinates comprehensively the coordination rates and magnitudes of complex interactions, developments, or transformations.

To appreciate our state-of-computer-affairs, we first must be aware that throughout the last fifteen years many philosophers have been disturbed by the claims of some cyberneticians that computers are soon to displace the human intellect. If, instead, they had confined their prediction to the effectiveness of the human brain in respect to the computer, some of their claims might in time prove valid. For a long time philosophers assumed that the computer could not ask original questions. They said that the computer can only re-ask a question man has taught it to ask.

Despite the philosophers' wishful predictions, the computer has now demonstrated its ability to ask an original question—and it did so without being instructed. Otherwise the question could not be assessed as "original." The surprise demonstration came about approximately as follows: You can teach a computer to play games, for instance to play checkers. You can also teach a computer to play backgammon. You also can build a computer with enough parts to permit it to play both backgammon and checkers at the same time.

Now, both backgammon and checkers are played at different rates. Further-

(*Continued on page* 180)

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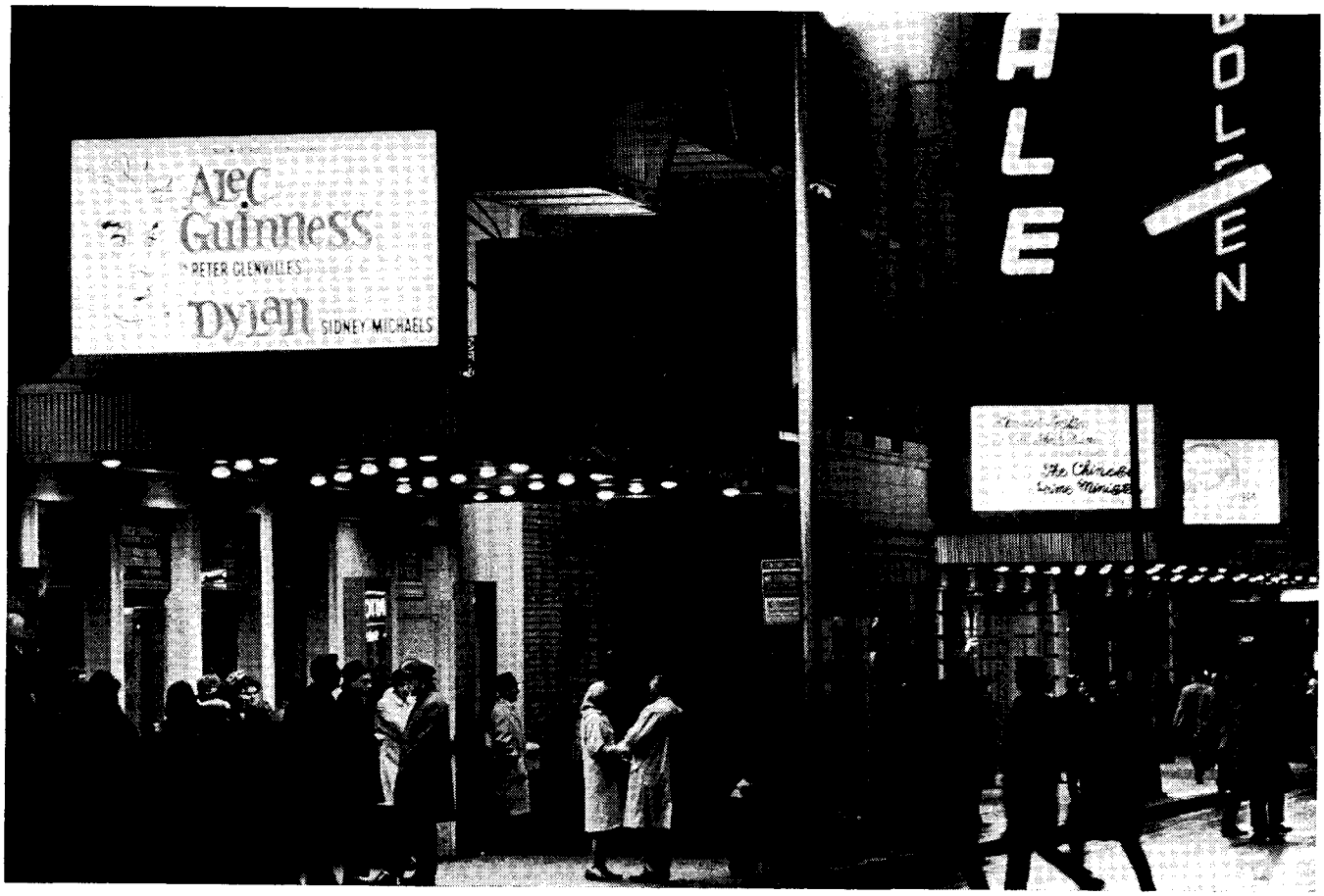

—Jordan Wilson (Pix).

MORE THAN 1,001 FIRST NIGHTS

By JOHN MASON BROWN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From 1944 to 1955 John Mason Brown was drama critic for SR. Since 1955 he has been an editor-at-large.*

THE theater, as Norris Houghton once pointed out in a phrase I treasure, is a time of life. So it is. But what, I have to ask myself, is it to me at my time of life, now that I am sixty-four? Though at its best it means a great deal to me, it does not mean what it did forty years ago when the first number of the *Saturday Review of Literature* had just appeared and *What Price Glory?*, *The Guardsman*, *They Knew What They Wanted*, and *Desire under the Elms* were among the many summoning new plays of a crowded season.

The fault is mine—in part. It is one of the tolls of age. One's sense of wonder diminishes. The more one has seen of the good, the more one asks for the better. Disbelief becomes more difficult to suspend. Familiarity breeds *ennui*. So much that to the young seems fresh, to older playgoers seems stale. I know it does to me. I have watched the Illusionist at work too long not to see through his tricks.

All too often in the presence of a new play I have the feeling that I have seen it before and that a tenth seeing of it, no matter how varied in its telling or emphasis, has not improved it. I marvel at the way in which my erstwhile confreres, the brave survivors of long years of first-night reviewing, write freshly day after day about productions most of which, except as bad news, scarcely merit their attention, much less their talents. Their love for the theater is admirable and needed, their stamina enviable, and their ability to put old phrases to new uses little short of miraculous. But how they continue to do it eludes me, though I, in ways equally mysterious to me, used to do it when for thirteen years I was the happy prisoner of first nights.

It is not that my enthusiasm has forsaken me. When I do see something that I like—*A Man for All Seasons*, *Becket*, *J.B.*, *The Visit*, *Beyond the Fringe*, *King Lear* at Stratford, Connecticut, and *The Trojan Women* downtown at the Circle-in-the-Square—or respect ("like" is scarcely the word) as much as I do *Waiting for Godot*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, or *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, I feel the same excitement and pleasure that I knew in years past. I still respond, and with the same warmth, to fine performances even in indifferent plays—Alec Guinness in *Dylan*, for example, or, to choose at unfair random, Albert Finney in *Luther* (and even more especially in *Tom Jones*), Emlyn Williams in *The Deputy*, Mildred Natwick in *Barefoot in the Park*, Barbara Loden in *After the Fall*, or Julie Harris in almost anything.

Though the theater on occasion lives up to my radiant expectations of what it will be, I must confess I do not look forward to going to it as I once did. The charms of staying home of an evening grow with the years. Broadway is as hard to reach as television is easy to turn on—or off. An indifferent book is apt to be less indifferent than an indifferent play. It, at least, can be put down

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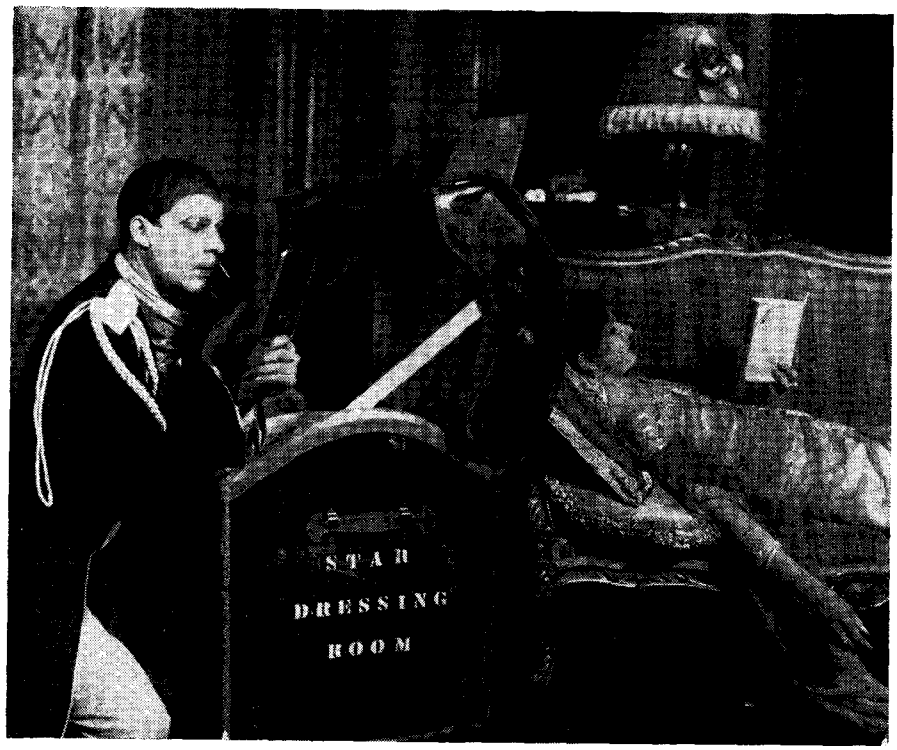
and a better one reached for. Movies can and should be neighborhood affairs. But getting to the theater in New York, not to overlook getting home, has become such a chore and a bore that my wife and I now largely limit our playgoing to Saturday matinees. It is the simplest solution, though it, too, is a test of endurance. Even at the matinees of the best of plays, on rainy days I find to my shame that, toward the end of the last act while listening intently, I have begun to think of the battle for a taxi that lies ahead.

Too often for anybody's good the New York theater seems hell-bent to destroy the love of its devotees. Of an adventure it makes an ordeal, of a pleasure an extravagance. The cost of tickets, because of the swollen costs of production, is almost prohibitive. For Off-Broadway productions one pays what used to be Broadway prices. Theatergoing is no longer a surrender to impulse. It is a safari, the product of months of planning. The very process of buying tickets is an annoyance and an irritation. Somehow things are better ordered in London. Tickets there are not only cheaper but more conveniently come by, and playhouses for the most part scattered throughout the city rather than clotted in ridiculously overcongested areas like 45th Street or Lincoln Center. To Londoners the theater is still accessible to those of moderate means who love it dearly. In New York its patrons tend to be limited to the very rich, to those who go to it on expense accounts, to theater clubs and subscribers to benefits, or to the lucky recipients of press seats.

IN the 1920s things were far healthier in Times Square. Then the basement of Gray's Drug Store was a mecca and a recruiting station for the stage-struck. Tickets at bargain prices were available nightly for productions that had failed to sell out at the box offices or the agencies. Now there is no chance for an in-between show. A play is a hit or a flop, still capable if a hit of making a fortune, and of losing one if a flop.

The real trouble is more basic. It lies with what all too frequently we do not get out of the theater after we have struggled to get there. The theater takes its toll in more than money. It is light-fingered in its theft of what is irreplaceable, and that is time. The two or more hours that it steals from our living are more costly than the highest of its prices. Time to the young is squanderable if for no other reason than that it seems limitless. Most of us as we grow older become all too aware that there is a limit and begrudge the time the theater nowadays so often wastes.

When James Russell Lowell, toward the end of his career, came back to Harvard to deliver a series of lectures,



—*Culver.*

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *The Guardsman.*

he confessed he felt very differently about lecturing than he had when years before he gave a course in Cambridge. As a young man, he had wondered how he would be able to fill an hour. As an older one, his concern was how he could empty one. By this he meant draining his subject of what it held as fully as possible in the short time at his disposal. It is for the hours filled in this sense of being emptied that I look more and more in the contemporary theater and find less and less.

It is the plays of recent years that have invited us to take them seriously that I have in mind. It is in most of them that I find my keenest disappointment because they raise my highest hopes. Take the saddening cases of Tennessee Williams, William Inge, and Arthur Miller, for example. I happen to be warmly enrolled among their admirers.

—*Culver.*

Louis Wolheim and William Boyd in *What Price Glory?*

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—*Friedman Abeles.*

Julie Harris in *Hamlet*

—*Friedman Abeles.*

Paul Scofield in *A Man for All Seasons*

The Glass Menagerie and *A Streetcar Named Desire* are among the most sensitive and compelling of modern American plays. But though many proofs of Mr. Williams's keenness of insight and magician's mastery of dialogue remain in *The Night of the Iguana* and *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*, these later plays seem to me to mark a melancholy falling off in his work. They are too concerned with the freakish and the exceptional to include the majority of playgoers by paralleling their experiences or interests. In them Mr. Williams seems to have withdrawn from life into a world of his own.

Mr. Inge, especially in *Picnic* and *Bus Stop*, demonstrated his uncommon gift for writing strong single scenes. Remembering what he has done well, I find it more agreeable to forget what he failed to do or did poorly in *A Loss of Roses* and *Natural Affection*. With *All My Sons* it became clear that in Mr. Miller a dramatist of passion and perception had emerged. What was promise there flowered into achievement, and remarkable achievement, in *Death of a Salesman*, which stands against time with its strength undiminished, a fine tragedy not of a big man undone by his greatness, but of a little man sentenced to discover his smallness. Mr. Miller's power again manifested itself intermittently in *The Crucible* and *A View from the Bridge*. Unfortunately, that power seemed mislaid in last season's *After the Fall*, a tricky, tedious excursion into autobiography, in which Mr. Miller was so busy talking to himself about himself that to my distress I found I was a member of an audience to whom he was not talking at all.

Unquestionably, the American who as a playwright has done most to quicken our stage during the past few years is Edward Albee. His is a remarkable talent, abrasive, brilliant, and unflinching in its studies of impotence, frustration, antipathy, disintegration, and resignation. Few recent plays have been more original than *The Zoo Story* was in snatches. No better first act has been written in a long time than the coruscating drunken scene with which Mr. Albee rings up the curtain of *Virginia Woolf*. A Martha Graham ballet could not deal more effectively with the majesty of terror than his dramatization of *The Ballad of the Sad Café*. Again and again he has shown he is blessed with that precious gift of communicating the tensions from which drama is born.

In the public mind Mr. Albee has been identified with that group of staunch individualists—Beckett, Ionesco, Adamov, Genet, Arrabal, Gelber, Pinter, and Kopit—whose plays have been lumped together for convenience as the Theater of the Absurd. All these are men who have written in very different ways. The similarity that has banded them together has been their eagerness to stand the conventional theater on its head, while exposing what they believe to be the senselessness of life. I can't pretend to have understood all of their plays. Some of them have seemed to me downright silly, some plain sick, others maddening in their obscurity, and still others infuriatingly mannered. But I am grateful to even the most preposterous of them because they at least have churned the waters of a theater that had become woefully becalmed.

—*Friedman Abeles.*

Lawrence Olivier in *Becket*

My hope is they will not be content with redoing what they have already done. I know that I for one am sick of the theater of the living dead, of derelicts, spongers, drug addicts, illusion-seekers in brothels, and conversationalists trapped in sand or emerging from ashcans.

At sixty-four I am tired of the playwrights who invite us to visit only the freaks in the sideshow and never permit us to see the acts under the big tent. I raise no point of morals. Far from it. My search is for a more complete truth than we are now getting. I want man good and bad at the same time, with all the coexisting contradictions of his nature. I resent having the theater offer me a fraction of truth, pretending that it is the whole truth.

IN the presence of most recent plays I have found myself appalled by their mindlessness. I miss characters revealed with Chekhov's full mellowness. I miss language employed with Shaw's magnificence in *Man and Superman* or *Saint Joan*. I miss speeches that, more than being vital to the context of a scene, can be detached from the play and applied to life in general. I miss the mystery and excitement that enable the theater to add to living by being more than life. I miss the wit and polish of high comedies that have the courage of their gentility. I miss the innocent universality of *Our Town*. I miss the dimension that O'Neill gave to his characters by entangling them with the larger agents controlling their being.

When Shaw reviewed the London theater in the 1890s, he confessed that he took it seriously "as a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armory against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." I take it with the same seriousness, hoping no less seriously that it will be fun, more fun than it has been in recent years.

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What's Happening to Humor?

By JEROME BEATTY, JR.

THE future of humor in this country is about as assured as that of the whooping crane. It is touch and go. Most Americans have come to the point where they distrust anything that's supposed to make them laugh. The result of this has been the development of the non-joke. The current best example is the pachyderm boffola. It seems typical of this day and age of extremism that the hip generation (and that includes admen as well as surfers) would start off with the largest land mammal. That leaves no place to go, and the rise of the grape and pickle jokes is attributed to this dead end.

In my observations I have noticed an increasing tendency on the part of people to chuckle before the punch line is reached. This is due to the confusion in their minds as to what is funny. It is being combatted by canned laughter on television, which gives us a cue. In magazines there are "humor pages," or so we are warned in advance. In the publishing business the words "hilarious" and "riotous" are printed on book jackets to guide the reader. But these measures are not enough to keep the average person from laughing in the wrong places, so he just stops laughing.

Mort Sahl said he used to be funny by extending some daily logic to the point of absurdity, to expose follies in our behavior. But now, he complained, when one merely reads the newspaper one is apt to break up the audience. What's taking place is insane enough, so how can it be used as a point of departure?

I wrote to a Southern acquaintance of mine that there was a church in my Northern state where the congregation was throwing bombs *out* of the windows. His reply to me indicated that he believed it, so my devious dig at him missed completely. On the other hand, I read in a weekly newsmagazine that Secretary of State Rusk landed at Geneva on a recent mission, came down the steps of his jet plane, and said to the British representative, "How're we doing?"

"We're keeping our fingers crossed," replied the Britisher.

My reaction is that this is hardly the kind of high-level diplomatic give-and-take we are paying millions of dollars for to protect the free world. It's no more impressive than what thousands of travelers of low status have said. If the British fellow had said, "We're keeping *their* fingers crossed," I would have been more reassured.

That's the dilemma of this century, as it flounders toward its end. What's funny? A would-be joker in the Midwest was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct when he announced at the airport, in effect, "I just want you to know that I have *not* placed a bomb on Flight 702 to New York."

When he protested to the court that he had merely told the truth, he was sentenced to thirty days, suspended. It gives one pause, as do the results when a member of the minority who thinks he knows when to laugh approached a teller in a bank in Louisville. The stranger was ill-kempt, bearded, and shifty-eyed. With one hand stuck in the pocket of his shabby coat, he handed the teller a brown paper bag and a note. It read: "This is not a stick-up. I am not armed. Do not cry out or raise an alarm. Place $500 in small bills in this paper bag and you will not be harmed. A certified check for that amount is attached."

The teller fainted, sending out an alarm as she did so. The ragged stranger was seized. He turned out to be a respected and wealthy citizen of Lexington. He agreed not to sue the institution if its president would sign a statement making various admissions, such as it was okay to wear old clothes into the bank, to ask that a withdrawal be put into a paper bag, etc. The Lexingtonian tried to get the story into the papers to illustrate human folly, but no editor would print it, on the ground that it ridiculed community standards.

Once again we have this confusion about just what shall we laugh at. A dramatic case concerns the chain of restaurants that holds the concession on an Eastern turnpike. There was a bad turn of publicity when people talked about the slow service. Poor business was directly traced to this. Trouble-shooters for the restaurants wisely concluded that if the service was too slow, the cure was to speed it up. In a fine example of the American principle that one extreme can be nullified by another, the restaurants now advertise a "three-minute speed dinner" or your money back.

It's no problem to fill an order in three minutes, if that's what management wants to do. But does it preclude any complaints about the quality of the food? Could you say, "This Salisbury steak is underdone"? Would the waitress then reply, "Well, if you insist on getting your meal in three minutes, that's what you can expect"? Fortunately for gastronomy, the restaurant chain has a monopoly on the turnpike. Otherwise, rival eating places would compete by advertising "two-minute dinners" and "one-minute dinners." Where would it end?

The future of humor, then, seems inextricably tied in with the serious aspects of life. I think humor will eventually be extinct, to the relief of the populace. It's too bad, for deflationary humor is going to be needed. It is when a nation begins regarding itself as holy that the function of the debunker takes on greater meaning. Each of us ought to cultivate our skepticism and our ability to see the incongruity in any situation, drawing as much humor from it as current good taste will permit, using it as a guide to the present and a lesson for the future. We should laugh at ourselves and not pick on each other.

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A MESSAGE FOR PARENTS—ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY . . .

Parents should teach children that eating the right foods can also be an enjoyable experience

AMERICAN FOOD STORES and restaurants offer a much greater variety of good foods than were ever available to the mightiest rulers in ages past. All this food is available, too, at a reasonable cost, for today the average American family spends a smaller percentage of its after-taxes income for food than ever before.

Even though the food industry has made it possible for Americans to forget about the seasons and to have readily available many thousands of different foods, there are still many people who have not learned how to select foods properly to provide for themselves a well balanced diet. And there are many people who find eating a chore rather than an enjoyable experience.

Since many lifetime eating habits appear to be formed in the early years of life, at the family dining table, parents who want to help their children develop good habits should certainly set as a goal teaching children sensible patterns and reasons for food selection, as well as trying to make each meal an enjoyable family event.

ATMOSPHERE FOR EATING IS IMPORTANT

If mealtime is an occasion for pleasant family discussions, rather than for bitter arguments or talk about unpleasant subjects, it is likely that it will be easier to teach good eating habits. The atmosphere in which food is consumed is important to most of us. Families which avoid or hurry through breakfast, for example, seldom get off to as good a daily start as those who take the time to gather together, when possible, to eat a meal that really breaks the fast of the night.

Parents should try to understand why several food groups are recommended in the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have devised. By following this Guide in family meal planning, parents can set an example for their children and point out why it is important to good performance today and good health today and tomorrow to eat foods that provide enough of the right nutrients. Children may not be too interested in the future, as compared with today, and it may be difficult for them to understand how what they eat today affects their performance and development, but wise parents will try as many approaches as they can to impress this story on their children. But, most important, wise parents will set a good example of sensible eating patterns.

DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS A GOOD PATTERN

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

We'll send you a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide, (see instructions below), but here is an example of how the Guide works:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least 2 glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

If meals are pleasant occasions for all members of the family, it is perhaps possible that there may be fewer problems about whether the food does taste good or bad. Oftentimes the situation in which the food is consumed does have a direct bearing on how the food tastes and is digested.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

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THE OUTLOOK FOR GREATNESS

By ALLAN NEVINS

THE American people, said John F. Kennedy in November 1960, have grasped a basic truth. "This country cannot maintain its leadership, we cannot maintain our security, we cannot maintain our employment, we cannot maintain the image of a vigorous society, unless this country starts to move forward again." He meant that we were not moving fast enough. When he took power he labored intensely to get the nation moving faster with such vital measures as larger foreign aid, a more generous trade policy, better guarantees of civil rights, and a lessening of economic stagnation by tax reduction; moving forward by efforts to replace the declining power of the dollar in world affairs with greater moral power and to enlist all possible groups, the farmers, manufacturers, workmen, and professional men, behind progressive policies in home affairs. How frequently, in the three years allotted him, he was stopped dead by a constellation of paralyzing forces!

When *Saturday Review* was born forty years ago, the country seemed to be settling down soggily and bleakly into a repudiation of dynamism. It was passing a National Origins Act for immigration restriction that expressed a morose distrust of all foreigners except those who did not look foreign. It was executing a masterly advance toward deadlock by accepting a Dawes Plan for saddling Europe with debts impossible of payment over the tariff walls that Congress had just erected. It was deciding that Calvin Coolidge better suited our feeble hopes, our glum fears, and our frozen temper than the relatively broadminded and urbane John W. Davis or the crusading Robert M. LaFollette. Countless people thought it a mighty triumph of liberalism that the United States Steel Corporation had just given up the twelve-hour day. We were reading *Main Street* as a picture of the flatness of much of our social life, *The Waste Land* as a study in futility and disillusionment; and we were about to take up Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* as a treatment of both individual and community failure.

Just ahead lay the dizzy crescendo and abrupt drop, the shoot-the-chutes joyride and fall of the Bull Market and the Great Depression. Americans recently emerged from the First World War could not foresee that within the next two decades the Republic would experience its worst hour and its finest hour. At the time men lived through them the worst hours seemed to many the finest, and the finest hours seemed to many the worst. So little do men understand the real character of such a wave as the Coolidge-Roosevelt sequence as it comes crashing over them!

Theodore Roosevelt, between whom and John F. Kennedy we can trace some clear resemblances, used to descant vigorously and usefully upon such themes as the World Movement, with its play of new forces; Progressive Democracy, with the obvious truth that "democracy cannot possibly be achieved except among a people fit for democracy". Patriotism and its literary expressions; and National Greatness. He was confident that if we used our potentialities aright, the sunniest era of our national greatness lay before us. He would emphatically have approved the answer General MacArthur gave a few years ago to a man who asked if he thought that America had entered upon a decline: "Nonsense, we are just beginning!" T.R. stepped from the stage as *Saturday Review* entered upon it—just a little earlier. With him went a robustness of spirit and a largeness of view that we can recall with refreshment. He was not against collectivism as opposed to individualism, or vice versa; he was against unrestricted individualism and untempered collectivism. He believed strongly in nationalizing our government and campaigned for the New Nationalism; he did not in the least believe that government could be reinvigorated by a mere centralization of power. He, like Kennedy, had some clear criteria of national greatness.

And T.R., like FDR and Kennedy, was invincibly imbued with the historic American optimism. He delighted in pointing out how often prophets of doom had arisen in America and abroad, and how often they had been confuted by events. Malthus had been a prophet of doom, but the Western nations had proved him wrong. Carlyle's gloomy assertions that mankind was passing into an eclipse had become ridiculous. The historian Niebuhr had prophesied after the revolts of 1830 that all civilization was about to go down in dust and flinders and that Europe would return to its estate just after the fall of Rome. T.R. himself had moments of pessimism. He believed that the national growth in luxury, in love of ease, and in taste for vapid excitement was depressingly unhealthy. Oh for the strenuous life! And he saw "the most ominous sign of decadence" in the decline in the birth rate—a decline which, if not stopped, would halt all growth.

But essentially Theodore Roosevelt was undaunted. "I believe with all my heart that a great future remains for us," he proclaimed. "Come what will, we belong to peoples who have not yielded to the craven fear of being great."

WHAT are the criteria of national greatness? Inevitably, answers given in the time of Theodore Roosevelt now seem a little banal and lay too much stress upon political considerations. Carl Becker, considering the subject in his

"Cultural pluralism breaks a path for toleration."

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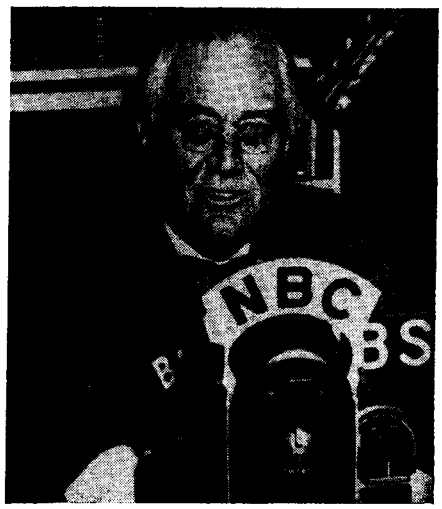
—Bettmann Archive.

An Age in Highlight—This page: Calvin Coolidge opening the 1924 baseball season; Cleveland unemployed in 1930; braintrusters Tugwell and Moley; FDR acclaiming the liberation of Rome in 1944. Opposite page: Dwight D. Eisenhower; John F. Kennedy; bold new architecture of Brandeis University's painting and sculpture studios; and, below, a modern school in California.

—Bettmann Archive.



—Wide World.

lectures entitled *Progress and Power*, thought that little could be said for happiness, material well-being, intelligence, or morality as standards of value to measure national greatness. A better set, he observed, was represented by the words liberty, equality, fraternity, humanity, tolerance, and reason. These terms, as he used them in 1935, might still be accepted with a few modifications and one important addition. Liberty now requires a new definition; a definition that makes rather less of political liberties and far more of civil liberties. The word "tolerance" has so large an element of smugness or condescension that it comes into conflict with equality ("some men are more equal than others") and has to be used with care to mean ungrudging acceptance. Humanity and reason remain valid tests of greatness, before which South Africa and Mississippi as well as Russia might quail.

An additional test, however, has the greatest importance. It can be summed up in the word implicit in Kennedy's Hartford speech: dynamism, meaning the readiness of the individual to court and assist all the processes of healthful change. It has some kinship to Theodore Roosevelt's idea of courageous strenuosity. Much change is involuntary and requires little individual readiness or courage. When L. P. Jacks spoke of "the peacefulness of being at war" he referred to the comfortable passivity of taking orders, and there is as much passive obedience in the wars of institutions as of nations. True dynamism means voluntary enlistment in change and is as important to national greatness as liberty, humanity, and reason.

What progress have we made in forty years as measured by these canons of value, and how well do we stand today in their possession? The answer has only partial connection with the obvious facts of American history in these decades. We have moved from the country to the city, and the East to the West, filling once-empty spaces with crowded towns, and creating one long Atlantic megalopolis that will soon be duplicated elsewhere. We have built ever huger factories filled with ever more efficient machines and methods—frighteningly efficient since automation. We have geared farmlands to improved tools, chemicals, and ideas until we have doubled their output. Altogether, our 6 per cent of the global population is producing more wealth, in some respects, than all the remainder. In weapons we have become the mightiest of the powers. In science we have abolished old simplicities in favor of new complexities. In politics, from the New Deal to the New Frontier, we have done much to exchange the old fundamentalism for a new socio-political modernism.

It is to our credit that we are very

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little inclined to be boastful about these changes, so irrelevant in the main to tests of national character. The United States throughout its history has carried a grinning ape on its shoulders—the ape of complacency. The nature of this we'll-show-the-world attitude has changed from era to era. In our early national career we were complacent because we had won our independence, achieved (we thought) a great victory for human liberty, and placed democracy on a pedestal where it could influence all peoples. Later, we were complacent because of our wealth and bigness. Later still, it was the tremendous achievements of our captains of industry and business organizers that intoxicated some Americans.

Hence it was that Americans were complacent about their victories for liberty when they still held 4,000,000 men, women, and children in all the miseries and deprivations of slavery. We were complacent about the wealth we drained from our abundant coalfields, iron-ore ranges, oil pools, and forests while we were laying our resources waste with little thought of prudent conservation. We were boastful about the wonders wrought by our captains of industry when we had done far less than more advanced nations to accomplish a fair distribution of the goods our great industries produced, and when we harshly exploited many miners, tenant farmers, and immigrant workers.

IT can be argued that we have really made significant progress in that part of our recent development that is vitally related to Carl Becker's criterion of equality; that is, in a fairer distribution of our wealth. When the editors of *Fortune* several years ago published their analysis of America's situation entitled *The Permanent Revolution*, they argued that whatever our shortcomings, we had achieved one unmatched success: we had produced an abundance of endlessly varied goods and had begun to distribute them with a fair degree of justice. This success, according to the editors, went far toward fulfilling the prescriptions of the Declaration of Independence concerning liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness or welfare. They had been a revolutionary set of precepts when Locke and Jefferson wrote them. A continuing or permanent revolution was required to make them good, and the United States had supplied it.

Some nations and some sad pockets of American life, ran the argument, exhibit an equality of poverty. In general, however, we can show goods "in widest commonalty spread"; of course not in strict equality, but with a stronger approach to it than in other lands.

Despite the necessity for our current

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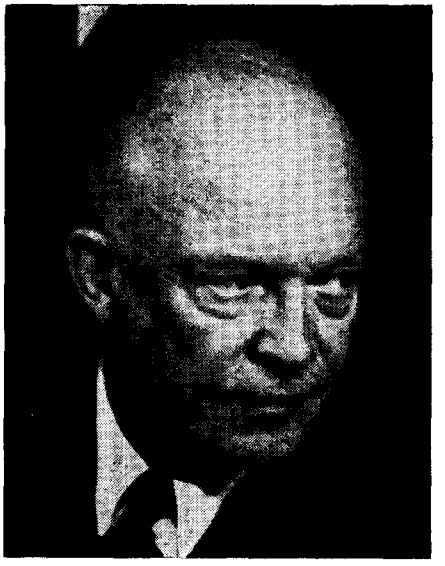
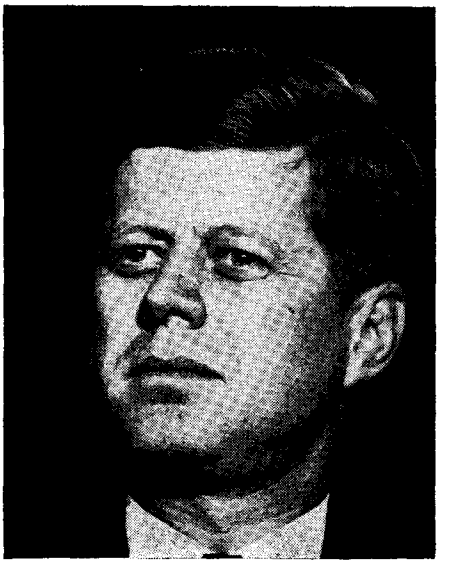


—*Larry Fried (Pix).*



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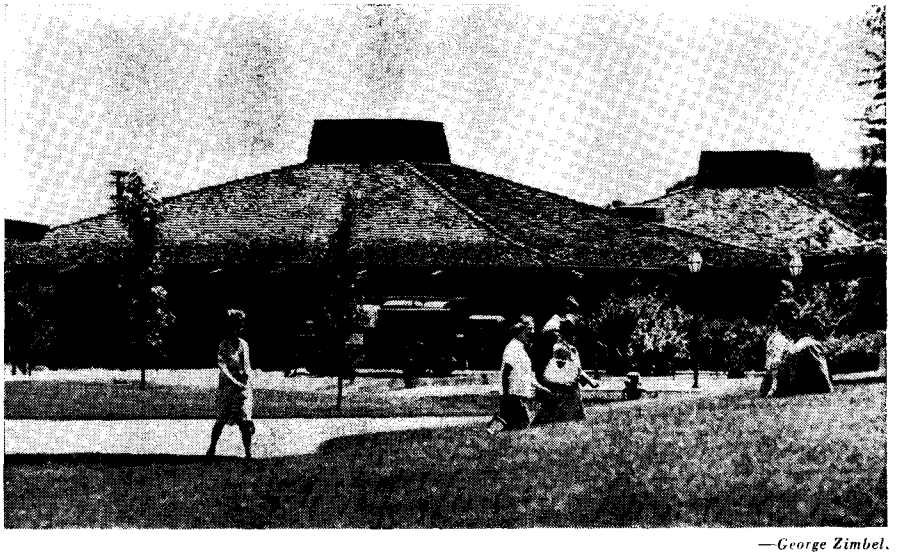

—*George Zimbel.*

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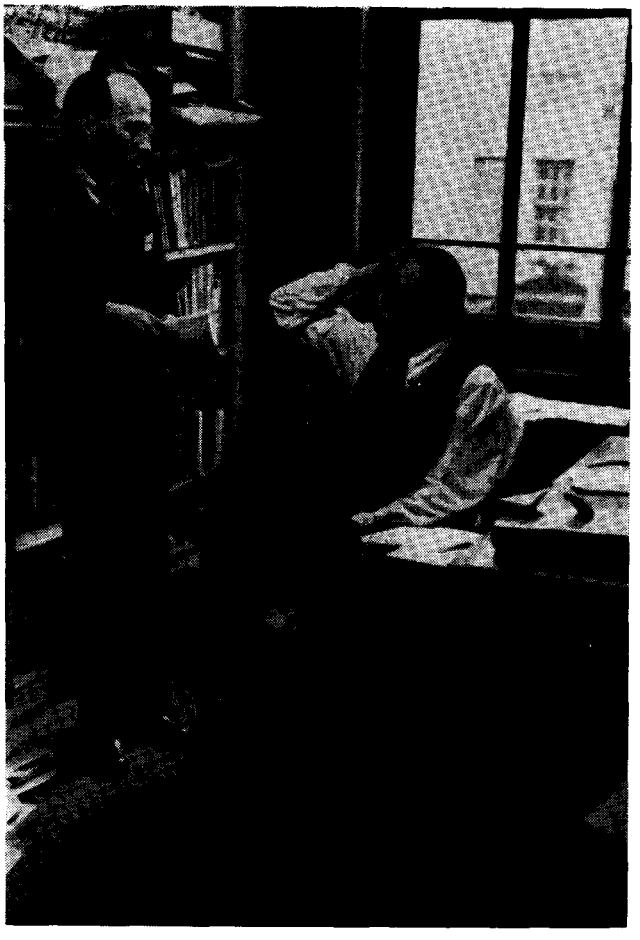
DR. CANBY AND HIS TEAM

By MALCOLM COWLEY

I LIKE to think that my friendly association with *SR* goes back through the whole life of the magazine and even farther, as a matter of fact, into its prenatal period. Let us rather say its prebaptismal years, for *SR* was really born in the winter of 1920, as the literary review of the New York *Evening Post*. That oldest of the metropolitan dailies had just been acquired by new owners, who planned to re-endow it with the moral prestige it had enjoyed under the shelter of William Cullen Bryant's white beard. Their plan involved a weekly book-review section, and they invited Henry Seidel Canby to edit it.

For Canby the invitation was a step toward realizing a dream of his own. He was then a professor at Yale, the only one who specialized in American literature and, except for Billy Phelps, the only one who talked much about living authors. Almost as popular as Phelps with the students, Canby was more discriminating in his enthusiasms. Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, E. A. Robinson, and Robert Frost were some of the new authors who he thought had never been sufficiently admired. He wanted to celebrate their virtues, to explain their connection with the American past, and at the same time to encourage still newer authors in their rebellion against Victorian England. For these purposes he needed a wider audience than would ever face him in a Yale classroom. The new book-review section, which he planned to make something more than that by devoting it to the timeless as well as the timely, was exactly the opportunity he needed.

Canby had the gift of finding effective collaborators, besides the rarer gift of keeping them. The staff he assembled for his literary supplement consisted of William Rose Benét, Christopher Morley, and Amy Loveman. These would also be the names printed under Canby's on the masthead of the *Saturday Review of Literature* when its first issue appeared in 1924. Two years later Canby and Morley would become judges for the spanking new Book-of-the-Month Club, but without resigning from their editorial posts at *SR* until 1936 and 1941, respectively. Canby would retain a close connection with the magazine. Benét and Miss Loveman, who was also a BOMC judge in her last years, would be on the staff of *SR* for the rest of their lives. One might say that the team which Canby assembled in 1920 remained a team until —as stories end in the *Arabian Nights*—"there overtook them the Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companies."



Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morley (seated)—in *SRL* a forum for both young and old.

I MET them all in February or March of that first year, when they were still trying to decide where desks and bookshelves should go in their new offices. These were far downtown, in the *Evening Post* building at 20 Vesey Street, across from a very old cemetery. It was the same building that housed the *Nation*, whose assistant literary editor had just dismissed me with a vague promise to send me a book, if perhaps she could find something in my field. What the field was I hardly knew. I was fresh from college, having been graduated at midyears because of wartime interruptions; I was married, and I was hungry much of the time. Since jobs were hard to find that winter, I was trying to support the two of us by writing reviews for a cent a word. But first I had to wangle the books from an editor, and I had little to offer the *Nation* or any other paper except an absurd self-confidence.

Instead of walking out into Vesey Street to face the graveyard wind, I determined to try my luck with the new literary supplement. I found that as yet it had no receptionist to stop me at the door. Dodging between two carpenters and barking my shins on a packing case, I made my way to where a small man was working at a big desk. His face seen from above looked like the full moon, because of a forehead that sloped back to the crown of his head, but I would find in a moment that the face was sharp-featured when seen from below.

"Dr. Canby?" I said.

To my surprise he waved me to a chair and began asking me questions. Soon we were discussing modern literature, about which I had a great many opinions. Canby disagreed with most of them, but listened as if to a promising but fractious student. For some reason the subject changed to fishing, and I expounded the art of catching trout with grasshoppers in little brushy streams. That must have put an even greater strain on his tolerance, for Canby was a dry-fly fisherman. But he let me proceed with my heresies and finally introduced me to his assistant.

"Amy, we might give this young man a book," he said, "as long as it's not about fishing."

"Dear, sweet Amy Loveman": that is how I would always think of her, and without a shadow of irony. She was one of those devoted old maids who lavish the same affection on books and beginning writers (and in Miss Loveman's case, on *SR*) that other women give to their children. I must have looked temptingly starved and mother-

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Amy Loveman—a motherly affection for books and beginning writers.

able. She smiled at me like my favorite high-school English teacher, Miss Ada Palm, and she sent me home with two books instead of one.

I was back in two or three days with the reviews. On that second visit I was introduced to Bill Benét, who rose and grinned down at me like a Texas cowboy. His appealingly plain features might as well have been drawn by a child on a paper bag of walnuts. At three o'clock Christopher Morley came storming back from lunch. He didn't wear a beard in those days, and I thought he looked like an English officer, perhaps a captain in a Midland regiment. I wouldn't ever know him as well as I did the others, largely because of a prejudice on my part against any writer whose work was praised for being "whimsical" or "robustly bookish." Still, I sensed in him the same virtues that attracted me in his colleagues, including an innate kindness and a surprising absence of what would later be called one-upmanship.

On my third visit Miss Loveman offered a welcome suggestion. Would I mind taking home five or six books each week, of the sort that editors don't know what to do with? She had been discussing the idea with Dr. Canby. I could decide whether any of the books deserved to be noticed and, if they did, I should review them in brief. For this service I would be paid ten dollars a week. That wasn't much, I said to myself, but still it would help to keep the Cowleys on nodding terms with the landlord of our tenement. And so I became a salaried book reviewer, I think the only one in New York at the time. Back in the 1890s there had been a few others—including William Dean Howells, the chieftain of the literary clan—but the positions had all disappeared by 1910, and they would not be widely revived until after 1930. In a modest and temporary fashion, and owing to the kindness of Canby's team, I was breaking a path for many famous professionals.

THAT early arrangement lapsed before I went abroad in 1921, though I remember writing some longer pieces in Europe and sending them back to Canby. When I returned to New York, I soon heard rumors that the *Evening Post* was having financial troubles. These led to its sale in December 1923 to Cyrus H. K. Curtis, president of the Curtis Publishing Company, which was then at the height of its fiscal glory. Curtis was not interested in publishing the sort of literary supplement that Canby and his team wanted to edit. So the whole team resigned, taking their columns with them—Canby's literary editorials, Morley's "The Bowling Green," Benét's "The Phoenix Nest"—and set to work planning a literary weekly of their own.

Of course, they needed financial help before the first issue of *SR*, dated August 2, 1924, could appear on the stands. The early help was supplied by Time, Inc., which itself wasn't rich in those days; its only source of income was a year-old magazine founded by two former students of Canby's. Later Time, Inc., would be followed by what seems in retrospect a relay team of angels. Thomas W. Lamont, a public-spirited financier, was the most helpful of these and kept the paper going through the Depression years; then others carried the baton after Lamont dropped out of the race. It was not until the successful editorship of Norman Cousins, who was named to Canby's chair in 1940—after Bernard DeVoto and George Stevens had occupied it for brief terms—that *SR* became grandly solvent and the angelic band retired with a rustle of golden wings.

The paper was still losing money in 1934, when it celebrated its tenth anniversary. Although business had begun to improve over the nation, 1934 was the worst year for many magazines because of their accumulated deficits. Advertisers continued to be timid, and the year's bound volume of *SR*, in contrast with those to follow, was hardly thicker than Volume I of Beethoven's Sonatas. But Canby struck a brave tone in his anniversary editorial. "These ten years," he said, "in which the *Review* and the war generation have lived together, have been rich not sterile, creative not decadent, a decade in which it was good for a literary journal to be alive."

There was something that Canby didn't add, out of his usual modesty. He didn't say that by means of *SR*, and to some extent by his other activities, he had done more than a little toward making the decade richer and more exciting. *SR* was the only magazine of its type in the country, the only one there had ever been except the *Critic*, which, with Howells as its most distinguished contributor, had flourished in that other lively decade, the 1890s. Helped by the spirit of a new age, *SR* had already succeeded where the *Critic* failed, that is, in obtaining a wider audience for serious American writing. It had helped many of the younger writers to make names for themselves, and it had provided both young and old with a forum where they could speak to one another and be overheard.

IT WOULD be nice to say that over the years I repaid my personal debt to Canby for favors rendered, and my broader debt for his services to the republic of letters. The truth is more complicated and a little embarrassing. We were always friends when we met, and I continued to write for his magazine, if more sporadically; but we often found ourselves on different sides in the literary battles that enlivened the early years of *SR*. It was a time of warfare between two generations. That is more or less true of every age, including the 1960s—I almost said "especially the 1960s" after reading some of the new little magazines—but actually the war was fiercer during *SR*'s first decade than at any other time in the century. The prewar writers and the postwar writers had grown up in different worlds and had different feelings to express. Critics took sides with one or the other: with the generation of Frost, Lewis, O'Neill, Cather, or else with that of Fitzgerald, Cummings, and Hemingway.

Of course, I took slingshot in hand for the young men. Canby was instinctively on the side of the prewar gener-

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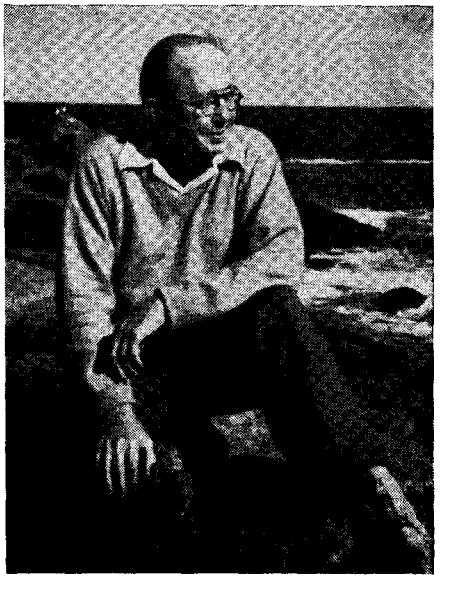

William Rose Benét—a new nest for the phoenix.

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Is the Government Ready for the Future?

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

ARE WE really ready for the future? This question, which *Saturday Review* is asking in these pages, is most disconcerting and discerning.

As applied specifically to public affairs: Is the United States Government adequately preparing itself to govern a vast nation of 280,000,000 people by 1980, spanning 5,000 miles of continent and ocean from Maine to Hawaii, and to meet the mounting challenges, dangers, and opportunities that are irresistibly rushing at us?

The only realistic answer is no. At no level of government—neither in our inchoate and divided four-party system, neither in the Congress, nor in the Presidency, nor in the fifty state capitals—are we effectively confronting the new perils of the cold war, the new opportunities of a potential peace, or the pervasive problems of unemployment, automation, and the massive concentration of our population in the great urban chains.

I am not a pessimist or a doomsayer. I am simply saying that in the visible future we must lay hold of substantial improvements in the structure and functioning of government if we are to meet and master the crises that can be clearly foreseen.

It can be done. But it can be done only if we realize that the need for reform is great, that action cannot long be delayed, and that patchwork will be inadequate.

I am not talking about altering our political system. I am not talking about destroying our government of checks and balances either between the states and the federal government or between the Executive and Legislative branches.

I am talking about how to strengthen representative government and to enable it to transact the public business efficiently, competently, and responsibly. To this end I propose to examine three things—the premises that make reform necessary, the shortcomings in the functioning of government that urgently need correction, and the kinds of reform that are essential, especially as they affect Congress and the Presidency.

THE PREMISES: Our own federal government must be an instrument equal to the domestic and world problems with which it must deal. In guiding an expanding economy, in conserving the health and expanding the education of our people, in dealing with automation and unemployment, *national* problems must be dealt with on a *national* basis.

Most people, I think, would like to see the flow of power to Washington arrested and reversed, but let us not fool ourselves into pretending that the federal union can be significantly dismantled—or even that it should be.

If we accept the forecast of undiminished responsibilities and challenges at home and abroad, then we must examine wherein the functioning of government has been failing and faltering —and what can be done about it.

THE SHORTCOMINGS: It is not an overstatement to say that Congress has lost confidence and credibility in the eyes of the great majority of the American people. Public opinion polls show that 66 per cent of the voters feel that Congress is not up to its job, is doing "poorly," while a similar number have felt for many years that the President has been doing a "good job." Nationwide, editorial opinion is critical of Congress, often disdainful. A study made by Representative Thomas Curtis, Republican of Missouri, revealed that the nation's political scientists are nearly unanimous in their view that Congressional reform is urgently needed.

How urgently needed?

The late Republican Senate floor leader, Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, made this warning to his colleagues with all the earnestness of a deathbed confession shortly before his death in 1951: "The creaking machinery of Congress is so appallingly inadequate that free representative government is endangered."

His warning has gone unheeded. Nothing has been done.

The Senate Majority Whip, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, has repeatedly declared: "The modernization of Congress to keep it abreast of the requirements of the times is a continuing problem which demands continuous attention." Congress has not only failed to give "continuous attention" to modernizing its machinery; it has not given it any attention for many years.

If Senator Wherry was right years ago—and political scientists and many members of Congress know he was—his warning is valid today to the point of dismay if something isn't done soon. Consider what has happened in the eighteen years since the mild and inadequate Congressional Reform Act of 1946: In 1946 Congress was appropriating $35 billion of the taxpayers' money annually. Today it is appropriating $100 billion annually.

The 80th Congress of 1947-48 dealt with 7,163 measures. Today the volume of legislation has become overpowering. At least 20,000 bills are introduced during every two-year Congress, requiring 4,000 committee reports on legislation and investigation, consuming more than 3,000 hours of floor debate and filling 65,000 pages of the *Congressional Record.* At this rate the Congress elected in 1980 will have to deal with 60,000 measures.

The complexity and range of responsibilities that rest with the Congress—in nuclear power, in military missiles, in outer space, in satellite communications, none of which ever came before Congress eighteen years ago—constantly grow, and so does the amount of knowledge required to cope with these new forces.

Congress has already lost much of its control of the appropriating process and has abandoned almost totally its scrutiny of the way the Executive spends the money it appropriates. We see the frightening spectacle of Con-

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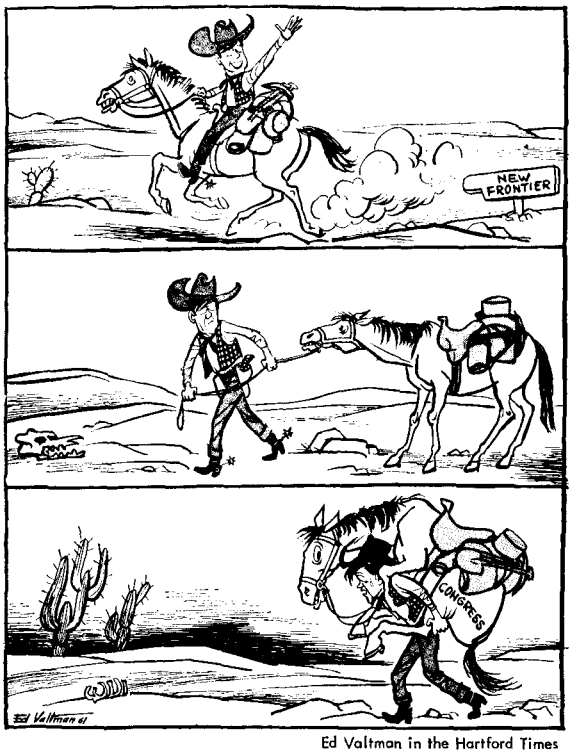
Problems in Pictures

Cartoonists Look at Today's World

So Early in the Journey, Too



Ed Valtman in the Hartford Times

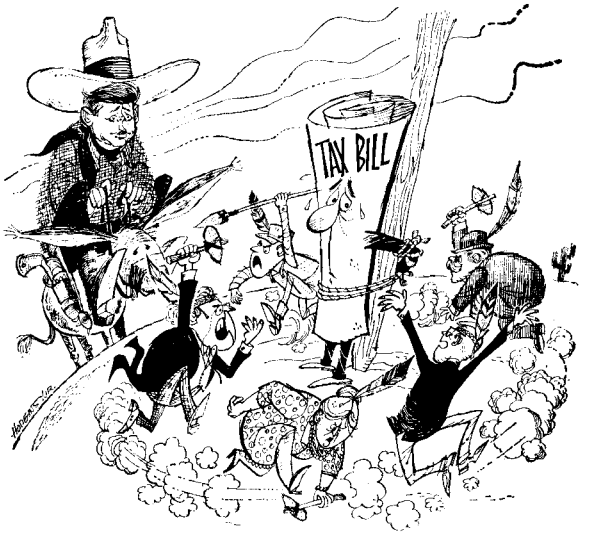
STILL RULER OF THE ROOST

—*Wide World.*

With The Greatest Of Ease

11/8/56

TAX CUT AT STAKE...



—*Wide World.*

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Continued from page 56
gress appropriating billions of dollars without knowing what it is appropriating and for what purpose. Billions of dollars are approved in the last breathless, chaotic closing days of each session. Example: the expiring 87th Congress shouted yea to five appropriations bills in four hectic days after having been in session 173 days totaling $16,-billion.

No wonder federal spending gets out of hand, and it may not be long before the voters will protest so vociferously that Congress will not dare to appropriate what is needed because the public cannot trust its care and competence.

Take another example of how representative government does not represent because the will of the majority is vetoed by the power of the few. And I am not referring to the filibuster. Recently there was an aid-to-education bill, long endorsed in the platforms of both national parties, which was passed by both houses of Congress. Mark you, this bill was enacted in slightly different form by both the House and the Senate by decisive majorities. The next step was for a joint conference committee to iron out the differences and present a compromise measure on which the two houses could act.

But that step was never taken. It was blocked. Seven members of the House of Representatives said no. The aid-to-education bill was killed by the House Rules Committee voting seven to five against sending the approved measure to conference. The will of seven Congressmen prevailed. The wishes of the decisive majority of both House and Senate were immobilized. It was all according to the rules of Congress. It was the rules that prevailed. Representative government was defeated by its representatives.

There are differing interpretations of the real behind-the-scenes motivation of this sorry inaction. Liberal Democrats say this is a typical example of how a few members may trample on the will of the entire Congress. Many Republicans view it as an illustration of how their Democratic opponents, in control of the Congressional machinery for thirty of the last thirty-four years, hide behind the Rules Committee in order to avoid having to take a final stand. Whatever the explanation, it is bad government.

There are other examples—without end. Members of the House were not even allowed to debate the youth employment opportunity bill in 1962 after it had been duly reported by the House Education and Labor Committee. Why? Because the chairman of the Rules Committee, Representative Howard Smith, Democrat of Virginia, singlehandedly blocked his own committee from voting on the bill after hearings had been completed. Thus one stubborn, powerful committee chairman, who knew what he didn't want—one of several all-powerful committee chairmen of both houses – succeeded in preventing the House from discussing, debating, and voting. His own view was omnipotent, and Congress was unable to function.

The truth is that the dictatorial powers of committee chairmen are out of control. Too often, the will of Congress cannot prevail because representative government is frustrated by antiquated, unrepresentative rules.

Remember the personal feud between the octogenarian chairmen of the House and Senate Appropriations Committees?

Senator Carl Hayden, Democrat of Arizona—now second in line to succeed to the Presidency—and Representative Clarence Cannon, Democrat of Missouri, stymied the functioning of Congress for weeks, and as a result numerous agencies of the government, including the Secret Service (but not including Congress), were unable to pay their employes. They continued to work without pay while Congress continued not to work with pay. And what were these two "public servants" feuding about in their jealous determination to see who could be more powerful and more petty than the other – all according to the rules? They were fiddling over where the conference committee of the two houses should meet, on the House side or the Senate side of the Capitol, while the voters burned.

AND then there is civil rights. In the end Congress performed magnificently, although the Senate had to plow through a discreditable seventy-five-day filibuster. Congress passed the strongest, most wide-ranging equal rights law in history. It passed it decisively. Its action responded to a nonpartisan national consensus and reflected that consensus.

But for years Congress has been tardy, dilatory, and timid. For decades it has pushed the issue of racial justice under the rug; it was left to the Supreme Court in its unanimous decision requiring public school integration to galvanize the equal rights revolution.

Congress acted effectively—in the end. But can we afford to wait until a crisis has exploded all over the nation before representative government can bring itself to act?

It has taken 100 years to turn the Emancipation Proclamation into emancipation, so that Negroes can exercise the rights and privileges of citizenship that freedom from slavery was to bring them.

President Kennedy took office on a precise and clear commitment to make civil rights "the first order of business" when Congress convened in January 1961. He did not make it the first order of business. He did not make it the twentieth order of business because he feared that by taking the lead he had promised he would divide and decimate the Democratic Party.

Neither the President nor the Congress could bring themselves to move until there were massive demonstrations, sit-ins, and public protests that showed every sign of leading to extreme violence and chaos. In the end the President acted in order, as he said, to take the issue out of the streets and into the courts. In the end the Congress responded because it did not dare to dally any longer.

I submit that in-the-end government is bad government, is dangerous government, and demonstrates that Congress has so gravely eroded its capacity to transact the public business efficiently, competently, and responsibly that something needs to be done before it is too late.

Shortcomings in the Presidency: For thirty years we have witnessed the rising tide of Presidential power and the ebb of Congressional power. In dealing with the large and critical problems of national security and foreign policy, the President has large resources and wide latitude of action at his command. In dealing with equally critical domestic problems, the President has very limited resources and narrow latitude of action at his command.

It seems to me that the principal weaknesses in the Presidential office are these: While the President has excellent means for anticipating and dealing coherently with foreign affairs problems through the National Security Council, he has not the equivalent means of anticipating and dealing with domestic problems. Example: For many years numerous departments and agencies of the government were picking at the causes and cures of acute poverty, but only since the *ad hoc* appointment of Sargent Shriver as the war-on-poverty administrator has the White House begun to coordinate its various effects to reduce poverty, and plan ahead what best can be done.

The President has large responsibilities as party leader, as legislative leader, and as the only nationally elected official who can create a national consensus behind a national policy. He is seriously handicapped in all of these areas through lack of party responsibility and discipline. Thus a President can blame Congress for nonachievement and Congress cannot be held accountable by the nation because Congressmen and Senators are account-

(*Continued on page* 186)

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Life Inside the Centrifuge

Acceleration and Irreverence

THERE was no problem, Hegel liked to think, that was not penetrable by thought. This is encouraging enough, but Hegel lived at a time when the problem of scrutinizing living history, which is what concerns us here, was not yet battered and confounded by acceleration. The trouble with trying to penetrate the vitals of the past forty years is that 1924 was more than a thousand years ago. Into a few decades have been compressed more change, more thrust, more tossing about of men's souls and gizzards, than had been spaced out over most of the human chronicle until then. The entire metabolism of history has gone berserk.

What is most significant, therefore, about the past forty years is not the extent of change but the pace of change. In little more than a generation, man's legs have become forty times longer than they ever were, in terms of speed and mobility. During this time, he has developed more new sources of energy and new resources than in any previous period. And the rate of acceleration continues to increase, a specific reflection of the fact that the number of scientists now alive is larger than all the scientists in all the ages of man put together before 1920.

The acceleration has done more than impair the faculty of human observation and comprehension. It has created a tendency toward disorientation. It has unhinged the sense of vital balance that enables a man to locate himself in time and place. In the centrifuge of the twentieth century, man is whirling away from the center of his own being. The farther out he spins, the more blurred his view of himself, of what he might be, and of his relationship to the nameless faces in the crowd. The separation is not just between body and place; it is between mind and reason.

Ultimately, the acceleration produces irreverence. Men in increasing motion cover ground but have none to stand on. Values take on a free-floating quality. The disconnection makes for distortion and an unfamiliarity that breeds contempt. It is not just a matter of rejecting values; it is a matter of being disconnected from the things that give rise to values. Obviously, not all irreverence is bad. The irreverence that challenges, that peels back the layers of sham, that releases bitterness or anger against attempts to indignify life—this in itself is an assertion of values. But the main vein of irreverence in our time is quite different. It is nihilistic, brutal, anti-human. Basically, it is directed against life itself.

The symptoms are fundamental. They are not just a street mob goading a man on a ledge to take the plunge. Nor a crowd in a subway passively observing one man carving up another. Nor people paying for the privilege of seeing people get hurt. Nor rapacious comedians mistaking verbal brutality for wit. These grisly manifestations seem to come with the human situation. But irreverence in the twentieth century has a more pervasive accent. It involves the basic mood of large numbers of people and the kind of culture they are prepared to support. It is visible in the abrasiveness of human relations that many people either prefer or seem to take for granted.

These things haven't occurred because of some historical quirk. They are the product of specific gravity and direct cause. They reflect and are part of a dominant theme. The theme is the volcanic eruption of the scientific intelligence, throwing hot lava over the whole of man's estate, most especially over the national structures. A nation meant many things to an individual, but most of all it meant protection — protection against other tribes, protection against disorder from within. This protection, from without or within, required force. Then, suddenly, out of the acceleration came a new kind of force that changed everything about the state except its awareness that a fundamental change had come about. Man became deprived of his protection. The power was total, obliterative, suicidal. The feasibility of war became obsolete but the habit of war and the situations that produced war remained unchanged.

The nations possessing nuclear weapons knew that any general use of atomic force could shatter the natural environment that made life possible. Yet each dreaded having the other think it lacked the nerve to go through with the apocalypse if it had to. And so each made unambiguous proclamations about its readiness to use all the power at its disposal in behalf of its vital interests. If the power was to be used, however, the vital interests would be expunged, along with everything else; but the old reflexes skipped past this point. The big failing, of course, was in not devising *workable* means by which protection for the nation and its vital interests could be assured.

THE ultimate effect, therefore, of the acceleration was to make life tentative. From there it was the shortest of steps to making it cheap. Does it mean nothing to live in an age when the defensive level of human beings has been reduced to that of insects against a blowtorch? The most enshrined phrase in the lexicon of philosophers is the dignity of man, yet dignity does not depend only on political charters or declarations. Dignity also means solidity; it means a moral contract accepting life as infinitely precious. How much reverence for life is possible when everyone knows that the flick of a finger can incinerate a billion human beings and that a nod can release tons of disease germs? A painful world man can train himself to endure, but a world that on the whim of a madman can become a crematorium or a disease chamber—this is the giant thief that steals a man's dignity.

All over the world today, regardless of ideological systems, people in ever-larger numbers are turning to crime and brutality. Violence has become a uni-

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versal pastime. This is not a sudden fad or aberration. Man and his society are in a constant condition of interaction. At a time when nations can vaporize civilization, the individual takes on the temper of the total organism of which he is a part. He doesn't have to react on the level of conscious decision; he can reflect an environment that no longer fully comprehends the fragility and uniqueness of human life.

ANY attack on the problem must begin not so much with a definition of acceleration as with a definition of man. If man and his limitations are regarded as a constant, then it may be only a matter of time before he becomes ground up in the wheels he has sent spinning so furiously. But if human uniqueness is defined as the capacity to conceive that which has never been conceived before, then acceleration can be relieved of its terrors. Man's difficulty has never been in doing things; it has been in knowing what to do. The ultimate test is not of his skills but of his purposes and desires. He has already transformed nature; are we to say he is unable to transform himself? Is it reasonable to believe that a species that has demonstrated a capacity to lift itself off its planet is unable to raise its sights in devising a rational future? If awareness of the consequences of the present drift leads to a desire to avert them, the Age of Acceleration can lead to an Age of Balance.

Thomas Jefferson looked forward to a time when all barbarism would disappear from the earth. If he were alive today he would take note of the persistence and extension of barbarism but, as a believer in human perfectibility, he would warn against the conclusion that men are essentially barbarous. With Franklin, Emerson, William James, and Holmes, he would resist theories of historical inevitability. He would not be intimidated by the momentum of events into believing that a great reversal could not be brought about. He would also probably try to remind us that no idea figured more largely in the making of American society than that history was what men wanted it to be, and that civilization is what happens when men have intelligent desires.

There is hope, then, in a plastic definition of man. This goes beyond the recognition of a divine itch or the sudden notion that there is an extra minute before midnight. Hope today—and it may be the only hope—resides in the world-wide emergence of the articulate and communicating citizen. What he wants and what he does mean more and more to the governments of which he is a part. The American experiment has succeeded in the way that Madison and Hamilton never dared dream it would. Its essential claim—that nothing is more important than man—has been echoed in every continent. The individual man has come into his own. Thinking, feeling, musing, complaining, fending, creating, building, evading, desiring, he has become more important to the operators of his governments than ever before. The question, therefore, is not whether man is capable of prolonging and ennobling his stay on earth. The question is whether he recognizes his prime power—and also his duty—for accomplishing that purpose.

What will cause Everyman, who lives everywhere, who is preoccupied about different things and who lives under different systems, suddenly to find both unison and resonance in calling for safety and sense on earth? Next, what is it he is expected to say? Finally, who will do the effective listening?

On the first question: Despite national boundaries and belligerently different ideological systems, the main confrontation in today's world cuts across national boundaries and ideological lines. The ultimate divisions take place within the societies, not between them. On one side are those who comprehend or sense the meaning of the acceleration, who perceive that new connections among men have to be created regardless of their diversity, and who move almost instinctively toward building those universal institutions that can serve the city of man. On the other side are those who think in terms of separatism, the perpetuation of group egos, the manning of tribal battle-stations, and the benefits of compartmentalization. It is out of this transcendent confrontation that Everyman will make his voice and weight felt. He needs to be encouraged to believe that what he feels and wants to say can be part of a universal thrust. And it is here that writers, especially novelists, poets, and playwrights, have their finest opportunity. If we have learned nothing else, it is that the ideas of the poets and artists penetrate where everything else has failed. The question, therefore, is not so much whether Everyman is capable of response, whatever his station, as whether he has something and someone to respond to.

On the second question: It would be exhilarating, to say the least, if a shout were to go up all over the world for a human society under law. This is not likely to happen. It is not essential that it happen. All that is necessary to happen is the direct expression of raw concern. There is primitive, colossal energy in the simply stated but insistent call by enough people for a situation of reasonable safety on earth, for an end to anarchy in the dealings among states, and for easier access by members of the human family to one another.

On the third question: Even the most insulated and arbitrary government or system has to be concerned today about the turnings of the popular mind. Some systems may be less attuned than others but at some point all must pay attention.

The same acceleration that has produced disarray and irreverence can give man confidence in achieving big goals within the short time it is necessary to achieve them. It can give him confidence, too, in the reach of his intelligence for finding answers of almost infinite complexity. Progress lies not in a rejection of acceleration but in a proper respect for the possibilities of mind.

—N.C.

SRL's First Editorial

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herewith some excerpts from the first editorial to be published in Saturday Review, August 2, 1924. It was written by Henry Seidel Canby, founder and editor of this magazine.*

A LITERARY review without a program is like modern man without his clothes—healthy, agile, functioning in all his senses, but regarded as less than respectable, even by his friends. Yet what is a program but a reflection of temperament! A sanguine, full-blooded man thinks well of his universe, a melancholy man thinks ill of his, and each makes his program. There is more honest philosophizing in many a casual newspaper column, or blunt plain man's opinion, than in elaborate sets of principles chosen to fit a prevailing mood.

We cannot escape from our moods but we need not capitalize them for the supposed benefit of bored contemporaries. *The Saturday Review* is to have a guiding purpose, that must be drawn not from the temperament of the editorial staff but from things as they are in literature.

To my thinking, one of the most deceptive statements ever uttered is that life is more interesting than literature. Life is only rarely and by moments more interesting than literature; then, I grant, it is engrossing beyond all imagined experience. Vigorous writing is just an attempt to recapture the flavor and pulsation of such moments. But hour-by-hour living is dull beside good books, badly composed, badly selected, unrevealing. It is a fair question whether the shop girl going to work in the morning

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does not get more sensations of actual life from the book she is reading than through all the rest of her usual day. Men and women who do not find good books interesting are either too dull or too vivid. Either their imaginations cannot be kindled, or their real life is too intense to permit them even for a moment to step out of it. . . .

A critic of literature must be aware of his good fortune and unblushingly embrace his subject, leaving reticence and prejudice behind. The half-hearted intellectual afraid of his enthusiasm, is as much of a charge upon criticism as the entranced sentimentalist. One suffers from too little love to give and the other from too little sense in loving.

But in pursuing literature, a literary review (which is a kind of literary personality with motives and character) must have two purposes, especially in America. There are two functions of literature that, so far as I am aware, have not been clearly distinguished in their modern aspects, although the general difference has been the cause of many a lively row. Literature can be timeless and literature can be timely.

There is a saving quality in the great authors which in every age has been a solace for the fine spirit lurking in man's complex of mechanism and mystery. Most of the superlatives applied by philosophic critics to good books refer to this essential quality of the great art of literature. It heartened Cicero when Caesar burst into Italy so roughly; exalted Milton in his blindness; came to many plain men on the King James version; kept Shelley afloat upon a sea of sex (and he drowned in its company); has been known to subdue even the growing pains of the undergraduate. I write lightly of what I in common with a multitude of others believe to be, like religion and hope, one of the few necessities men do not share with beasts. In a generation where size seems hopelessly confused with excellence, and civilization is written in terms of the advertising pages, the spiritual reserve in great books may not need defending, but must be constantly sought out and interpreted. . . .

It takes more than good reporting and skilled technique to make literature. . . . We have had it in our century and a half of American literature—not often, but in greater proportion than has been supposed, except by inflamed patriots. Home-grown thought has advantages which sometimes compensate for other merits. Thoreau and Whitman knew more than Carlyle and Tennyson of the antidotes for *hysteria Americana*. If *The Saturday Review*, in its purpose to uphold literature, can help to set right the curiously warped estimates of so-called American classics, it will earn a right to subsistence.

So much for the timeless literature of retreat, books in their noblest function of self-heal and illumination. But neither readers nor Reviews can live on mountain tops or in cloisters. New York keeps growing in despite of wise maxims in Plato's "Republic," and "Macbeth" and "Lear" stay true but remote, while the struggle for a million and blatant egoism involve the living. Every book, whatever its potentiality of lasting wisdom, exists in its own social complex and helps to explain it. Therefore, to search for eternal values only in literature and to disregard the rest, is inhuman and a little ridiculous, like trying to understand all ages without experiencing one's own. Good new books especially, whether they contain great art or little, are news of human nature as it is at the moment. We do not read a new book because we think it will live, we read it because it is alive—if it lives, it is because there was life enough to endure the change of seasons, but that is not our only, not even our chief concern, which is with today, not tomorrow. To paraphrase—

If it be not good for me
What care I how good it be.

This is the timely view of literature, and vigorous Reviews and active-minded readers cannot escape it, even by trying.

For an illustration, consider the literary aspects of this country, sprawling in its greatness. Just after the Revolution, the so-called Hartford wits, who should have been called the Yale Literati, celebrated in pompous heroics the leadership of the new United States. Freedom and Liberty and Opportunity and a half dozen other capitalizations were to conduct Europe and the World into a godlike Future, where man was to realize his glorious Destiny under a Universal Republic. No one writes that way now except in the bunkum of inferior statesmen. Nevertheless, the United States has become after all a model for the world—and I do not mean in virtue, wealth, kind of government, or mould of character. In the United States, that form of society which we still call democratic for want of a juster word, has reached its fullest development, and every civilized country is year by year borrowing, adapting, self-developing, with an equivalent society as an end almost in sight. England has Americanized in this sense almost unbelievably since 1900. The new countries of Eastern Europe are, one hears, more rapid still. . . .

And this society, for evident reasons, developed first and most fully in America. We alone had broken through our conventions to go pioneering in a strange environment; we alone had boundless physical opportunities open for a while to all; we alone had a political and social system with small resistance to mass control; we alone through immigration have a cosmopolitan population bound by no single tradition but the American, liberal and elastic to an extreme.

I am neither praising the American mass civilization nor condemning it. Nor do I mean that having studied its blare and bustle one knows all, or even the most important facts about the United States. My single point is that there is a type of civilization of obvious importance and therefore obvious interest, and that literature must and will report it. I say report it; literature will try to make art of it also, and may succeed, is certainly in some measure already succeeding. But we Americans who read, and we who edit, cannot remain indifferent to the mere reporting. Every attempt to present it in history, sociology, psychology, biology, as well as in pure literature, or pure comedy, must be interesting, must be for a Review as vital as the enduring values of literature.

This literature in its aspect of timeliness is active, not passive, which does not mean that it is better or truer than timeless literature but rather the reverse. It is a literature of men whose drums are still beating onward; it reports the turmoil, not meditation; admixture, not refinement; expectation, not memory; what is momentarily apparent rather than what is necessarily true. Not to read it is not to live now, however much one may dip into essential life. In extremes, the contrast is between the newspapers, the comic strips, the movies against Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton. But the means differ only as between today and yesterday—Ring Lardner, Hergesheimer, Robert Frost versus Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne; or between history in literature and literature as art—Sinclair Lewis and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

I shall drop then in conclusion those somewhat formal terms, timeless and timely, and say that criticism which is part of the living fabric of contemporary literature, must be keenly aware of both past and present, and a partisan of both. It must be like a modern university where one seeks Principles, but also works in laboratories of immediate experience amidst the vivid confusion of experiment. In one guise a graybeard philosopher searching for the Best, but also in the mood of youth, watching the three-ringed show under the great tent of Today—yet discriminating in both—that is the double function of criticism and this *Review*.

—Henry Seidel Canby.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From the beginning, readers of this magazine were peppery and outspoken about the world of books and ideas, as the following sampling of letters, reprinted from the early years of SRL, attests.*

Unrest and Writing

IT IS NOT MY PURPOSE to enter a controversy with Mr. Lawrence Powell concerning my acquaintance—or lack of it—with the principles (and the prose) of the late D. H. Lawrence. . . . My objection centers on one sentence. . . . Mr. Powell says, "Great writing springs from a terrible, driving unrest." Unless all writing is a form of unrest, great writing does nothing of the sort. . . . Mental warfare may have produced a Beethoven; but calm and continued assurance speak through the far greater convictions of Bach. . . . And, in fixing his sympathy on the self-tortured agonies of the Lawrences driven about the world, Mr. Powell forgets the spiritual certainties, the driving visions of the immured and peaceful Blakes.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Elizabethtown, N.Y. [April 26, 1930]

Salvo to Watson

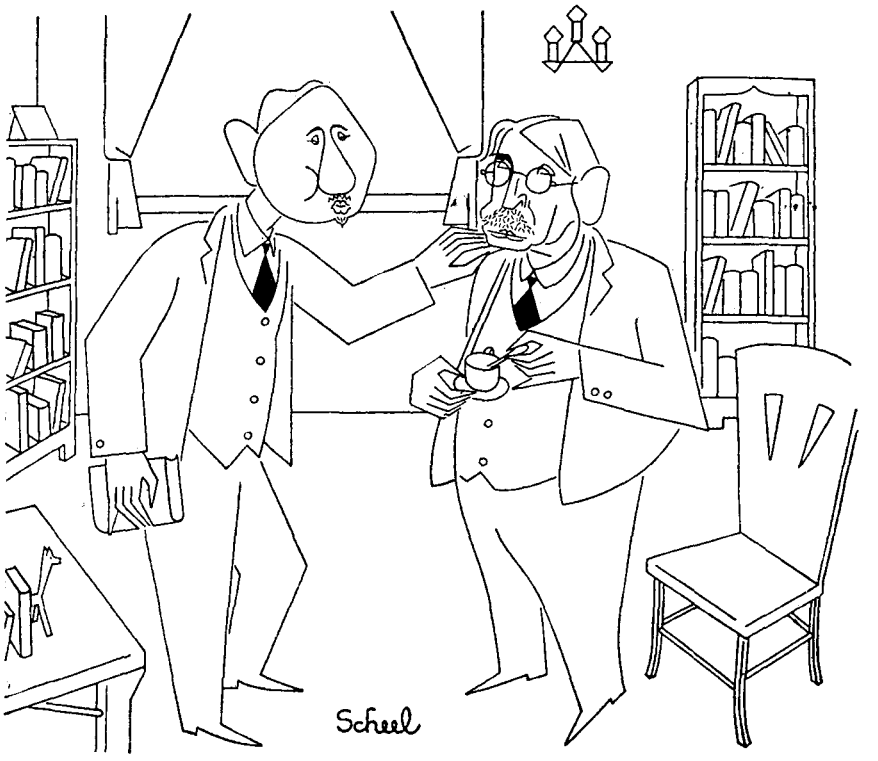
I HAVE JUST BEEN reading Watson's *Feed Me on Facts*. The passing of years and the writing of advertisements appear to bring no diminution in his dogmatic tone. . . . I agree with much that he says about the inanity of the new psychological school of biographers, as well as psychological novelists, but it seems to me that a large share of the guilt must be laid at the doors of the . . . half-baked new psychologists themselves whose "facts," often interesting and significant, do not as yet wholly explain the whole of human life or lend themselves, to a coherent system. . . . Why should Mr. Watson be so fierce in attacking biographers and novelists and psychologists if they all merely react to stimuli in the natural world? . . . Perhaps he himself could not help having invented Behaviorism, writing many books, and working hard as the president of J. Walter Thompson Company because, like the rest of us according to his theory, he merely reacted to the stimuli of his environment since infancy. That must be it.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Brooklyn, N.Y. [June 30, 1928]

Allan Upward

SUCH IS FAME. The anonymous reviewer in your issue of October 22 apparently does not know that Allan Upward is dead. And from all I have ever seen in print it would seem that no one has ever understood Upward's suicide. Knowing him as I did, and considering the date of the tragedy it appears to me that he very probably shot himself in a simple fit of disgust on hearing that the Swedish Academy had awarded the Nobel Prize to G. B. Shaw.



SR's first cartoon, July 22, 1933, was less cartoon than commentary. It caricatured Will Durant and John Dewey. Will Durant: "They tell me you're a philosopher, too, Mr. Dewey."

Considering the seriousness of Upward's thought when he was serious, *i.e.*, not playing the fool in journalism or cheap fiction, and considering the fundamental triviality of Shaw beneath his fly-catching intellectualism, the disgust was probably perfectly natural.

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy [Dec. 17, 1927]

C. W. Eliot Letters

THE FAMILY OF THE LATE Charles W. Eliot and I are desirous of obtaining as many as possible of his letters to correspondents both at home and abroad, for use or reference in connection with a biography or biographical collection of letters which I have agreed to prepare for publication. Mr. Eliot's life covered such a long span and his correspondence was so wide that we are trying to take every means of reaching what may be interesting. Letters may be sent to me at 10 East 10th Street, New York City, or if sent to the Eliot family they will be forwarded to me.

HENRY JAMES.

Westbrook, L.I. [Aug. 6, 1927]

The Class War

IS IT PERMISSIBLE that an author, returning home on a train, should indite a somewhat illegible letter in protest against a somewhat unsatisfactory review of his book?

That Professor R. G. Tugwell should consider my novel, *Oil!*, very bad and its characters "automatic" is his right, and my hard luck; but that he should miss my motives and plainly stated point of view seems to me a matter for correction. The professor says: "The feeling of a race winning its standards by sweat and in the dire dilemmas of thought is no part of Mr. Sinclair's Utopian conception." . . . Mr. Sinclair has no conception but this, and it is so stated on every page of his novel. . . .

It seems to me that the revolutionary thesis of my novel has roused in your reviewer such bitter prejudice that he has been incapable of understanding my plainest words; and in so behaving, he has proved my class-war thesis one more time.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

[July 16, 1927]

The Scholastics

MAY I EXPRESS MY appreciation of Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates's review of my *Story of Philosophy* . . . and take the opportunity which his criticism offers me of explaining why the book paid such scant attention to scholastic philosophy? One reason was the difficulty of finding in that philosophy sufficient material of contemporary interest to educated men to warrant taking the reader's time for it. . . . When I considered also the unintelligibility of these men, I thought it was wiser to neglect them in a book whose primary purpose was to

(*Continued on page* 129)

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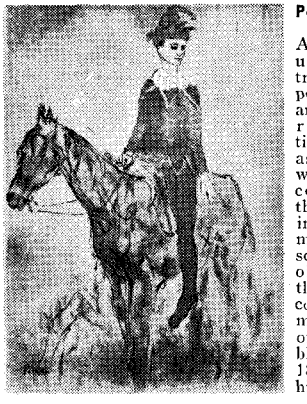

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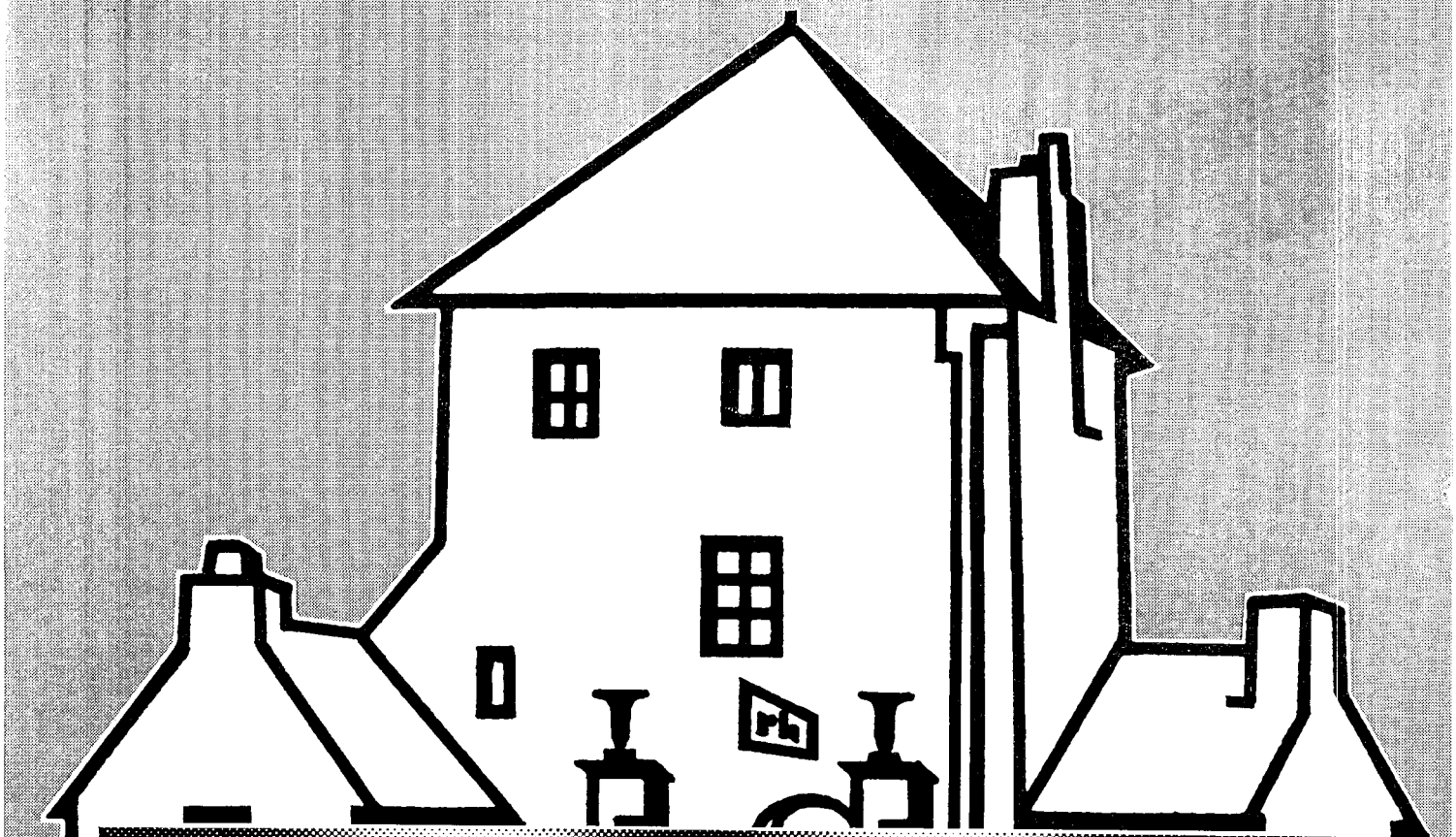

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Signatures to the Significance of the Self

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THERE are those who would not include American fiction among the resources with which we confront the future. The novel, they say, is dying if not dead, and all we can do is to conduct the obsequies with a decent degree of decorum. But what do they mean—the novel is dying? I believe, as I have often said, that there are more talented and responsible novelists at work in the United States today than at any time in our history. It is true that this is a difficult period for creative artists of any sort, and the future may be even more difficult, but the difficulties are being faced, and out of this confrontation comes work of significance for us and perhaps our descendants and successors.

Nineteen Twenty-Four, I grant, was a more exciting year for books than 1964 seems likely to be. The Twenties were a wonderful decade. The climax of a great revolt against the genteel tradition and the standards of a business civilization. Now, of course, we recognize how much diversity there was in the Twenties, but at the time Theodore Dreiser and T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos and H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis and E. E. Cummings all seemed part of the war against the status quo.

Then came the Depression, and the carefree extravagance of the Twenties was damped down. It was not enough to be against the status quo; one had to be for some program of drastic change. To a certain number of writers it seemed clear that Communism was the only possible answer, and many others were willing to accept Communist leadership up to a point. Communism offered not only a program of economic and political reorganization but also a philosophy of life. In literary circles in those years the name one heard most frequently was that of Karl Marx.

For a long time it has been fashionable to poke fun at what was once called "proletarian literature," and no one can deny that some remarkably bad novels, poems, and plays were written by Communists and fellow-travelers in the Thirties. On the other hand, the militant spirit of the decade, the sense that something must be done and done now, was reflected in admirable novels such as Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*, Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath,* and Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. These novels were in no sense Communist propaganda; they simply reflected the mood of the Thirties.

When a literary movement gets mixed up with a political movement, its fate is involved with political developments. In August 1939 the Soviet Union signed a nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany, and the Communist Party in the United States lost the greater part of its following among the intellectuals, who were, as a rule, much more anti-Fascist than pro-Communist. This was a time of disillusionment and the reexamination of principles, and the outbreak of war intensified men's doubts. Writers were no longer sure that they knew how to reconstruct society and they were beginning to wonder whether social problems were their proper business. The novel of social protest had a worthy tradition, going back at least to William Dean Howells, but after 1939 fewer and fewer people were interested in that tradition.

Some critics seemed to assume that, because World War I was followed by an outburst of creativity, the same sort of thing could be expected after World War II. But conditions were quite different. The first war interrupted a movement of revolt that was well started before 1914 and could be resumed after 1918. The second war came at a time when the movement of revolt was moribund. The period of the war and immediately after the war was a time when many writers were looking for new paths.

There was one path that was by no means new but did seem important after the end of the war. In the Twenties and Thirties almost every novelist who wrote about contemporary society wrote in terms of protest, as Lewis did in *Babbitt,* Dreiser in *An American Tragedy,* and Dos Passos in *Manhattan Transfer* and *U.S.A.* However it is possible to write about society and its institutions without attacking them, and, indeed, this is the central tradition of social realism. Jane Austen, Thackeray, Trollope, James, and many others simply took for granted the kind of society they knew, and wrote about the problems of the individual within that society. The Americans who preferred objectivity to partisanship were not in favor during the Thirties, but after the war they came into their own.

J. P. Marquand, for instance, who began as a writer of thrillers, had his greatest success with a satirical novel, *The Late George Apley* (1937). Marquand made fun of the behavior of Boston Back Bay society, but he did not seriously challenge the values of the upper class. His motto was "What fools these mortals be!" rather than "What is to be done?" Even in his best novel, *Point of No Return,* in which he contrasted the values of a small New England town with the values of Manhattan's men on the make, he showed that there was something to be said on both sides.

John O'Hara is another careful observer of social behavior, and it sometimes seems that he regards himself as the social historian of our era. During the Forties and Fifties and down into this decade he has written several long novels describing in detail the way people behave, with particular emphasis on their sexual activities. He has also written hundreds of short stories, many of them excellent. O'Hara is even further from criticizing social institutions than Marquand. Sometimes he may betray a mild exasperation, but he is quite incapable of indignation.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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"They go below the surface to try to discover the true nature of man."

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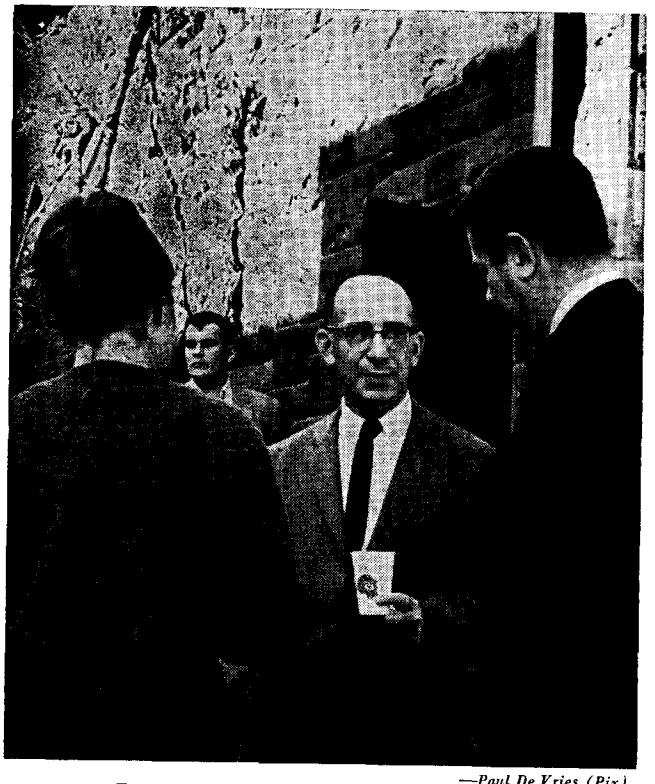

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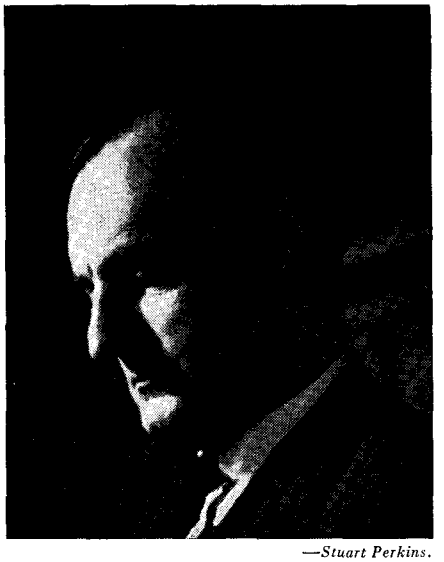
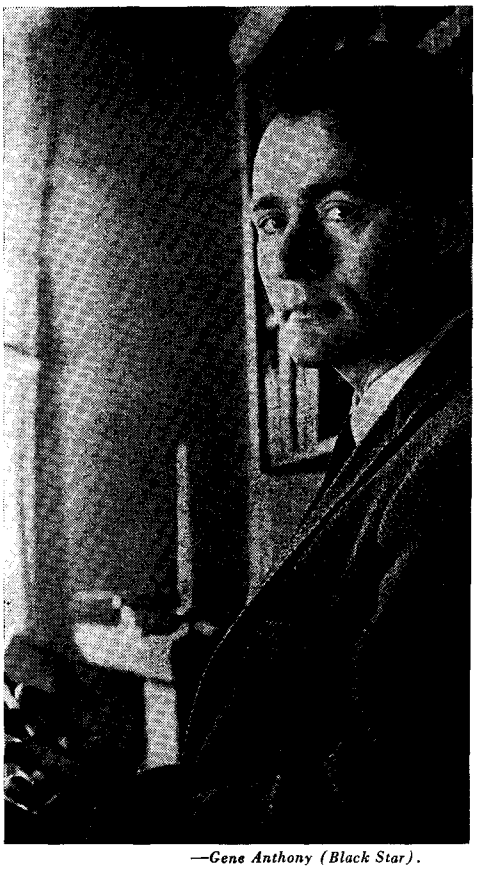
—*Pictorial Parade.*

J. D. Salinger



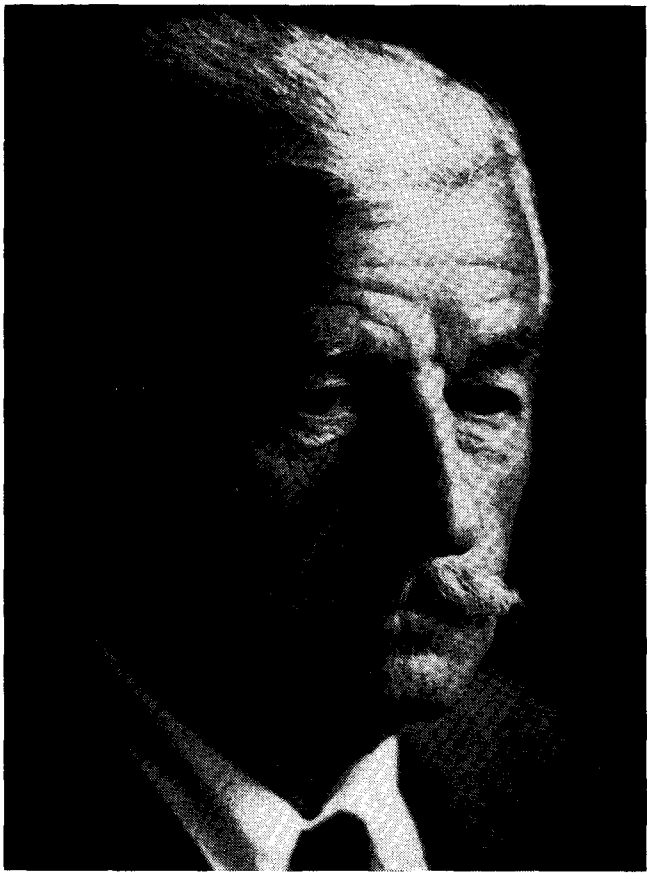
—*Stuart Perkins.*

Louis Auchincloss



—*Gene Anthony (Black Star).*

Herbert Gold



William Faulkner

Ernest Hemingway

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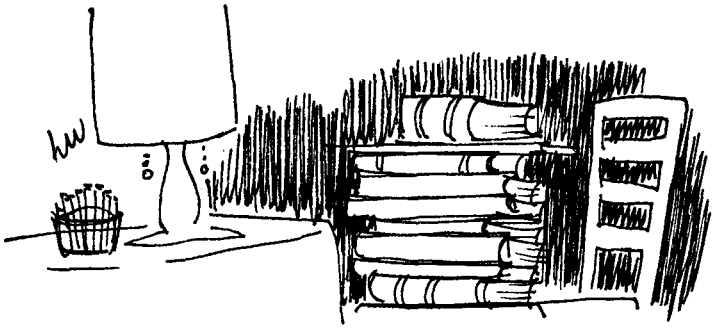

(*Continued from page 67*)

Since his first book of much importance, *The Last Adam* (1933), James Gould Cozzens has published, at long intervals, half a dozen novels. As a rule he has written about small communities in which the social structure is fairly rigid, and he finds his drama in conflicts between individuals and society. In one of his best novels—many critics would say *the* best—*Guard of Honor,* his community is an Air Force base, which serves as framework for a variety of conflicts. *By Love Possessed,* which had a great popular success, was, among other things, an ambitious study in social dynamics.

A comparative newcomer, Louis Auchincloss, has also chosen the path of social realism. He usually writes about well-to-do persons, portraying them against a social background with which he, unlike most American novelists, is familiar—Good Society. Because he realizes that Good Society is not what it used to be, his tone is mildly elegiac. In his latest novel, for example, *The Rector of Justin,* he presents a man, the distinguished headmaster of an illustrious private school, who, at the age of more than eighty, has to question the values by which he has lived.

Far from being reformers, these novelists are all conservatives. Fully aware of man's fallibility and the imperfections of the institutions he has created, they have written dispassionately about both. As true conservatives, they believe that any departure from the status quo is likely to be for the worse, and they prefer the devil they know to the devil they don't. They realize that all institutions today are in a state of flux, but they make as much as they can of those areas that are relatively stable. Good craftsmen all, they can be read with pleasure, but they are seldom exciting.

There are contemporary novelists, more than a few of them, who do excite me. Many of the novelists who have emerged since the war are concerned with isolated man rather than man in society. The isolation may be physical, as is the isolation of Ralph Ellison's hero in *Invisible Man,* but more often it is an isolation of the spirit. The characters live in society, but they are not part of it, and their problems are ethical and philosophical rather than political and economic.

Saul Bellow is probably the best example of the kind of writer I am trying to define. He began his career with a short novel called *Dangling Man,* which describes a young man who is waiting to be drafted. He has already been set apart from the civilian world, and yet he does not belong to the military world. He is so shaken that he begins to ask himself who he is.

In *The Victim* Bellow again touched on the problem of identity but made more of the problem of guilt. On the surface a novel about anti-Semitism, it is a good deal more than that. Although the hero begins with the smug conviction that he is innocent, that he is the victim, he gradually comes to see that he has some share of the guilt. To the problem of identity is added the problem of responsibility. Who am I? Am I my brother's keeper?

As almost everyone knows, *The Adventures of Augie March* concerns the experiences of a young man who finds out, again and again, what he is not but is left struggling to learn who and what he is. Less familiar but very important to the understanding and appreciation of Bellow is the novelette *Seize the Day,* which presents a man at the end of his rope. This man has led a false and irresponsible life, but he has got by until now, when he has nowhere to turn. He realizes his defects and wants to change but cannot. Then a kind of mystical experience holds out the possibility of redemption. The question Bellow asks here, and again in *Henderson the Rain King,* is: What must I do to be saved, to be saved as a human being in this world?

Such a summary as this does not do justice to Bellow's great talents as a writer of fiction; it merely indicates the kind of problem that seems important to him. The same kind of problem, in one form or another, troubles many of his contemporaries. Herbert Gold, for example, raises the problem of salvation in writing about love. His problem has been stated in this fashion: one has to come to terms with himself before he can come to terms with others, and he has to come to terms with others before he can come to terms with himself. Somehow, then, the two things must happen simultaneously, and Gold has shown, especially in *The Man Who Was Not With It,* how this may come about.

In his fourteen or fifteen books Wright Morris has been carrying on a search for reality. *The Field of Vision* brilliantly shows the elusiveness of reality, and other novels explore other aspects of the problem. Morris agrees with T. S. Eliot that humankind cannot bear very much reality, and he shows many varieties of evasion. Though he deals with problems that seem small and commonplace, he has succeeded in creating a portrait of America.

Although some critics nowadays can find no good word to say for him, J. D. Salinger still is—and, I hope, will continue to be—one of our most interesting writers. The hero of *The Catcher in the Rye,* young Holden Caulfield, hates phoniness—in his school, in religion, in the movies, and in most of the people he meets. Because of this, some critics have insisted that Holden is a snob, but they miss the point, for Holden is also capable of great compassion—for Ackley at school, for the woman on the train, the girls in the nightclub, the nuns in the station, the ducks in the park. The central theme of the novel is the conflict between compassion and the attempt to set high standards for oneself and others. This is also the theme of the stories about the Glass family.

Bernard Malamud's great theme is suffering, and his dominant mood is compassion. In *The Assistant* Frank Alpine attacks and robs a poor Jewish storekeeper, and afterwards tries to make secret amends. In effect he identifies himself with Morris Buber, the man he has injured, and from him he learns a lesson: to escape suffering is impossible, but to live a good life in spite of suffering is not. In *A New Life* the hero discovers how difficult it is to

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1099 will be found in the next issue.

PAPLE BNNC HNPK QSOMRCPT Z

OLQKQO, WRK KGP LPAPLTP

XQMM SNK GNMC.

TGPSTKNSP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1098

Short of genius, a rich man cannot imagine poverty.

—PEGUY.

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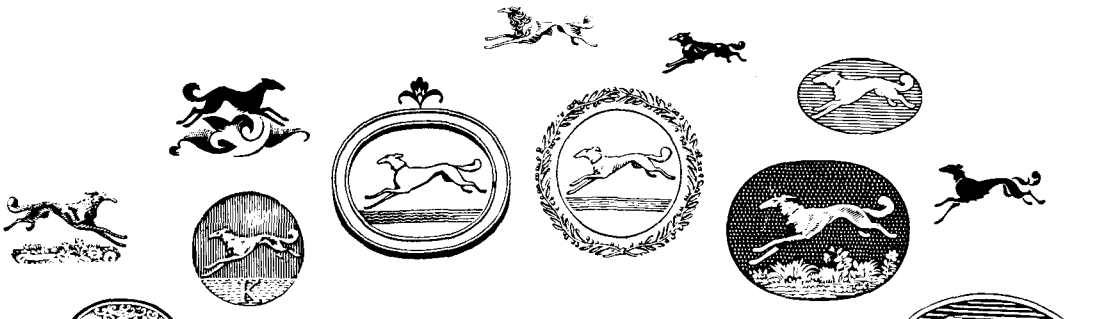

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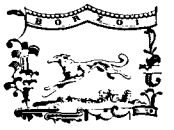

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Since then, our list has included such British writers as Charles Morgan, Elizabeth Bowen, Ernest Newman, Angela Thirkell, Muriel Spark, Walter de la Mare, Alan Sillitoe, Katherine Mansfield, Warwick Deeping, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Frank O'Connor, Hammond Innes, Roald Dahl, V. S. Pritchett, Sir Max Beerbohm, and A. E. Coppard.

Among Americans are Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken, John Hersey, James M. Cain, Dashiell Hammett, Robert Nathan, John Updike, John Crowe Ransom, Joseph Hergesheimer, Carl Van Vechten, Clarence Day, Raymond Chandler, Shirley Ann Grau, Conrad Richter, William Humphrey, Alistair Cooke, Richard Hofstadter, Eric F. Goldman, W. J. Cash, George Jean Nathan, Wallace Stevens, Elinor Wylie, Ross Macdonald, Kay Boyle, William L. Shirer and Langston Hughes.

From Western Europe have come the works of Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, Ladislas Reymont, Knut Hamsun, Albert Camus and André Gide, to mention only six Nobel Prize winners. Jules Romains' vast epic, MEN OF GOOD WILL, the major novels and plays of Jean-Paul Sartre, Oswald Spengler's THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, Mikhail Sholokhov's famous AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON, and Franz Kafka's two great novels, THE TRIAL and THE CASTLE, are all Borzoi books.

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Blanche W. Knopf *Alfred A. Knopf*

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act as a man of principles. Malamud is also a master of the short story, and, though there is great variety in his tales, compassion is the recurring motif.

Flannery O'Connor who died earlier this month, is different from the other writers I have been discussing because she had a strong faith: she was a devout Catholic. Apart from religion, she believed, life can have no meaning. She wrote mostly about grotesques because it seemed to her that a writer can best approach reality through grotesqueness. In *The Valiant Bear It Away,* she dramatizes a conflict between a modernist and a fundamentalist. The former she describes with scorn as completely ineffectual, whereas she admires the latter, Old Tarwater, because he, in his crude way, is seeking for truth. Her novels and stories never preach Catholicism, and, in fact, she has written very little about Catholics, but she was a sharp analyst of our secular society.

Early in his career James Baldwin wrote an essay called "Everybody's Problem Novel," in which he attacked both *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Richard Wright's *Native Son.* He argued that the Negro should write as a human being, not as a Negro. In *Go Tell It on the Mountain* he followed his own precepts, and in *Giovanni's Room* he went even further by writing about white persons. Recently he has become a prominent and eloquent spokesman for the Negro people, a powerful advocate of civil rights. In his most recent novel, *Another Country,* he sets forth some of the grievances of the Negro, but the novel is not a plea for a civil rights bill or any other kind of legislation; it is a plea for love, the kind of love that can break through all barriers.

Identity, responsibility, suffering, salvation, love—these are the themes of the writers I have been discussing. They are also the themes of William Styron, Vance Bourjaily, John Updike, Shirley Ann Grau, and many others who have emerged in the Forties and Fifties. They have also, of course, been the themes of much of the great literature of the past. What distinguishes the postwar writers is that they have abstracted the situations they write about from the social problems of this era. They do not write about big business or national politics or any of the great centers of power; they leave such problems to the journalists—Eugene Burdick, Allen Drury, and the like. They go below the surface to try to discover the true nature of man.

As I have already suggested, the novel of social problems had pretty well worn itself out by the end of the Thirties, and new writers felt impelled to attempt something different. Moreover, the rate of social change had so greatly accelerated during and after the war that there seemed to be nothing the imagination could lay hold of. It was in the lives of individuals, often obscure individuals, that the younger writers found materials for their art.

Of the prewar writers, none has had more influence on the postwar writers than William Faulkner, though Hemingway and Wolfe were also influential. Faulkner had little interest in the political and economic problems that disturbed the left-wingers in the Thirties, and for that reason he was consistently underrated. After the war, however, he was recognized as a major writer, and younger men studied him carefully. He had written about the metaphysical and ethical problems that interested his successors; he tended, as they did, to take a gloomy view of the human condition; he had experimented brilliantly with form and style. In the Fifties he was a commanding figure.

One revolution has taken place in the last forty years that must be commented on. Victorian prudishness was still strong in 1924, though the fight to win freedom for works of the imagination had begun. For some time victories were rare, but after the war a series of judicial decisions overwhelmed the censors and their backers. So far as I know, there is now no word that cannot be used in a novel and no situation that can't be described. The new freedom has been abused, but that is almost certainly a passing phase. What is important is that serious writers are no longer harassed by ridiculous taboos.

It should also be noted that during these forty years the prestige of American literature has constantly increased. Most of the novelists I have mentioned have seen their works translated into half a dozen languages. The *Times Literary Supplement* has given much space to American writers, and has spoken editorially of the strength of American literature. Everyone in Europe, it appears, reads American books.

And, as I began by saying, we do have many talented and serious novelists. If, as Herbert Kubly recently observed, writing novels doesn't as a rule pay very well, this does not deter the devoted novelists, who find ways to support themselves. Fellowships are numerous, and many colleges treat writers gently and generously. If a person wants to write, he can. The important thing is that so many young people do think writing is important, and are willing to make sacrifices for its sake.

I am talking about good novelists, not great ones. The great novelist appears rarely, and sometimes he is recognized and sometimes he isn't. In the meantime we can be grateful for the good novelists, for they give us esthetic satisfaction and they have something to say to us. Every good novel, whatever its theme, is a protest against the dehumanization of life. It proclaims the significance of the individual against the machine and against the mechanization of society. It makes us aware of ourselves and those around us as individuals. It performs a function that is needed now and may be even more acutely needed in the future.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THERE *IS* A WORD FOR IT

Many common things—experiences, sensations, emotions, groups of people—have uncommon words to describe them. Here are a dozen descriptions selected by W. E. Dickinson of Waterford, Connecticut, who challenges you to match each one to its *mot juste.* Answers on page 184.

1.	Wifely behavior	( ) Aposiopesis
2.	The itchy, stingy, uncomfortable feeling we have after walking through a field of nettles	( ) Blype
3.	The way a person will break off an idea in mid-sentence as though afraid of hurting our feelings ("I always knew, Julia, that you were . . . well, I better not say it.")	( ) Mnemonic
4.	Having that definite aroma of garlic	( ) Ullage
5.	The habit of nail-biting	( ) Uxoriality
6.	A person in his forties	( ) Phaneromania
7.	The thing we do or device we use to help us remember (string on finger, for example)	( ) Logomachy
8.	The practice of putting the best and most appetizing fruit at the top of the basket	( ) Ca'canny
9.	A piece of skin that peels off after a sunburn	( ) Urtication
10.	An argument about words	( ) Deaconing
11.	The amount of liquor *not* in a partly-filled cask	( ) Quadragenarian
12.	A deliberate slackening of work	( ) Alliaceous

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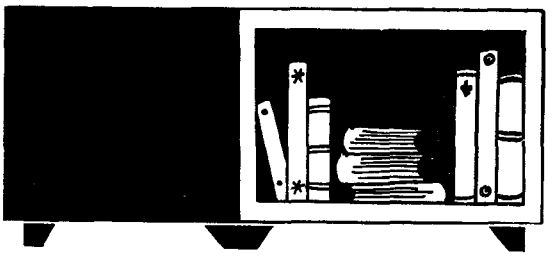
Mutations in the Body Politic



By ROCHELLE GIRSON

WHAT books published during the past four decades most significantly altered the direction of our society? Which may have a substantial impact on public thought and action in the years ahead? Twenty-seven historians, economists, political analysts, educators, social scientists, and philosophers pondered these questions put to them by *SR*, and between them came up with 163 titles ranging from the encyclical "Pacem in Terris," by Pope John XXIII, to Felix Salten's *Bambi*, which, be it noted, was not frivolously advanced. Participants in the symposium could submit as many or few titles as they chose, and all were invited to support their selections, which might be in any area of scholarly or popular writing.

There was widest agreement on *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, by John Maynard Keynes (twelve votes), and *An American Dilemma*, by Gunnar Myrdal (eleven). *Mein Kampf*, by Adolf Hitler, received eight votes, while *Cybernetics*, by Norbert Wiener, *The Lonely Crowd*, by David Riesman, and the Kinsey Reports each garnered seven. Six votes went to *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck, five to *The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*, by Benjamin Spock. Scoring four votes apiece were *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, by Adolph A. Berle, Jr., and G. C. Means, *The Affluent Society*, by John Kenneth Galbraith, *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, by Reinhold Niebuhr, *Silent Spring*, by Rachel Carson, and *A Study of History*, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Seminal, too, were the following books, each of which was named by three of those polled: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque, *Brave New World*, by Aldous Huxley, *The Culture of Cities*, by Lewis Mumford, *Darkness at Noon*, by Arthur Koestler, *The Good Society*, by Walter Lippmann, *The Main Currents in American Thought*, by Vernon L. Parrington, *1984*, by George Orwell, *Patterns of Culture*, by Ruth Benedict, *The Phenomenon of Man*, by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, *The Rise of American Civilization*, by Charles and Mary Beard, and Webster's New International Dictionary, Third Edition. Other titles proposed are listed in the breakdown of the voting that appears on page 84.

The Keynes study, explained J. H. Plumb, "gave renewed hope to bankers, economists, civil servants, and others that capitalism could be successfully manipulated and so acute depression avoided. Although the book now wears something of an amateur air, it turned the tide for the economic life of the free world, and made the affluent societies of Europe, as well as of America, more immediately possible."

The General Theory, added Arthur E. Burns, "provided the rationale for government spending to achieve economic recovery. It revolutionized business-cycle theory and established the basic framework for modern macro-economic analysis, including growth economics. The effects of this work," he said, "have aptly been called the 'Keynesian Revolution.'" "An example of its impact in action," noted Harry Howe Ransom, "is the Employment Act of 1946, committing the federal government to economic planning for full employment." August Heckscher pinpointed it as "the prophetic work which laid the basis for the economics of the welfare state." "Its influence on government policies contrib-

Participants in the Symposium

SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS, Sterling Professor Emeritus of Diplomatic History at Yale University

SIR DENIS BROGAN, author of *The American Character* and numerous other studies

GEOFFREY BRUUN, whose many historical works include *The World in the Twentieth Century*

ARTHUR E. BURNS, professor of economics at George Washington University

STUART CHASE, economist, social scientist, and author of *Some Things Worth Knowing*

MARGARET L. COIT, Pulitzer Prize-winning author and associate professor of social science at Fairleigh-Dickinson University

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, Supreme Court Justice, author of *America Challenged* and other books

DWIGHT L. DUMOND, winner of Anisfield-Wolf Award for *Antislavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America*

HORACE L. FRIESS, editor of *Non-Christian Religions, A to Z*

AUGUST HECKSCHER, during the Kennedy Administration, Special White House Consultant on the Arts

RICHARD D. HEFFNER, editor of *A Documentary History of the United States*, former producer-moderator of the WRCA-TV program *The Open Mind*

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER, who wrote *The Future as History*

SIDNEY HOOK, chairman of the Department of Philosophy at New York University

ARTHUR LARSON, director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University

J. BEN LIEBERMAN, practicing generalist

WALTER LIPPMANN, political columnist and author of, among other works, *The Good Society*

ASHLEY MONTAGU, anthropologist and author of *On Being Human* and *The Cultured Man*

HANS J. MORGENTHAU, who wrote *Dilemmas of Politics*

ALLAN NEVINS, author of numerous historical works including *War for the Union*

J. H. PLUMB, professor of English history at Cambridge University and author of *Men and Centuries*

HARRY HOWE RANSOM, Vanderbilt University political scientist

LILLIAN SMITH, author of *Killers of the Dream* and *Strange Fruit*

RICHARD P. STEBBINS, who wrote *The United States in World Affairs*

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN, former president of Union Theological Seminary

MARK S. WATSON, Pulitzer Prize-winning military correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*

LOUIS J. WALINSKY, economic development consultant whose next book will be *Building the Great Society*

PAUL WOODRING, education editor of *Saturday Review*

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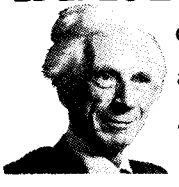

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uced substantially to the well-being of hundreds of millions of people throughout the free world," said Louis J. Walinsky. "Its influence on policy has been incalculable," Robert L. Heilbroner stressed. "I can think of no single book that has so changed the conception held by economists as to the nature of the capitalist system."

On the other hand, Professor Burns said, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* "revolutionized the field of corporate finance and the accepted notions of private property, its control, and the relationships between corporations, management, and owners. A central theme was the separation of ownership and control, therefore responsibility, in the modern corporation. It had a major impact on popular thinking, academic thinking, and on public policy. It greatly influenced government policy towards big business during the New Deal era, which influence carries on with the SEC and other financial controls." "*The Modern Corporation*," said Mr. Heilbroner, "was the first and is still the best of all books that probe the question of the giant corporation. Many previous works had dealt with the question of size in a moral or even political vein. But Berle and Means were the first to call attention to the revolutionary impact of size with respect to property itself. With this book the debate on power and responsibility in modern capitalism took a decisive step forward."

Dr. Plumb called attention to a work somewhat similar to the Keynes—Walt W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth* (also cited by J. Ben Lieberman)—which has "brought about a deeper understanding of the mechanics of economic change, stimulated immense research into its nature, and bred some optimism about the belief that undeveloped nations can acquire a stable, purposeful, expanding economy and that social and economic growth may be secured without violent political revolution. This conviction has helped to sustain the vast foreign-aid program, which, to a non-American," said Professor Plumb, a British subject, "is one of the most remarkable acts of state in this century."

Mr. Walinsky would include *The Affluent Society* "because it challenged effectively the conventional wisdom based on a rapidly disappearing scarcity in the private sector of our economy and dramatized the relative need for the production of socially desirable goods and services in the public sector." Dwight L. Dumond hailed the Galbraith book as "an indictment of irresponsible spending for consumer goods, and an endorsement of larger public expenditures along purposeful lines (hospitals, schools, parks) for the public good." To Sir Denis Brogan it "both represents and defines a current malaise."

BECAUSE it "gave to Americans of twentieth-century sophistication a new sensitivity to social inequities," Professor Dumond considers *An American Dilemma* momentous. In Samuel Flagg Bemis's opinion, "this sensational analysis of the place of the Negro in American society galvanized the racial question. It profoundly influenced the Supreme Court in its unanimous decision of 1954, and has had a continuing impact on American domestic life." Hans J. Morgenthau praised Myrdal for having given "American society the moral impetus and the empirical tools to come to terms with its major unsolved domestic problem." Professor Ransom pointed out that "uninhibited by national considerations, this study focused sharply on the contradiction between American ideals and behavior in the treatment of the Negro." Also important in this connection, he added, was *To Secure These Rights*, the report of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights.

However, Horace L. Friess finds William Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* and Frank Tannenbaum's *The Negro as Slave and Citizen* "more stimulating than the more analytical *American Dilemma*. . . . It is said," he commented, "that Tannenbaum's book influenced Branch Rickey to engage Jackie Robinson in professional baseball." W. E. B. Du Bois, in Mr. Dumond's opinion, "was the man whose life, character, and many publications gave renewed dignity, courage, and determination to people of color. The self-effacement forced upon them by dominant whites and condoned by Booker T. Washington was swept away by the brilliance of his intellectual and spiritual leadership." "If it is too arbitrary to attribute the erupting sense of racial injustice to Richard Wright's books—*Uncle Tom's Children* and *Native Son*—he," said Mr. Lieberman, "is at least a fair symbol and major contributor." "If only because of their impact on the white population," Sir Denis remarked, "the tracts of Mr. James Baldwin are, and will seem to be in the future, of great importance both as weapons in political warfare and as *documents pour servir*."

On the other hand, Lillian Smith holds that, in the field of race relations, "the early abolitionists did more clean, good thinking than most have ever credited them with. And I think," she said, "my own *Killers of the Dream* (if I may be so immodest as to mention it) cut more deeply into the problem than has any other book." Nevertheless, she credits Myrdal's with being "an excellent compendium of social-science thinking of the Forties, with some very keen, terse insights of his own."

But one wholly deleterious yet tremendously influential book was proposed —Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. "Though an evil book and without literary merit, it altered the course of history," Paul Woodring observed. Professor Burns agreed. "In a sinister and utterly destructive way, this book played an enormous role in shaping world events over the

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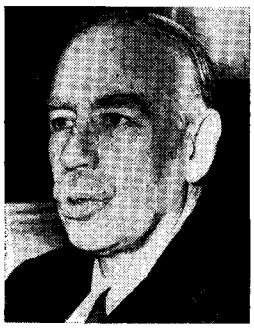
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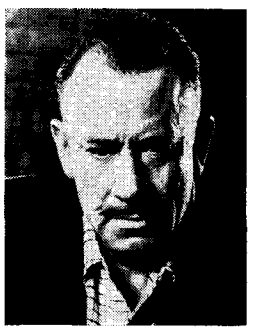
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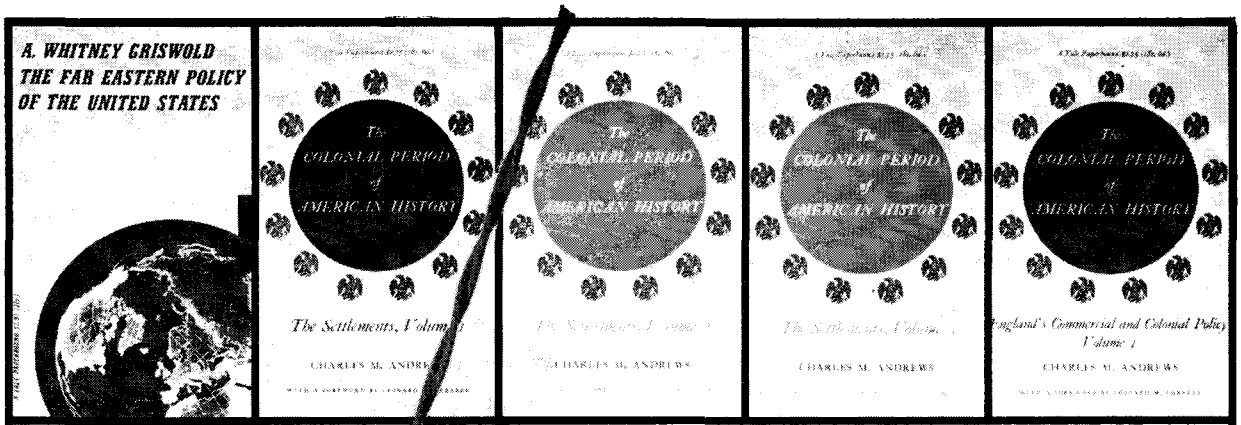
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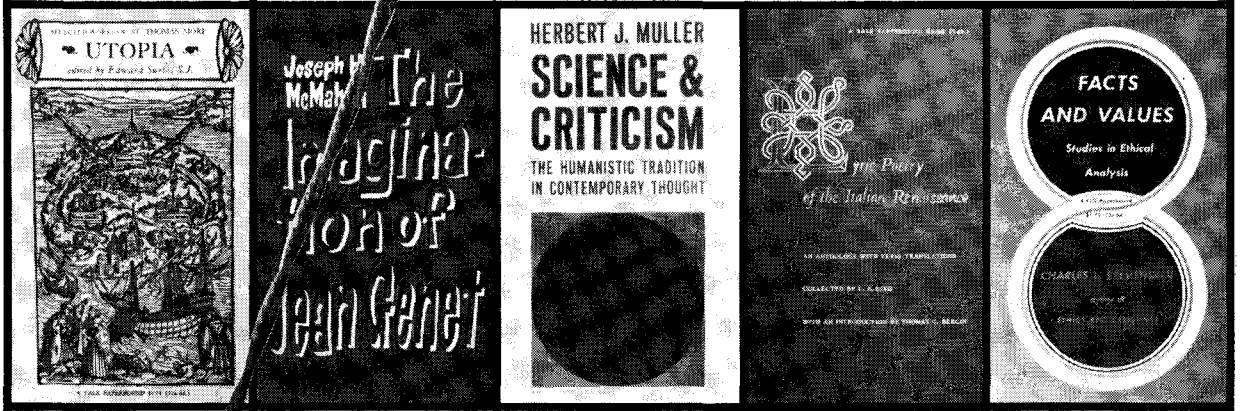

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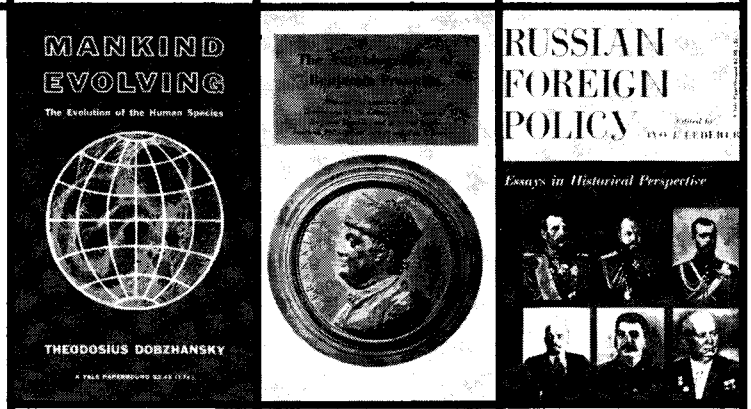

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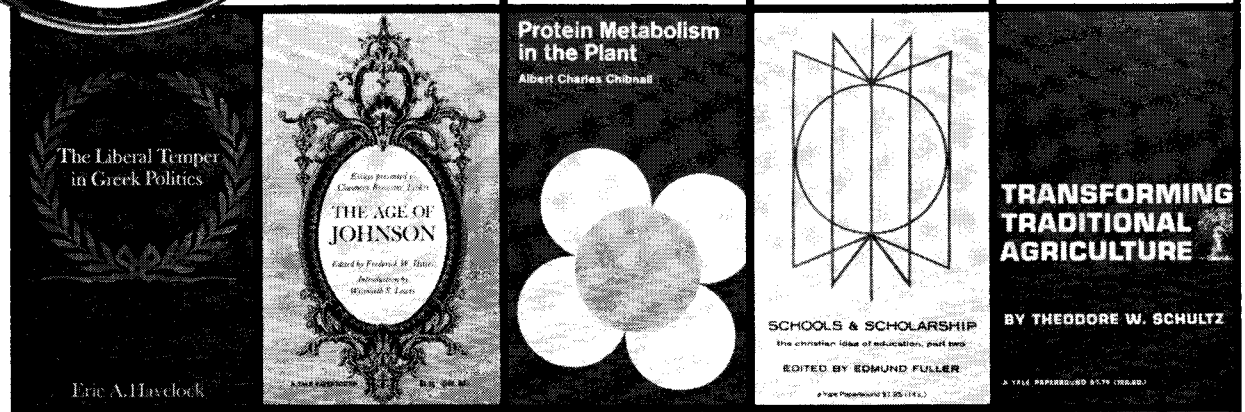

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past thirty years." "Its influence," Mark S. Watson remarked, "was very nearly fatal to us all."

Dr. Dumond pointed to the wallop the Kinsey Reports packed. "They brought to the general public, legislative bodies, courts, and religious institutions for the first time in the modern history of man a sane approach to the most important aspect of human relations." *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,* Mr. Lieberman reminded, opened to public discussion "a subject hypocritically kept hidden. The sexual mores being so central to our whole society, a book that dramatically changed the climate about the subject can be said to have had a profound effect." Dr. Plumb predicted that the major impact of the Kinsey Reports is still to come. "Kinsey's simple but revolutionary method of discovering the facts of sexual activity," he said, "is charged with social dynamite and could lead to sweeping changes in the legal and moral fabric of American society."

THANKS to its having developed a theory of automation, *Cybernetics,* said Professor Morgenthau, "is likely to have profound effects upon all aspects of American society." Added Dr. Ransom: "The communication of information as a statistical quantity for productive purposes constitutes the second industrial revolution, which is just beginning its profound impact upon society. One field that is particularly terrifying is systems of military defense. *Red Alert,* by Peter Bryant—the book from which the novel *Fail-Safe,* by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, and the movie *Dr. Strangelove* were derived—illustrates some of the terrors of automation and may help save us from them." Although Mr. Lieberman listed *Cybernetics,* he had some reservations about it. "There is no one book," he said, "which created the computer revolution or automation, and *Cybernetics* did not even make a substantial direct contribution, but it can perhaps claim general credit for the larger attention to the whole question of man's control of machines and/or machines' control of man."

Turning to another aspect of our society, Mr. Heckscher cited *The Lonely Crowd,* because "it gave us some understanding of what is happening to men and women living in a new order." And Mr. Woodring thought the book "may have helped to stem the trend toward other-directedness." "David Riesman," commented Dr. Bemis, "has heard and, one hopes, protected the still inner voice against the conforming pressure of The Lonely Crowd."

"Society," observed Professor Ransom, "is undoubtedly influenced by the educational environment of its youths. More than any other, John Dewey has influenced that environment in his insistence that knowledge—and educational policies—be related rationally to human purpose. But even more important is the home environment from the very first day of a child's life. Certainly, then, Dr. Benjamin Spock's *The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care* has been of major influence, with its tranquilizing effect on parental anxieties and its permissive philosophy." Geoffrey Bruun, too, was for Spock, quipping that "fifty million mothers can be wrong without a sane guidebook." To which Mr. Woodring gave his amen. "It has made the advice of grandmothers unnecessary."

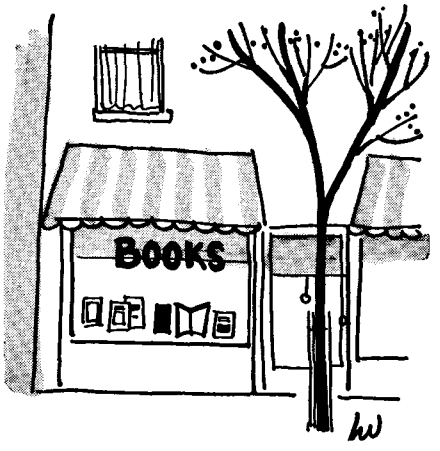
ALTHOUGH, in the opinion of the panelmen, a number of novels have stimulated changes during the past forty years, *The Grapes of Wrath* may have been the most decisive. To Dr. Friess it is "one of the many strong documentations of our unfinished business in the 'war against poverty.'" Professor Dumond remembered that the Steinbeck novel "aroused the nation as no other book to the existence of economic injustices beyond the control of individual man and focused attention upon the monumental problems and social consequences of farm mechanization." Mr. Woodring credited *The Grapes of Wrath* with having "called readers' attention to the effects of the Depression on refugees from the dust bowl and made them more willing to accept New Deal reforms."

Mr. Walinsky put on the list *Ulysses,* by James Joyce, and *Brave New World,* by Aldous Huxley, the first "because it added to our literature and gave us a more profound insight into the nature of man," the Huxley "because it vividly portrayed the intolerable inhumanity of the rigidly planned totalitarian society to which capitalism, as well as communism, could lead." Mr. Lieberman was also for *Brave New World,* and George Orwell's *1984.* "These two books, in their own ways and for their own times," he explained, "created a shock of reality about man's potential future; whether they have been strong enough to help man avoid disaster is not yet settled." Sidney Hook concurred—up to a point: "At one time Aldous Huxley's novels had a liberating, and sometimes demoralizing, effect on college youth, but when he sheathed the sword of his brilliant wit to become an acolyte of the One, he lost his great gifts as a novelist." In Professor Hook's opinion, among novelists Faulkner has been the most influential figure, and among short story writers, Hemingway. "Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon,* followed at a great distance by Orwell's *1984,* have been outstanding in the genre of the political novel," he said. "Anything that alters man's image of communism," remarked Professor Ransom, "has profound impact upon American society, so reactive are we to trends in the development of communism. The most effective antitotalitarian works are *Darkness at Noon, 1984,* and *The New Class,* by Milovan Djilas." Dr. Friess chose *Darkness at Noon* for the cooling effect its revelation of police-state methods had on the ardor for communism. How about Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago,* asked Mr. Watson. "This book's potential revision of Communist thinking is," he asserted, "hard to measure." On the other hand, Sir Denis didn't think that any of the Marxian or pseudo-Marxian books so popular in the Thirties were particularly motive.

Dr. Friess considers J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye, Franny and Zooey,* and *Nine Stories* significant. "Salinger's sensitiveness to youth is an important contribution to understanding and to mitigating their alienation," he remarked. Mr. Woodring would qualify that. "The books of Kerouac, Salinger, and Golding had a great and immediate effect on the thinking of adolescents and young adults, but I am not at all certain that their influence will be lasting. I find that already college students are losing interest in Salinger and perhaps Kerouac as well."

Professor Dumond noted that *All Quiet on the Western Front* was "a powerful force in the growth of isolation sentiment; it spread disillusionment among the people, and reaction against Wilsonian idealism." "Remarque's *All Quiet,*" Mr. Woodring said, "made readers better aware of the horrors of modern warfare. But it had the unfortunate effect of persuading a generation of young Americans that nothing was worth fighting for, and this made them less prepared to face the realities of World War II."

In creative writing and in much social comment, reflected Dr. Plumb, "the dominant theme this last thirty years has been the loneliness, the isolation, of the individual in modern society, and



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this preoccupation seems to me to have thrown up three books of outstanding quality and profound influence: Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby,* Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye,* and David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd.* Not that I am happy about this. I would for myself wish that *Look Homeward, Angel,* by Thomas Wolfe, and Ernest Hemingway's two great novels, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* [voted for by Richard D. Heffner and Dr. Friess] and *A Farewell to Arms* had been more influential. Preoccupation with human isolation can give rise to poignant art but not to a national literature deeply involved in the entire range of the human condition, which is America's need. If only American novelists would write books of the same human intensity as Oscar Lewis's *Children of Sanchez* and *Pedro Martínez,* there would be more hope for creative writing. Lewis's books are the most original works, to my mind, published in America since World War II; they are Tolstoyan in scale, grandeur, and importance."

Mr. Walinsky, however, insists that Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* has been exceedingly effectual. "Through its influence on generations of writers, it encouraged us to reject the spurious and to seek to be true to our emotions and perceptions."

Allan Nevins considers I. A. Richards's *Practical Criticism* the best fundamental book in its field published since 1924, one that "has had a great influence on all students," while T. S. Eliot "not only contributed mightily to the great recent change in poetry, but affected other sides of modern thought as well." Professor Hook, too, considers Eliot's essays among the most telling. Mr. Walinsky finds Vernon L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* consequential "because it taught us that our literature was deeply rooted in and reflected our culture." It is a book, said Professor Brogan, "which very greatly affected the mind of the educated American. Although it has been largely discredited on points of detail and on points of bias—for example, by Professor Richard D. Hofstadter—this does not alter the great importance of Parrington's work."

BECAUSE it "presents a tragic concept of the nature of man and of society that has had a profound influence upon recent theological, philosophic, and political thinking in America," Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Nature and Destiny of Man* got Dr. Morgenthau's vote. This study in ethics, politics, and practicality was also on Professor Dumond's list. Its importance, he amplified, lies in its appeal for "(1) a return from reason to faith; (2) a denial of the *possibility* of the perfectibility of man because man is a sinner whose reason is always corrupted by self-interest; (3) a rejection of liberal Protestantism as applied to social problems, and (4) an abandonment of the effort to reconcile science and theology." "No attempt to understand human nature or human history," said the Reverend Dr. Van Dusen, "can disregard this fecund and formative treatise."

Professor Hook suggested that in philosophy five works have appeared that are likely to have a continuing impact on basic attitudes toward man and his world: John Dewey's *Quest for Certainty and Logics: The Theory of Inquiry*; Gilbert Ryle's *The Concept of Mind*; Martin Heidegger's *Being and Time,* and Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations.* "Dewey," said Mr. Hook, "is currently somewhat under eclipse among professional philosophers because of the dominant concern with linguistic analysis, but I predict that in the future he will exercise at least the same influence on philosophical interest as he did in the Thirties and Forties. Ryle's book tries to establish by linguistic analysis positions Dewey took

on the basis of an assessment of the broadest scientific theories and evidence. Heidegger is currently the dominant figure in philosophy on the European continent (and South America), and there is some evidence that he is making his influence felt, through Sartre and lesser writers, in the United States. He has a natural appeal to the littérateurs. Wittgenstein has produced a revolution in philosophy but, except for some old-line metaphysicians and the neo-Thomists, he is being used to justify modes of discourse which had been threatened by the advance of scientific philosophy."

Arnold Toynbee is, of course, controversial. However, "whatever caveats may be entered upon some of his specific interpretations, or even upon his underlying generalizations," said Dr. Van Dusen, "*A Study of History* is a work of which every intelligent person must also take account through an indefinite future, both for its conspectus of the whole of human history and, even more, for lifting inescapably the issue of philosophy of history."

Toynbee, remarked Mr. Woodring, "helped to promote international understanding and to reduce provincialism by making millions of readers (most of whom had not read Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West*) aware of the fact that Western civilization is only one of many and probably no more permanent than the others." While conceding that in the field of popular historical thinking *A Study of History* has had an enormous effect, its over-all conceptions, in Professor Hook's opinion, "are worthless in understanding the history of any period, and as synthetic fantasy the work is very much inferior to *The Decline of the West,* which largely inspired it. But by sheer weight and occasional interesting illustrative material *A Study of History* has won a place for itself. Its real bias is the same as that which inspired Augustine's *City of God*: in his salvationary zeal to show that all the evils of our world result from abandoning the religious conception of the world, Toynbee lamentably confuses illustration and proof."

Charles A. Beard's studies of American history, politics, and foreign policy head Dr. Bemis's list of books that have altered our society. "In the field of domestic affairs," he said, "Beard invoked the concept of a rich and many-sided life for the individual in a collective society within the framework of the Constitution of the United States as a goal for the American people and their government. In the field of foreign policy he urged isolation and tilling our own garden at home according to the dictates of national interest with as few connections as possible with foreign nations. Beard's suggestions for domestic policy can be seen reflected in President Johnson's vision of a Great Society. But Beard's ideas of foreign policy do not seem to have stood the test of time and have been largely repudiated by more recent historiography."

A book that, according to Sir Denis, had a similar effect was Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace,* which "deeply affected the American mind, and to a great degree for the worse. It provided a brilliant intellectual case for writing off the First World War as a racket. Keynes's arguments and statistics have been very acutely criticized, *e.g.*, by Etienne Monteux, but they lingered on and helped to make isolationism highly respectable."

"I vote for Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* as probably the most important book of this century," said Lillian Smith. Arthur Larson concurred. "It is my conviction," he said, "that this book has the intrinsic substantive content to produce more profound change in philosophical and religious thought than any book within the past forty years. So far its impact has been only the tiniest fraction of what it could

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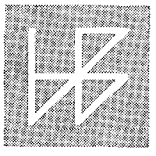

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potentially become. This is partly because of the fact that it takes more work to read two pages of it than to read 200 pages of most other books—if the full meaning is to be absorbed. A study so profoundly packed with significant ideas is almost certain to exert its influence through the work of other writers who can perhaps distribute its content in less difficult doses. This book, in my opinion, comes closer than any other to providing a religious and philosophical framework worthy of not only an age of science but an age of widespread intellectualism that is not at all satisfied by the simplistic anti-religious reactions attending the early Darwinian period." "No one," said Dr. Van Dusen, "can think intelligently without reference to *The Phenomenon of Man* for substantially parallel reasons: both its inclusive reading of Reality and its raising the question of a metaphysics of Reality."

ALTHOUGH Walter Lippmann offered his selections without comment, the political pundit was himself applauded by his fellows. "If it were possible to nominate the collected writings of Walter Lippmann," said Mr. Larson, "they would be my second choice. [His first was *The General Theory* by Keynes.] If I were to select a single volume, I imagine that *The Good Society* would be as appropriate as any. Lippmann, in this and his other writings, accurately and persuasively struck the balance which has largely characterized distinctive American political thought and action in our times." *The Good Society,* said Mr. Heckscher, "made us aware that the modern state could act strongly while still avoiding centralization and collectivism."

Among the works that Professor Ransom believes may continue to have a sizable impact is *Silent Spring,* by Rachel Carson. "It was a book," said Professor Dumond, "which shattered the complacency of the public toward the indiscriminate use of pesticides, creating almost universal fear of their poisonous effects upon wildlife and human beings, and demands for the security of the atmosphere, water, and food supplies." Besides being "good in itself," said Mr. Watson, "it produced a really astonishing reaction." "If," suggested Mr. Lieberman, "we are more compassionate than otherwise, and still sensitive to our natural environment, if we are susceptible to being aroused for parks and conservation, *Bambi* and other juvenile books like it will have had a profound effect."

THREE volumes mentioned by Dr. Bemis as having had enormous significance for our contemporary society are *Technics and Civilization, The Culture of Cities,* and *The City in History,* by Lewis Mumford. "Measuring the physical dimensions and the human scope of the city in history, he teaches us that most of the city's internal functions and structures must be recast to promote effectively the larger proposition to be served: the unification of man's inner and outer life, and the progressive unification of mankind itself." "It is," agreed Ashley Montagu, "hard to measure the effect of *The Culture of Cities,* but it is there."

He would also include among the more galvanic works of the past forty years Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture* and Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa.* The former "has affected the thinking of many with respect to cultural relativism," while the latter has "significantly contributed to our revised understanding of human development." "Both books," observed Mr. Heffner, "gave us a sense of other peoples, other places, of the potential for change in society. They provided insight into the dynamics of national behavior."

A consequential book that Mr. Larson thought might not quite so readily come to mind is *The Nature of Judicial Process,* by Benjamin Cardozo—which, as it turned out, was also on Professor Dumond's mind. "We are now beginning to realize," said Mr. Larson, "that the most active branch of government in at least some areas of reform is the judicial branch. However, this function of the judiciary would not have been possible except for the development of concepts of the judicial process, the role of precedent, and generally the proper 'mix' of stability, logic, sociology, ethics, and policy in judicial decision-making. While many others contributed to this development, Judge Cardozo is the one who, to most lawyers, brought these ideas into focus and expressed them with such clarity and elegance that they carried the day in most jurisdictions."

James B. Conant won praise from Mr. Watson for his *Education of American Teachers,* from Mr. Woodring for his *American High School Today.* The latter, *SR*'s education editor noted, "strengthened the hand of educators who were trying to restore academic standards in the high schools." And, in Dr. Dumond's opinion, Robert M. Hutchins's *The Higher Learning in America,* "a firm defense of the humanities, intellectual unity, and interrelation of disciplines, had a more far-reaching impact upon college curricula than most scholars are willing to acknowledge."

"AT the risk of sounding facetious," continued Mr. Woodring, "I am tempted to include two other widely read books that have contributed substantially to action without making a comparable contribution to thought: *The Joy of Cooking* and Amy Vanderbilt's *Etiquette.* Cookbooks have improved—or anyway widely changed—the diet of millions; etiquette books enable the lower middle class to act like the upper middle class." Mr. Watson, however, gave the palm to Emily Post's *Etiquette* for "having made a start toward building up better manners—and it's about time."

Webster's New International Dictionary, Third Edition, remarked Mr. Woodring, "contributed to the acceleration of changes (some called it deterioration) of language by taking the position that lexicographers ought not to set standards but only to report the facts." Geoffrey Bruun named it, too. "Due to it being like big. And hep. Due to it inferring English is how most Americans talk, instead of plugging for elegance like eggheads think it should of."

These, then, are the books that the symposium most persuasively argued have prodded, inspired, or frightened us into altering our thought patterns and folkways during the past forty years.

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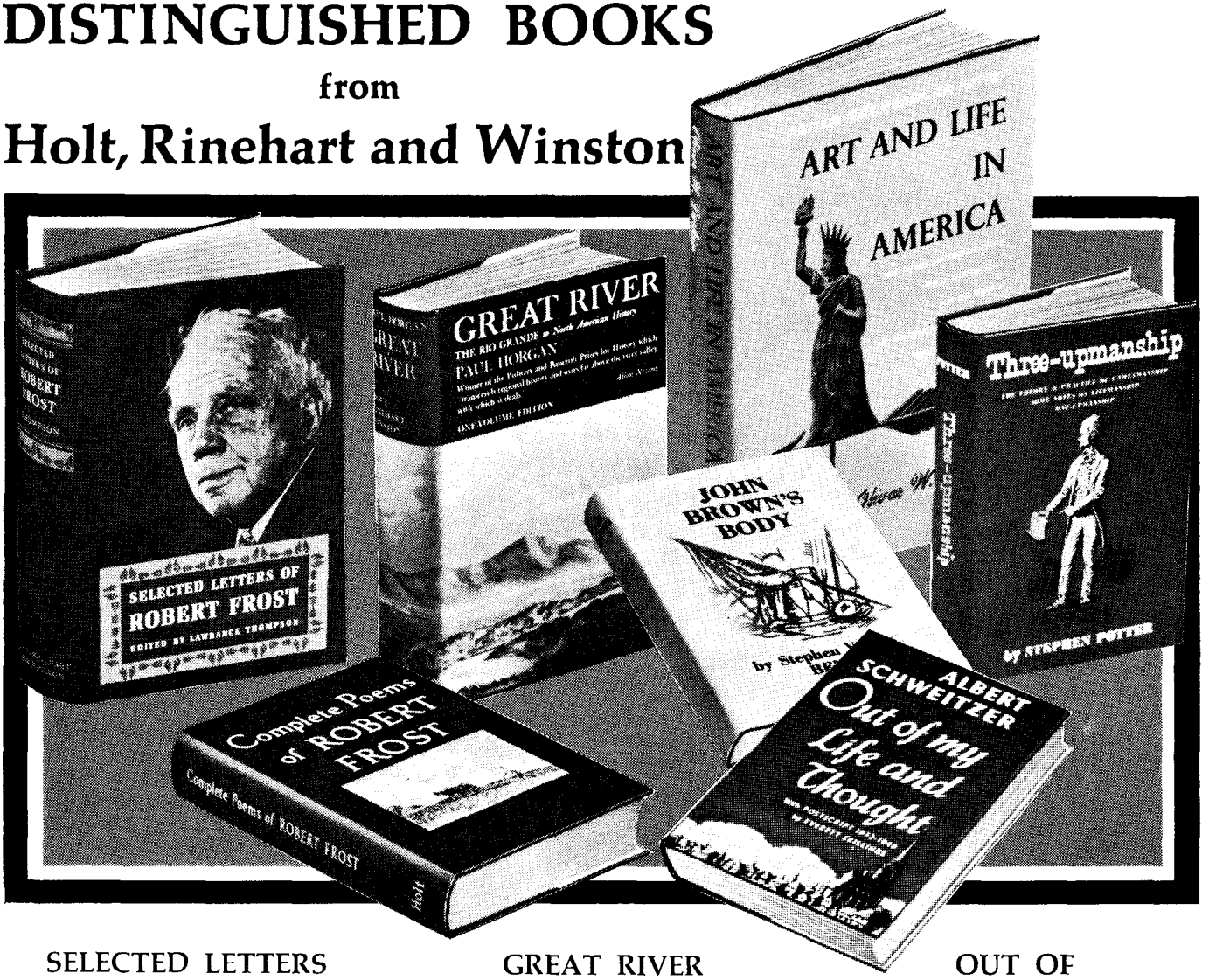

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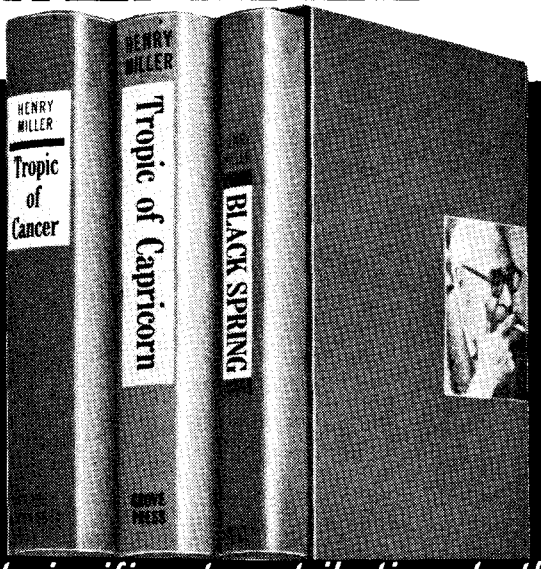

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Mr. Jenkins Sees It Through

By DAVID DEMPSEY

I MET Harry Jenkins for the first time in 1924, in the old Grubstreet bookstore just around the corner from the Hippodrome in New York City. Like all good bookstores in those days, it had an unkempt look, even though the books were new. The male clerks were elderly, the females dowdy, and sometimes it was hard to tell them apart. The El still ran overhead, and all business was transacted between the passing of trains. The place was ideal for browsing. It has long ago been taken over by Mooney's Shamrock Bar.

The man I am going to tell you about was holding a life-size copy of *The Outline of History* in one hand and Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind* in the other, as though weighing not their merits, but the poundage. He turned to me.

"Which would *you* buy?"

"Give it the dust test," I said. "Blow across the top."

"Why?" He looked puzzled.

"The dusty one isn't moving. Never buy a book with dust on it."

He blew across the Van Loon, and I sneezed. That is how Harry Jenkins came to buy *The Outline of History*, and how we became browsing acquaintances for the next forty years. I called him the Incurable Reader, and he called me the Quotable Critic.

Jenkins was keeping cool with Coolidge at the time; if there was a trend in sight, he followed it. Books to him were like the kernels of corn dropped by Hansel and Gretel—something that would lead him out of the woods. "I've got a lot on my mind," he used to say all during the Twenties. And indeed he had—*The Story of Philosophy, The Art of Thinking, Why We Behave Like Human Beings, The Mind in the Making.* Jenkins was incurably dedicated to self-improvement. He worked crossword puzzles on the subway, he joined the Book-of-the-Month Club, he flirted with Coué, and struggled through *The Rise of American Civilization* as though he expected to come out standing on the top shaking hands with The Man Nobody Knows. It *was* Bruce Barton and not Papini he read, wasn't it?

Time dims. The book jackets fade, but I see the Incurable Reader leafing through every crop of books harvested. He had a thirst for knowledge that would not be gainsaid (so many people thirsted in Grubstreet's then, no wonder Mooney's took over the location).

"You see, I want to know the answers," he explained.

"Read Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Gertrude Stein," I advised. "They're looking for answers, too. Well, anyway, *try* to read Gertrude Stein."

But the Lost Generation lost Jenkins right off. He was much too confident—a bit Babbitty in his own way. And all those compendiums of learning, it turned out, didn't help much. They gave Jenkins a lot of answers but no solutions. What he really wanted were solutions without the answers. They were easy to get in the Thirties.

I ran into him one day just after he had bought a copy of *Life Begins at Forty.*

"What are you doing with that?" I asked. "You're not over the hill yet, Jenkins."

"No, but I can see the top. By the way, what's it like on the other side?"

"Pitkin has got something," I said. "At least, he's got on to something."

The country was broke, living on black-eyed peas and turnip greens; we were all choked up from the dust bowl—someone had sure taken a good blow at *that* book of nature—and Hitler was tooling up in Europe. Yet our books were young and gay, and I think that instinctively Jenkins had the right idea. Or was it, ideally, that he had the right instincts? Whistle while you loaf. Play the numbers game with Dale Carnegie (Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking). Wake Up and Live with Dorothea Brande. Live Alone and Like It with Marjorie Hillis.

But it didn't work. "I still feel lousy," he said to me one day in 1937.

"Try psychoanalysis."

He couldn't afford it. What he could afford was to be anthologized. Jenkins recalls this period as the Age of Dismemberment. He was forever lugging home a Fireside Companion, a Cavalcade, an Omnibus, or a Reader. The whole book world seemed to be in danger of being hacked to pieces and grafted together again by a few literary Burbanks. "I've just finished my fourteenth Treasury," he wheezed one day. "Sometimes I feel like the Secretary of the Treasury."

SO we got into one of those futile chicken-and-egg arguments about literature. I chided him for reading books

that everybody else was reading and he retaliated by pointing out that this was because I recommended them. *Touché!* I blamed the publishers for using my quotes out of context, and he accused me of writing quotes that hardly made sense any other way. *Touché* again.

But the gist of our argument was this: do books make the reader or vice versa? "Set up a cycle of novels about Chinese history," he said (*The Good Earth* had started the trend), "and the combined vibrations saturate the air waves. People like myself get caught up. We buy these books, and more novels about China are written. They really step up the kilocycles then, don't they?"

"That's because you're tuned in on that wave length to begin with, Jenkins. And you're other-directed, to boot."

"What does that mean?"

"If you'll wait until 1950, David Riesman will explain it. Anyway, you told me once you don't read novels."

"Only if they're based on history," he shot back.

I am not being entirely fair to Jenkins. There were a lot of books he wouldn't buy, and there were some he bought that he could just as well have borrowed from the public library. When I'd criticize him for running with the herd, he'd look at me sheepishly and explain, "You see, Quotes, some of us have to have ordinary taste or it wouldn't be any fun for the hi-cult boys. You can't have the top percentiles without the middle ones, can you? Statistics show that three out of four book buyers in this country read popular books. We will even read unpopular books when they're popular. I just got in with the wrong group of statistics."

It was a little sad, what happened to Jenkins toward the end of the 1930s. No

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Some books and authors published by
FARRAR / STRAUS
1946–1964

1946

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
The Last Circle
JAMES BRANCH CABELL
There Were Two Pirates

1947

CARLO LEVI
Christ Stopped at Eboli
LUDWIG LEWISOHN
The Case of Mr. Crump
RICHARD ROVERE
Howe and Hummel

1948

ROBERT GRAVES
The White Goddess
THEODOR REIK
Listening With the Third Ear
CHARLES WILLIAMS
All Hallows' Eve

1949

SHIRLEY JACKSON
The Lottery
ALBERTO MORAVIA
The Woman of Rome

1950

GAYELORD HAUSER
Look Younger, Live Longer
CHARLES JACKSON
The Sunnier Side
LIONEL TRILLING
The Letters of John Keats

1951

GERALD BRENAN
The Face of Spain
ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
Man Is Not Alone
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Courtroom

1952

EUGEN KOGON
The Theory and Practice of Hell
WILLIAM SHIRER
Mid-Century Journey
EDMUND WILSON
Classics and Commercials

1953

MARTIN BUBER
After the Turning
DINO BUZZATI
The Tartar Steppe
COLETTE
Cheri and The Last of Cheri
CESARE PAVESE
The Moon and the Bonfires

1954

MARTIN D'ARCY
Meaning & Matter of History
ALVA JOHNSTON
The Legendary Mizeners
MARGUERITE YOURCENAR
Memoirs of Hadrian

1955

GIOVANNI GUARESCHI
Don Camillo's Dilemma
FRANÇOIS MAURIAC
The Lamb
FRANCIS STEEGMULLER
The Grand Mademoiselle

1956

NELSON ALGREN
A Walk on the Wild Side
DR. THOMAS A. DOOLEY
Deliver Us From Evil
THOMAS MERTON
The Living Bread
ALEC WAUGH
Island in the Sun

1957

ROSE MACAULAY
The Towers of Trebizond
FRANCOISE MALLET-JORIS
House of Lies
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
A History of France
JEAN STAFFORD *Stories*

1958

JUAN RAMON JIMÉNEZ
Selected Writings (Nobel Prize)
C. Y. LEE
The Flower Drum Song
BERNARD MALAMUD
The Magic Barrel (N.B.A.)
NATHANAEL WEST
Complete Works

1959

DJUNA BARNES *Antiphon*
JOHN JAY CHAPMAN
Selected Writings
T. S. ELIOT
On Poetry and Poets
ROBERT LOWELL
Life Studies (N.B.A.)
JAMES PURDY *Malcolm*

1960

PAUL HORGAN
A Distant Trumpet
JOHN LA FARGE
An American Amen
DWIGHT MACDONALD
Memoirs of a Revolutionist
FLANNERY O'CONNOR
The Violent Bear It Away

1961

ERSKINE CALDWELL
Jenny By Nature
NELSON GLUECK
Rivers in the Desert
MARY McCARTHY
On the Contrary
SALVATORE QUASIMODO
Selected Writings (Nobel Prize)

1962

ELIZABETH HARDWICK
A View of My Own
MADELEINE L'ENGLE
A Wrinkle In Time (Newbery)
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
The Slave
GREGORY ZILBOORG
Psychoanalysis and Religion

1963

JACK KEROUAC
Visions of Gerard
FREDERIC PROKOSCH
The Dark Dancer
XAVIER RYNNE
Letters From Vatican City
SUSAN SONTAG
The Benefactor

1964 (Spring)

ISAAC BABEL
The Lonely Years
JOHN BERRYMAN
77 Dream Songs
CARLOS FUENTES
The Death of Artemio Cruz
NORMAN PODHORETZ
Doings and Undoings

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Books worth keeping

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS of publishing strengthens the Oklahoma conviction that America's literary and intellectual growth is the challenging task of all of its regions—Oklahoma's no less. The search for truth, the ennoblement of man's aims, the recognition of beauty are exacting trusts for the scholar and his publishers in a democratic society. To advance them effectively by all means at our command, in the inquiring atmosphere of a great university, is our continuing determination. Among the landmarks of our past and present effort are these:

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JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS, *Wah' Kon-Tah: The Osage and the White Man's Road* (1932).

PAUL B. SEARS, *Deserts on the March* (1935).

EDWARD H. FAULKNER, *Plowman's Folly* (1943).

ALICE MARRIOTT, *The Ten Grandmothers* (1945).

AUBREY F. G. BELL, *Cervantes* (1947).

ADRIAN RECINOS, *Popol Vuh: The Sacred Book of the Ancient Quiche Maya* (1950).

LAWRENCE DURRELL, *A Key to Modern British Poetry* (1952).

J. ERIC S. THOMPSON, *The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization* (1954).

JOHN FRANCIS MCDERMOTT, *George Caleb Bingham: River Portraitist* (1959).

HANS NATHAN, *Dan Emmett and the Rise of Early Negro Minstrelsy* (1962).

CHARLES HAMILTON AND LLOYD OSTENDORF, *Lincoln in Photographs* (1963).

EDWARD DUMBAULD, *The Constitution of the United States* (1964).

University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Okla.

doubt about it, he showed regressive symptoms, set about longing for the good old days of the Country Lawyer and Horse and Buggy Doctor, when Life with Father reminded him of the Flowering of New England—all this superimposed on the fantasy diet he'd stuffed into himself before. I suppose nostalgia—and a dash of Lin Yutang—did for him what Carnegie couldn't. It made the Depression bearable. Bearable? Hell, it made things seem practically euphoric. What Jenkins needed was a cure for optimism, and he got it, of course, when he read *Mein Kampf* in 1939.

He had been a little too young for the first war, and he was a little too old for the second. I remember the shock which the outbreak of fighting had on both of us. Grubstreet's closed its store! We were like abandoned children. For weeks we roamed the streets looking for someone who would take us in. Then we found Medberry's on 48th Street. It was even darker than Grubstreet's. You needed a flashlight to find your way around. Medberry was a cantankerous old pharisee who had been brought up in the tradition of insulting his customers—the last angry bookseller. We liked him right off. "No use buying books unless you can buy them from a Character," Jenkins asseverated.

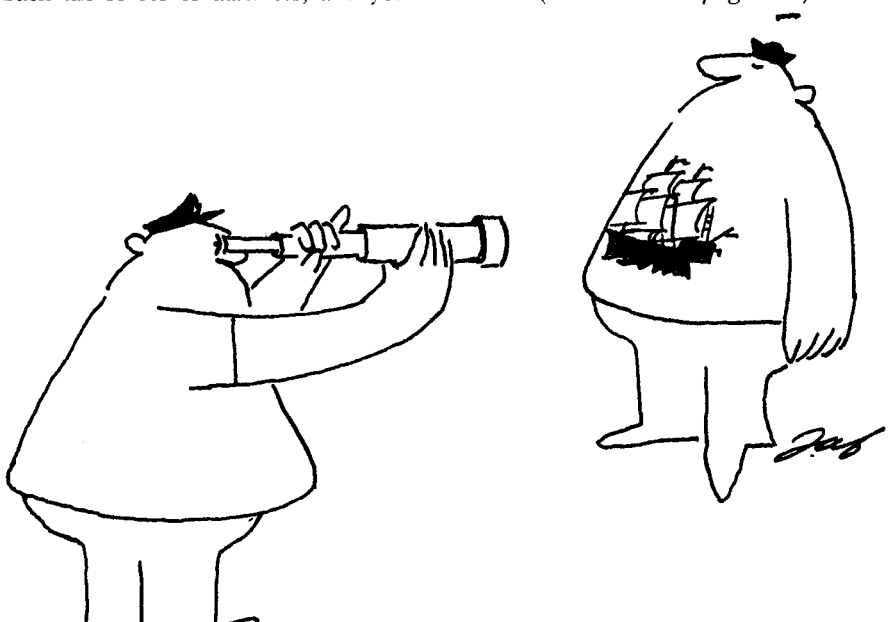
Anyway, the war—and the increased cost of books—knocked most of the optimism out of Jenkins. He became notoriously serious. Made the Mission to Moscow with Ambassador Davies, spent Ten Years in Japan with Ambassador Grew, did a hitch with Dr. Seagrave in Burma, went Into the Valley with John Hersey and Up Front with Bill Mauldin. You couldn't fault him when it came to doing his bit for the war. "And the nicest part about it," he told me, "was that I Never Left Home."

Perhaps this worried him. Something did when the war ended. We had rolled back the forces of darkness, and yet it seemed as though the whole reading public was looking harder than ever for a guiding light. The "worry books" were a big thing in the late Forties and early Fifties. "What appeals to me," Jenkins confessed, "is that every faith is represented." (Ecumenical before his time!) Rabbi Joshua Liebman's *Peace of Mind* in 1946 was followed by Norman Vincent Peale's *Guide to Confident Living* in 1948. Father James Keller came out with *Three Minutes a Day* in 1950. Liebman, Keller, and Peale sounded like a chain of men's clothing stores; and, in truth, the trio was merchandising a new style of religion that combined trace elements of Freud, a little Coué, a dose of Dale Carnegie, and a good deal of God. Symptoms of our discontent, these books were "an antidote for people who no longer trusted science or believed in man's progress," one scholar commented. Science, with its atom bomb, was outrunning man's control of the universe, and we had quit trying to put the genie back into the bottle.

BUT you can't go on worrying forever. Jenkins succumbed to a house in the suburbs. He started reading about other people who had moved to the suburbs. (Suburban syndrome.) And he began fixing things. This was the "how to do it" decade, and Jenkins wasn't about to be left out of it. "They call me Hypotenuse Harry," he remarked on one occasion. "I am the sum of the squares." He tinkered with everything in sight. It wasn't that he wanted to, or couldn't get a handyman. . . . No, it was just that once again he'd come under the spell of books. "I can't *really* fix things," he admitted, "but the reading is fine."

It didn't last, though. Jenkins had a guru after all. He's gone Zen in this way-out decade of the Sixties, and there are times when he acts Absurdly. Leisure bothers him (what to do with it), and it's harder and harder for him to get in-

(*Continued on page* 126)



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(Nonfiction). Diet and Health. By Lulu Hunt Peters. Reilly & Lee.
1925 Soundings. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown.
Diet and Health. By Lulu Hunt Peters. Little, Brown.
1926 The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill.
The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton. Bobbs-Merrill.
1927 Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
The Story of Philosophy. By Will Durant. Simon & Schuster.
1928 The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder. A. & C. Boni.
Disraeli. By André Maurois. Appleton.
1929 All Quiet on the Western Front. By Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown.
The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Simon & Schuster.
1930 Cimarron. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran.
The Story of San Michele. By Axel Munthe. Dutton.
1931 The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day.
Education of a Princess. By the Grand Duchess Marie. Viking.
1932 The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day.
The Epic of America. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown.
1933 Anthony Adverse. By Hervey Allen. Farrar & Rinehart.
Life Begins at Forty. By Walter B. Pitkin. Whittlesey House.
1934 Anthony Adverse. By Hervey Allen. Farrar & Rinehart.
While Rome Burns. By Alexander Woollcott. Viking.
1935 Green Light. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin.
North to the Orient. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt, Brace.
1936 Gone With the Wind. By Margaret Mitchell. Macmillan.
Man the Unknown. By Alexis Carrel. Harper.
1937 Gone With the Wind. By Margaret Mitchell. Macmillan.
How to Win Friends and Influence People. By Dale Carnegie. Simon & Schuster.
1938 The Yearling. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribners.
The Importance of Living. By Lin Yutang. John Day.
1939 The Grapes of Wrath. By John Steinbeck. Viking.
Days of Our Years. By Pierre van Paassen. Hillman-Curl.
1940 How Green Was My Valley. By Richard Llewellyn. Macmillan.
I Married Adventure. By Osa Johnson. Lippincott.
1941 The Keys of the Kingdom. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown.
Berlin Diary. By William L. Shirer. Knopf.
1942 The Song of Bernadette. By Franz Werfel. Viking.
See Here, Private Hargrove. By Marion Hargrove. Holt.
1943 The Robe. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin.
Under Cover. By John Roy Carlson. Dutton.
1944 Strange Fruit. By Lillian Smith. Reynal & Hitchcock.
I Never Left Home. By Bob Hope. Simon & Schuster.
1945 Forever Amber. By Kathleen Winsor. Macmillan.
Brave Men. By Ernie Pyle. Holt.
1946 The King's General. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday.
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1956 Don't Go Near the Water. By William Brinkley. Random House.
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To Look Magazine

THE SOCIETY OF MAGAZINE WRITERS AWARD FOR THE OUTSTANDING MAGAZINE EDITOR OF THE YEAR

The Society of Magazine Writers is a national organization of professional authors whose articles appear in many magazines. With a thorough knowledge of the publishing industry and everyone in it, the Society named LOOK Editor Daniel D. Mich as "the editor who has done the most in the year 1963 to raise the standards of magazines as a medium of democratic communication."

To Look Magazine

A 1964 SCHOOL BELL AWARD FROM THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

Cited this year "for distinguished continuous coverage of education," LOOK is the only magazine to have received an N.E.A. School Bell Award every year since the educators established their honors program in 1956. From April 1963 to April 1964, the period covered by the latest award, LOOK published a score of articles on education. They dealt with such subjects as high school dropouts, integration, parochial schools and the 1963 Teacher of the Year (selected by LOOK in cooperation with the U.S. Office of Education and the Council of Chief State School Officers).

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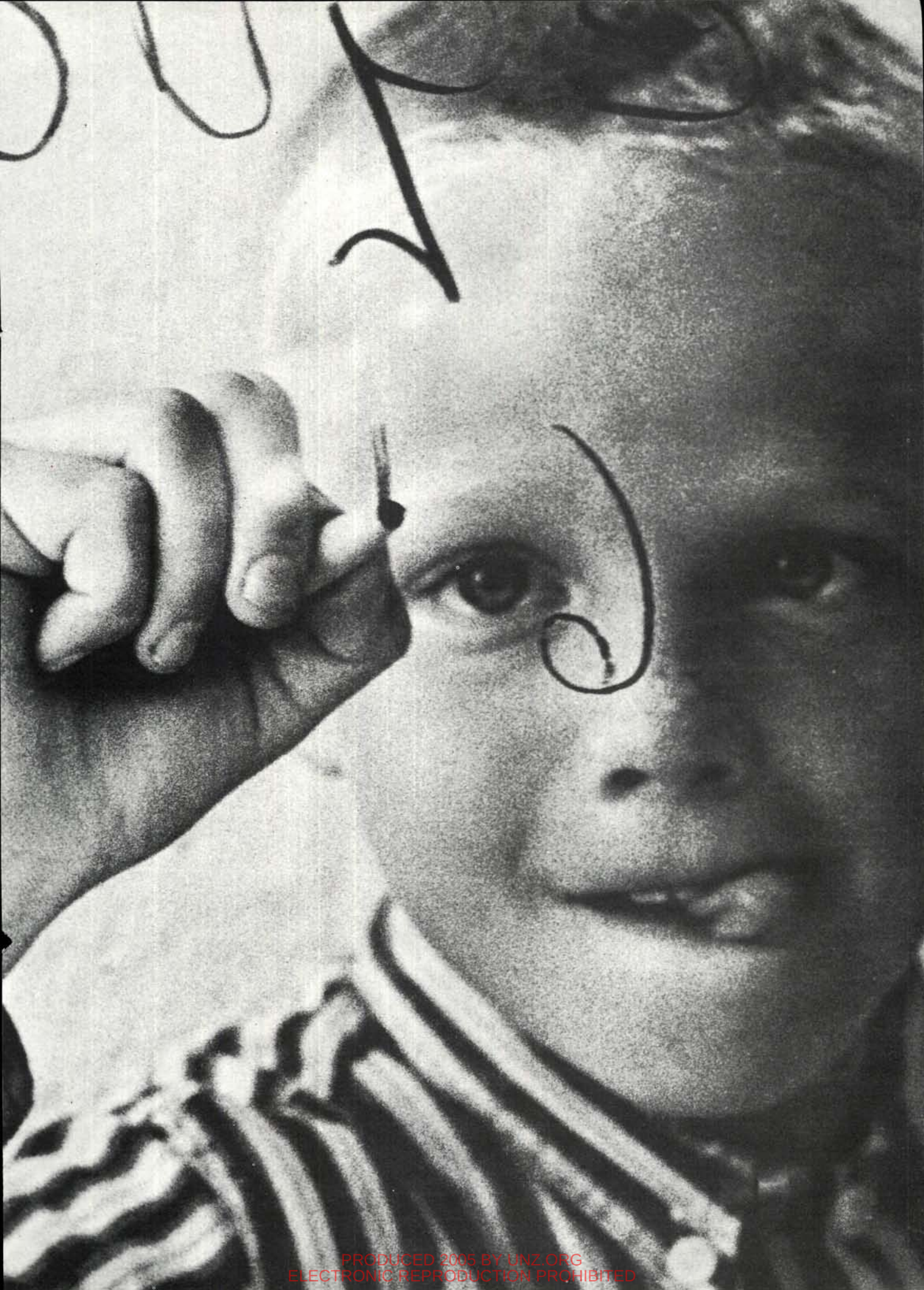

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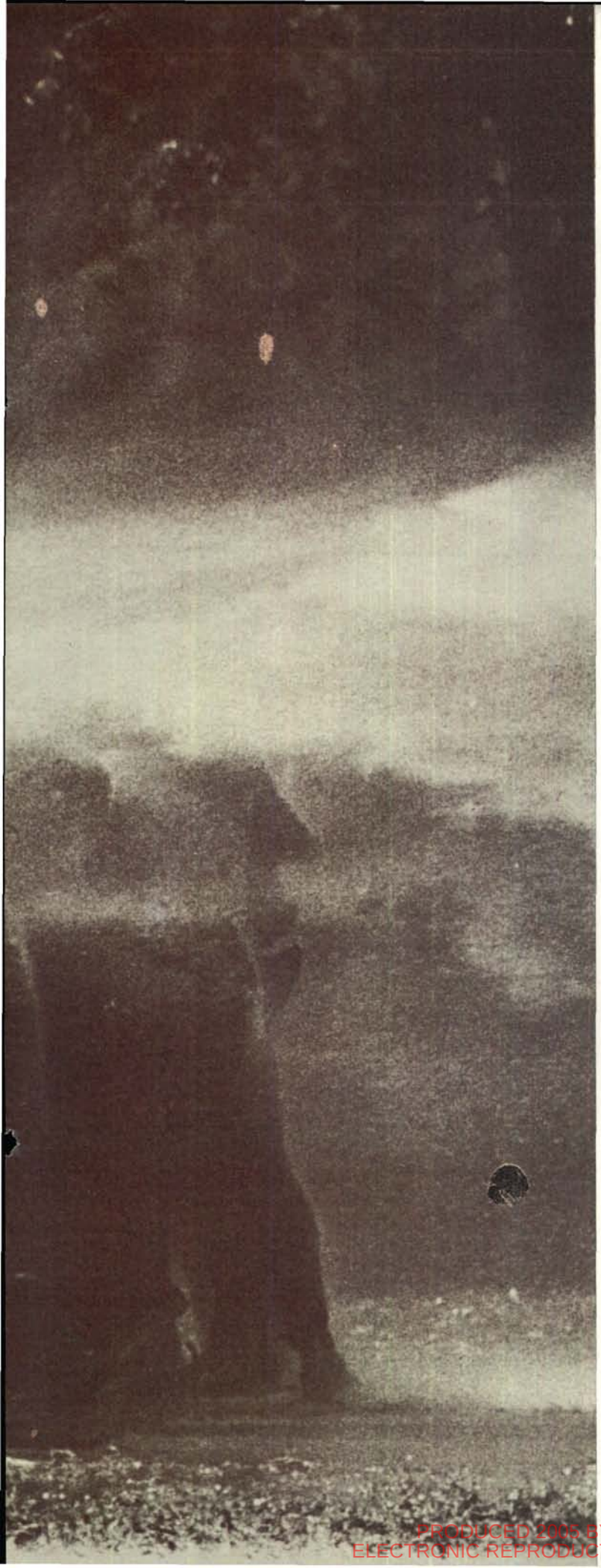

To Look Magazine

THE 1964 SIGMA DELTA CHI AWARD FOR "PUBLIC SERVICE IN MAGAZINE JOURNALISM"

Each year, Sigma Delta Chi—America's oldest and largest professional journalistic society—presents one public service award to a magazine. In each of the past three years, and in six of the past twelve, it has gone to LOOK. The 1964 award states: "LOOK is cited not for a single story or issue, but for its continuing, penetrating definitions of man's problems in today's complex society."

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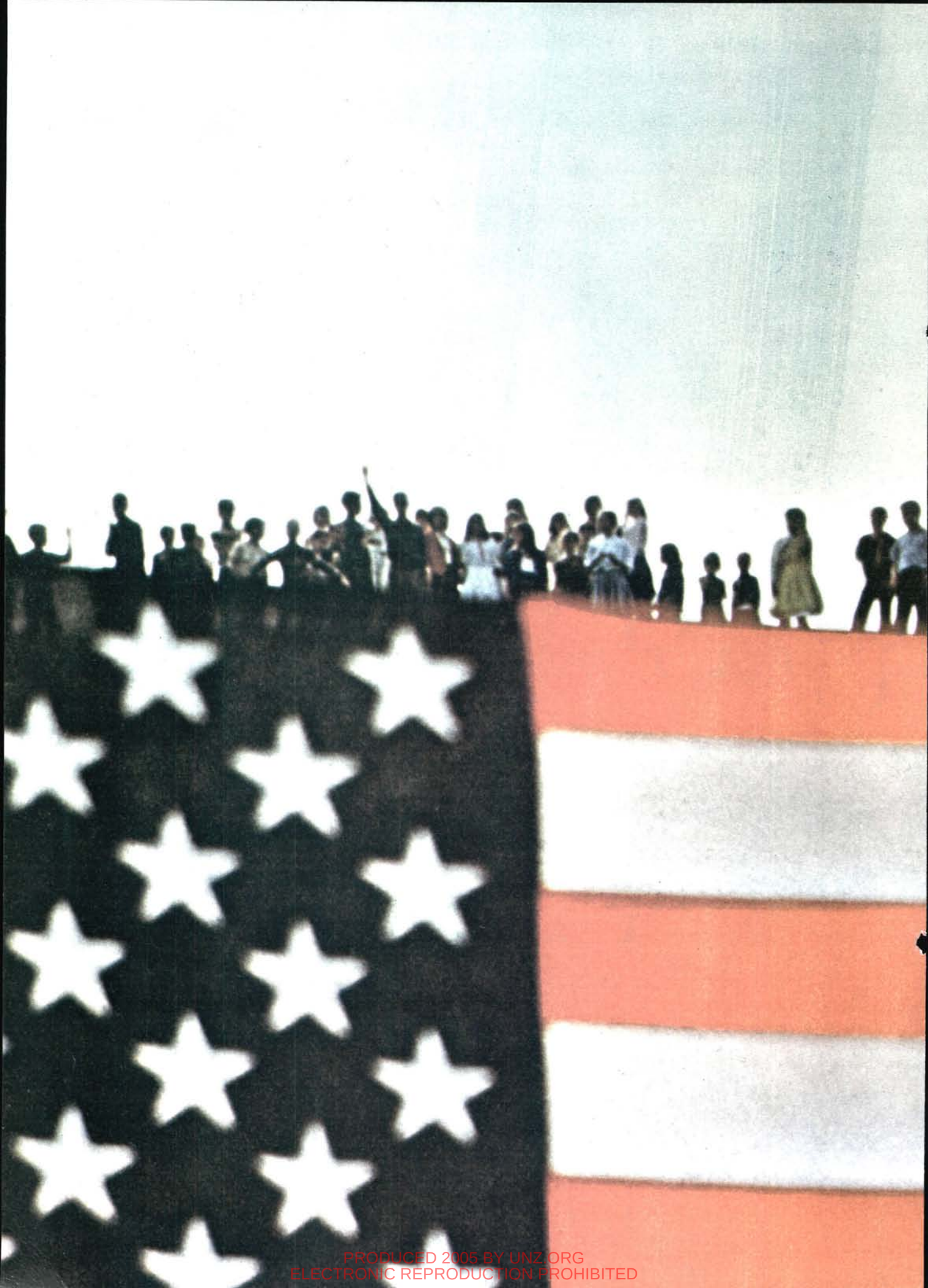

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To Look Magazine

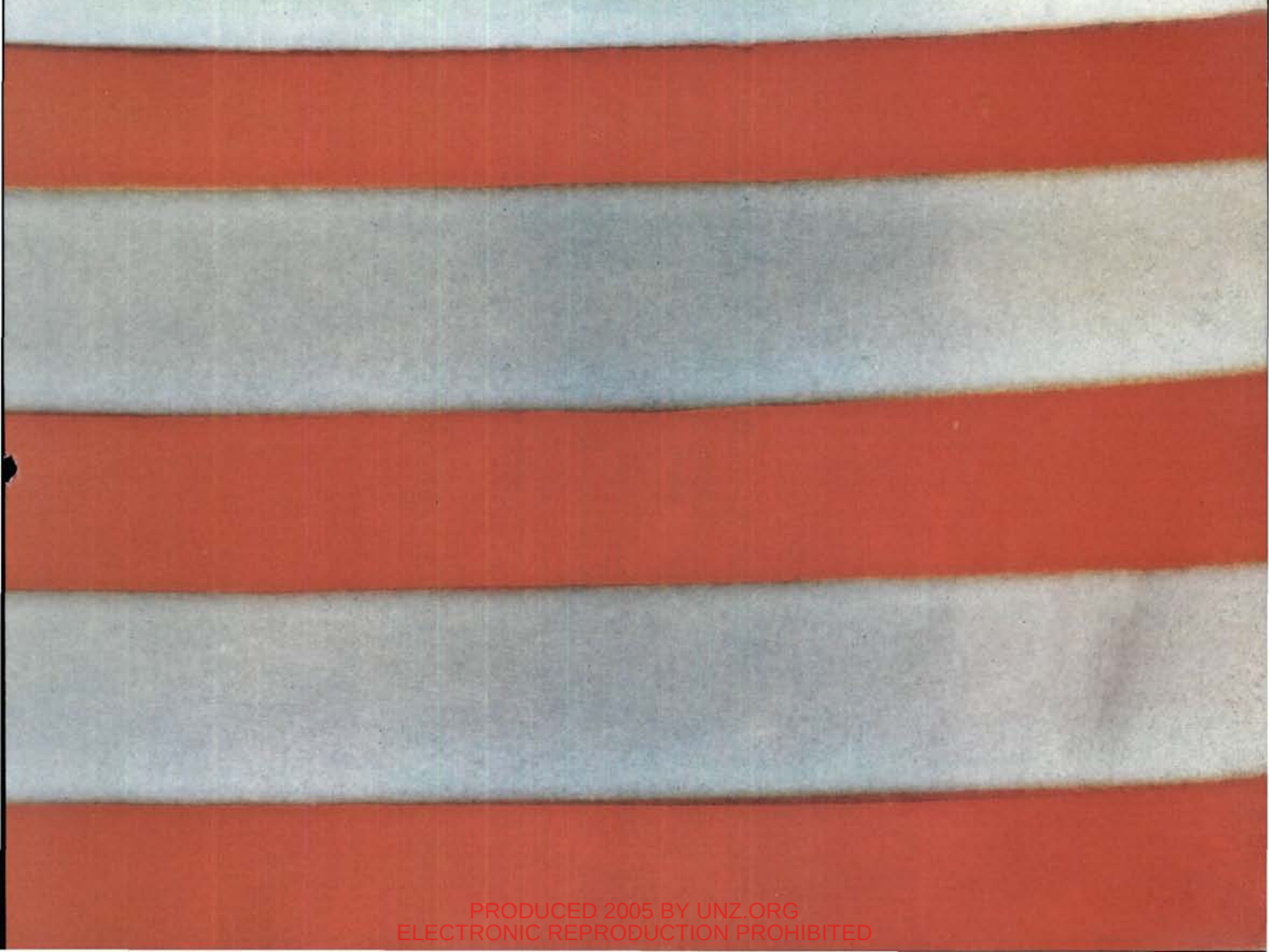
A 1964 HONOR MEDAL FROM FREEDOMS FOUNDATION

Established in 1949 as a non-profit, non-political organization, Freedoms Foundation presents awards each year "for outstanding achievement in bringing about a better understanding of the American way of life." LOOK's latest Freedoms Foundation award—its fifteenth in the past eight years—honored the magazine for fostering civic improvement through its annual All America Cities Awards program.

To Look Magazine

A 1964 GAVEL AWARD FROM THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

The American Bar Association gives a small number of Gavel Awards to communications media each year "for distinguished service in familiarizing the public with the basic values of our legal and judicial system." In 1964, the only magazine to receive the award was LOOK. It was cited for several 1963 articles "which contributed to public understanding of the American system of law."



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THE 1964 OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB AWARDS FOR "THE BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS" AND "THE BEST ARTICLE ON LATIN AMERICA"

To Look Magazine

THE 1964 NEW YORK NEWSPAPER GUILD AWARD FOR "THE BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING OF THE YEAR"

To Look Magazine

THE 1964 NATIONAL HEADLINERS CLUB MAGAZINE AWARD "FOR CONSISTENTLY OUTSTANDING FEATURE WRITING"

All four of these honors were won by LOOK Senior Editor Laura Bergquist, who is the first magazine writer ever to receive two awards in the same year from the Overseas Press Club. The first three awards listed cite Miss Bergquist's report on "My 28 Days in Communist Cuba" (LOOK, April 6, 1963). The fourth is in recognition of all of her recent articles in LOOK, on subjects ranging from political unrest in French Canada to John F. Kennedy and his son.

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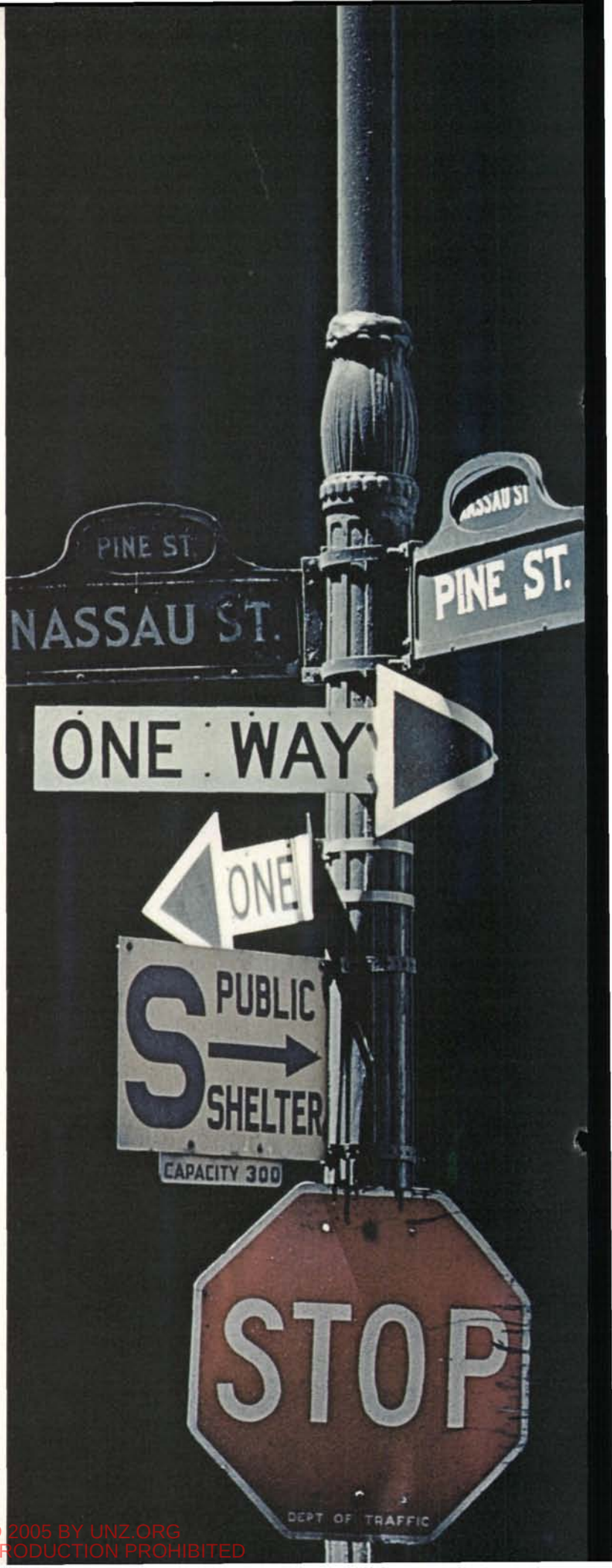
A 1964 GOLD MEDAL FROM THE ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF NEW YORK

Since 1961, LOOK has received five Gold Medals—the highest award for editorial art and design—from the Art Directors Club of New York. No other magazine has won more than three. This year, LOOK was the only magazine to get a Gold Medal. It was presented to LOOK Editorial Art Director Allen Hurlburt for the design of the complete editorial unit in "The New New York" (LOOK, March 26, 1963).



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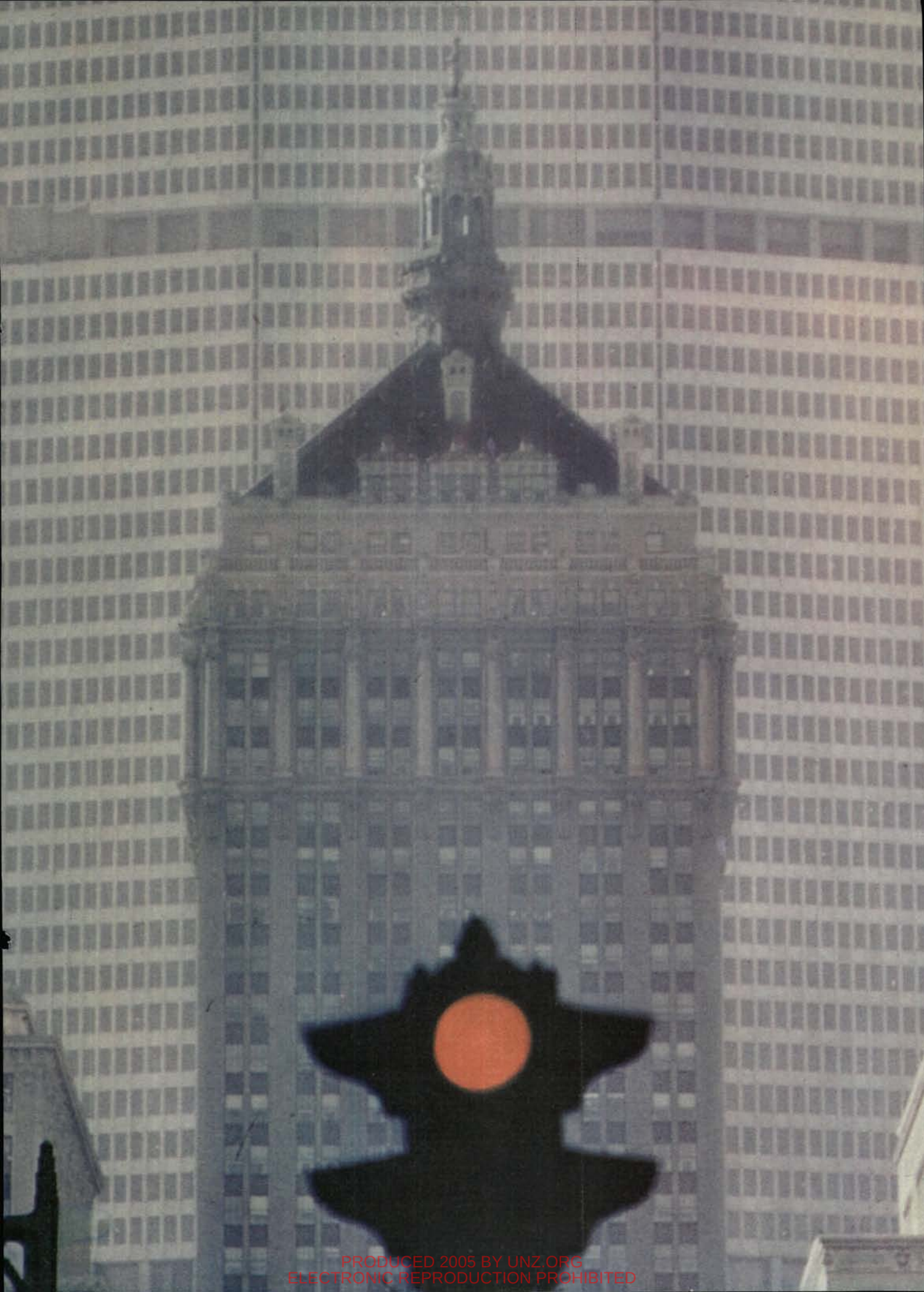

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To Look Magazine

A 1964 BROTHERHOOD AWARD FROM THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

In six of the past seven years, LOOK has received an award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews for "outstanding contribution to better human relations and the cause of brotherhood." The 1964 N.C.C.J. award to LOOK cited the stirring editorial, "We Hold These Truths" (LOOK, January 15, 1963), by LOOK Special Editorial Adviser Leo Rosten.

To Look Magazine

THE 1964 WHITE HOUSE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION AWARD FOR THE BEST NEWS PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR

In 1964, LOOK's Stanley Tretick became the first photographer ever to win two first prizes for color in the annual competitions of the White House News Photographers' Association. His 1964 award was for the unforgettable cover portrait of John F. Kennedy and his son (LOOK, December 3, 1963). His first W.H.N.P.A. color award, in 1962, was also for a LOOK photograph of Mr. Kennedy.

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To Look Magazine

THE 1964 NATIONAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION AWARD "FOR THE BEST USE OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANY MAGAZINE"

Each year, the National Press Photographers Association—in cooperation with World Book Encyclopedia and the University of Missouri School of Journalism—presents the most sought after awards in photojournalism. LOOK's 1964 award was not for a single picture but for general editorial content that "best demonstrated the potential of the photograph to communicate ideas and emotions."

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These awards cover the entire spectrum of magazine publishing—from reporting to design and layout, from photography to feature writing. They are a tribute not to a single phase of editorial enterprise but to the basic LOOK approach . . . the unique LOOK concept of personal journalism. They are evidence of the kind of dedicated and inspired editing that has made LOOK the biggest-selling magazine in its field and one of the most highly-respected channels of communication to the American public.

LOOK A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, IN

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Do You Remember....

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In addition to the top best-sellers listed on page 92, the fiction and general works annotated below by Alice P. Hackett reflect year by year the moods, the concerns, the literary tastes of the majority of Americans during the past four decades.*

By ALICE P. HACKETT

1924

FORTY YEARS AGO more people were reading Edna Ferber's first big hit *So Big* (Doubleday, Page) than any other current novel. Second in popularity to this story of a mother and her son on a farm near Chicago was the then-shocking novel of college life *The Plastic Age*, by Percy Marks (Century). Along with those two, people were buying *The Little French Girl*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin), romance and adventure by Philip Gibbs, James Oliver Curwood, Zane Grey, Coningsby Dawson, and Rafael Sabatini, as well as Booth Tarkington's *The Midlander* (Doubleday, Page). In 1924, as in most years since then, the nonfiction best-seller list was dominated by "how-to" books—on cookery, health, etiquette, self-improvement of body and mind, and books to amuse and entertain. The *Cross Word Puzzle Books* were an innovation, the first best-sellers of the new firm of Simon & Schuster. Biography was an important subject. Papini's *Life of Christ* (Harcourt, Brace), Maurois's *Ariel* (Appleton), *Mark Twain's Autobiography* (Harper), and *The Americanization of Edward Bok* (Scribners) appealed to readers of the day, as did *Saint Joan* by Bernard Shaw (Brentano's).

1925

Arrowsmith (Harcourt, Brace), which was Sinclair Lewis's third great success and certainly the most intransient of the popular books of 1925, introduced the subject of medical research into American fiction. Other remembered novels of the year are *The Constant Nymph*, by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page); *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen (Doran)—daring for its time—and *The Perennial Bachelor*, by Anne Parrish. Papini, Maurois, and Bok (with a new book, *Twice Thirty*, Scribners) reaffirmed the popularity of biography, joined by Lord Grey with his *Twenty-Five Years* (Stokes), J. J. Brousson with *Anatole France Himself* (Lippincott), and an advertising man's version of the life of Jesus, *The Man Nobody Knows*, by Bruce Barton (Bobbs-Merrill). Outstanding in 1925 was the appearance of *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne (Dutton), the Christopher Robin verses enjoyed by both children and adults ever since.

1926

HUMOR HEADED the best-selling novels. Columbia professor John Erskine's *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* (Bobbs-Merrill) provided sophisticated amusement in a novel that told what happened to Helen after she left Menelaus. The almost slapstick comedy of Hollywood's Anita Loos was the year's second choice in fiction, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (Boni & Liveright). Only in eighth place then was the best-known novel of all, *Show Boat*, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page). *Sorrell and Son*, by Warwick Deeping (Knopf), was a big hit and made its author one of the most popular novelists of the Twenties and early Thirties. Galsworthy's *The Silver Spoon* (Scribners) was a best-seller of 1926 as were two well-known romances by P. C. Wren, *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur* (Stokes). The first volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* (Scribners) pointed up a new interest in American contemporary history, as George A. Dorsey's *Why We Behave Like Human Beings* did in psychology.

1927

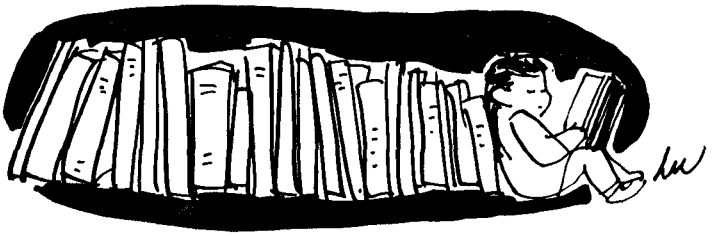
SINCLAIR LEWIS topped every other novelist with his story of a hell-fire preacher, *Elmer Gantry* (Harcourt, Brace). The first book of Mazo de la Roche's long-continued chronicle of a Canadian family, *Jalna* (Little, Brown), was also a great hit. Louis Bromfield made his first appearance on the annual best-seller list with his fourth novel, *A Good Woman* (Stokes). Such familiar names as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Warwick Deeping, Edith Wharton, Anne Parrish, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick filled the rest of the fiction list. In nonfiction the title most immediately familiar to the 1964 public is *Revolt in the Desert*, T. E. Lawrence's abridged account of his wartime exploit in Arabia (Doran). For the readers of 1927 it was *We*, Charles Lindbergh's story of his record-breaking solo flight across the Atlantic (Putnam). Outselling all others, however, was *The Story of Philosophy* (Simon & Schuster), foremost of the many books of the period that popularized specific fields of knowledge. This was historian Will Durant's first great success. *Napoleon*, by Emil Ludwig (Boni & Liveright), was a notable biography of the year, while Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* (Harcourt, Brace) awakened a large number of people to the human problems of India at that time.

1928

GALSWORTHY, Hugh Walpole, Tarkington, Deeping, and Bromfield were the popular novelists of the Twenties, titles by them filling the fiction list of 1928. The leader of the year, however, was a book by a new writer, Thornton Wilder. His *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (A. & C. Boni), reviewed as a modern masterpiece, made such an impact that the Pulitzer Prize judges for the first time gave the award for a novel to a book with a setting outside the United States, in this case South America. As usual throughout this decade, biography was paramount. André Maurois's *Disraeli* (Appleton) led nonfiction. Emil Ludwig had a new biography, *Goethe* (Putnam). Richard E. Byrd added his account of North Pole flying adventure, *Skyward* (Putnam), to the still popular *We*. Interesting best-sellers of the year were Eugene O'Neill's long drama, *Strange Interlude* (Liveright), and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, by George Bernard Shaw.

1929

THE GREAT NOVEL of World War I, appearing here eleven years after the end of that war, and written by a German, was the best-seller of the last of the early-century boom years. The novel was *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque (Little, Brown), whose novels are still best-sellers. *Dodsworth* (Harcourt, Brace), one of Sinclair Lewis's most popular works as book, play, and movie, was second. Interest in regional fiction was reflected in two dis-



Titles mentioned in these pages appeared on national best-seller lists. The statistics, based on sales in American bookstores, are from Alice P. Hackett's *Sixty Years of Best Sellers* (Bowker, 1956) and from the annual best-seller lists of *Publishers' Weekly*.

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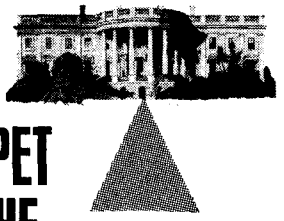

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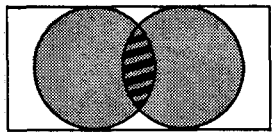

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tinctive novels of the deep South, *Mamba's Daughters,* by Du Bose Heyward (Doubleday, Doran), and *Scarlet Sister Mary,* first novel by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill), which won the Pulitzer Prize of the year. Leading nonfiction title of the year with respect to sales was French religious philosopher Ernest Dimnet's *The Art of Thinking* (Simon & Schuster). Classed among nonfiction, a Civil War narrative in poetry was the most notable and perhaps most enduring book on the list—*John Brown's Body,* by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doubleday, Doran). Newspaper political commentator Walter Lippmann made his first appearance among best-sellers with *A Preface to Morals* (Macmillan). Prominent biographies were *Henry the Eighth,* by Francis Hackett (Liveright), and *Elizabeth and Essex,* by Lytton Strachey (Harcourt, Brace).

1930

NOVELISTS familiar to the reading public dominated the best-seller list in the first full year of the economic depression. Edna Ferber led with her tale of pioneer Oklahoma, *Cimarron* (Doubleday, Doran). Hugh Walpole published what was perhaps his most popular novel, *Rogue Herries* (Doubleday, Doran). New names were Margaret Ayer Barnes, who won the Pulitzer Prize with a long novel about the social scene in the early part of this century, *Years of Grace* (Houghton Mifflin), and Katharine Brush, author of the sprightly and entertaining *Young Man of Manhattan* (Farrar & Rinehart). Leading off nonfiction was the forerunner of many "doctor stories," *The Story of San Michele,* by the Swedish Dr. Axel Munthe (Dutton). Will James made a great hit with *Lone Cowboy* (Scribners). *The Adams Family* (Little, Brown) was one of James Truslow Adams's contributions to American history and biography, while historians Charles and Mary Beard wrote a serious study for the general reader, a two-volume work, *The Rise of American Civilization* (Macmillan), which reached a wide audience.

1931

WELL KNOWN, if by name only, to readers of the Sixties are some of the most popular novels of 1931—books such as *Grand Hotel,* by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran), and *Back Street,* by Fannie Hurst (Cosmopolitan Book Co.). A permanent place in twentieth-century literature was also won by the two top novels of the year: *The Good Earth,* Pearl Buck's story of poverty-stricken China under the war lords (John Day), which was an important factor in her being awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, and *Shadows on the Rock,* by Willa Cather (Knopf), a novel laid in seventeenth-century Quebec. A memoir of imperial Russia, a guide to the new post-revolutionary Russia, an exposé of Washington political and social life, and a volume of poetry were the features of 1931 nonfiction. They were, in that order, *Education of a Princess,* by the Grand Duchess Marie, one of the former imperial Russian family (Viking); *New Russia's Primer,* by M. Ilin (Houghton Mifflin); *Washington Merry-Go-Round,* published anonymously but later acknowledged as the work of columnists Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen (Liveright); and *Fatal Interview,* by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper).

1932

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO marked the first appearance on a best-seller list of Lloyd C. Douglas, whose books were to be great sellers for twenty years or more. *Magnificent Obsession* (Willett, Clark) was that rarity, the "word-of-mouth" seller, winning its way by its own momentum. It was the first novel written by Lloyd Douglas after his retirement from the ministry. A. J. Cronin also made his début on this annual list with *Three Loves* (Little, Brown). Other popular novels were *The Sheltered Life* (Doubleday, Doran) and *Inheritance* (Macmillan) by, respectively, Ellen Glasgow and Phyllis Bentley. In that worst year of the Depression, the memorable books of nonfiction were mostly about the past. Leading was James Truslow Adams's *The Epic of America* (Little, Brown), followed by *Only Yesterday* (Harper), an evocation of the U.S. not so long ago by Frederick Lewis Allen, then an editor of *Harper's Magazine. Van Loon's Geography,* by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon & Schuster), and *The Story of My Life* (Scribners), by Clarence Darrow, most famous defense lawyer of his time, were books that won many readers.

1933

Anthony Adverse, by Hervey Allen (Farrar & Rinehart), which set new sales records, was the first popular novel of great length since Victorian days and swung public taste back to the historical novel. The next most-talked-about novel of the year was that of a German writer, Hans Fallada, whose *Little Man, What Now?* (Simon & Schuster) was a story of depressed postwar Germany. *Looking Forward* (John Day), the first book by Franklin D. Roosevelt after he became President, found many readers, but the top nonfiction of the year was Columbia Professor Walter B. Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* (Whittlesey House), the title itself becoming part of the American language. Many readers were attracted to *British Agent,* by R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Putnam), an account of a British diplomat's experiences in the Russia of

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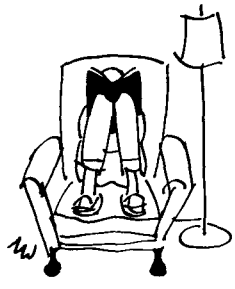
Lenin and Trotsky. However, in biography and autobiography Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette* (Viking) and *The House of Exile*, by Nora Waln (Little, Brown) were outstanding. Yet another best-seller, *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink (Vanguard), made fallacious consumer advertising its butt.

1934

AGAIN TWO NOVELS of the South won high places among best-sellers and, again, one of them won the Pulitzer Prize. One was *Lamb in His Bosom*, by Caroline Miller (Harper); the other was *So Red the Rose*, by Stark Young (Scribners). Four women writers reached their first very large audiences: Phyllis Bottome with a story of abnormal psychology, *Private Worlds* (Houghton Mifflin); Mary



Ellen Chase with a story of Maine life, *Mary Peters* (Macmillan); Alice Tisdale Hobart with *Oil for the Lamps of China* (Bobbs-Merrill), and Danish writer Isak Dinesen with her *Seven Gothic Tales* (Smith & Haas). Another best-selling novel was directly connected to the top nonfiction title of the year, *While Rome Burns*, by Alexander Woollcott (Viking). As raconteur Mr. Woollcott had one of the largest radio followings of the time; his recommendation of books was tremendously influential. It was he who first made James Hilton's books nationally successful, and brought his 1934 tale of an English schoolmaster, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (Little, Brown), to an enthusiastic audience. Notable biographies and autobiographies were *Nijinsky*, by Romola Nijinsky (Simon & Schuster), *The Native's Return*, about Yugoslavia, by Louis Adamic (Harper), and *Brazilian Adventure*, by Peter Fleming (Scribners). *Stars Fell on Alabama* (Farrar & Rinehart), Carl Carmer's exploration of regional history and folkways, also attracted wide attention.

1935

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS'S third novel, *Green Light* (Houghton Mifflin), was 1935's fiction best-seller. Other names of distinguished authors achieving solid success appeared. Ellen Glasgow, an author of recognized merit for almost four decades, was second on the list with *Vein of Iron* (Harcourt, Brace). Third was Thomas Wolfe with his second novel,

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MORROW

Of Time and the River (Scribners), and further down the list were Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (Viking) and Robert Briffault's *Europa* (Scribners). Besides *Mr. Chips,* now in its second year on the best-seller list, James Hilton had the much longer novel, also a Woollcott recommendation, which was to prove even more popular, *Lost Horizon* (Morrow). Both Mr. Chips and Shangri-la became meaningful words in our language. Nonfiction accounted for an unusually large number of books both popular and critically well received. Leading all others was Anne Morrow Lindbergh's account of her flight, as navigator, with her famous husband over the North Pole to Japan, *North to the Orient* (Harcourt, Brace). *Life with Father* (Knopf), also fondly remembered as a play, contained Clarence Day's reminiscences of his New York family early in the century. *Personal History* (Doubleday, Doran) was newspaperman Vincent Sheean's account of stirring events. And along with these came Francis Hackett's *Francis the First* (Doubleday, Doran), *R. E. Lee,* by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribners), as well as scientist Hans Zinsser's *Rats, Lice and History* (Little, Brown).

1936

Gone With the Wind (Macmillan), Margaret Mitchell's first and only book, another example of the long historical novel, began its two-year reign as a record-breaking best-seller. The speed of its sales gave this gripping narrative of Southern devastation during the Civil War added publicity. Philosopher George Santayana wrote of twentieth-century Brahmin Boston in *The Last Puritan* (Scribners). Another new name was added to best-selling authors of historical fiction, that of Walter D. Edmonds, who wrote *Drums Along the Mohawk* (Little, Brown). *It Can't Happen Here* (Doubleday, Doran) was Sinclair Lewis's warning to Americans because of what was happening in Germany at the time. Rebecca West and Aldous Huxley were English writers whose books appeared for the first time among our best-sellers: respectively, *The Thinking Reed* (Viking) and *Eyeless in Gaza* (Harper). Nineteen thirty-six marked the appearance of the first of John Gunther's long and famous list of "inside" books, *Inside Europe* (Harper). *I Write as I Please,* by Walter Duranty (Simon & Schuster), was one of the most widely-read reporters' stories of experiences in the USSR. Interest in medical science and research was pointed up by *Man the Unknown,* by surgeon Alexis Carrel (Harper), which headed 1936 nonfiction, and *An American Doctor's Odyssey,* by Victor Heiser (Norton).

1937

THE YEAR'S FICTION LIST was packed with substantial novels by such authors as Cronin, Maugham, Bromfield, and Hilton. Newcomers were Kenneth Roberts with his big historical novel *Northwest Passage* (Doubleday, Doran), Virginia Woolf with *The Years* (Harcourt, Brace), and John Steinbeck with his initial big popular success, *Of Mice and Men* (Covici, Friede). Nonfiction was, in the main, substantial too. To be noted were Noël Coward's autobiography, *Present Indicative* (Doubleday, Doran), *Mathematics for the Million,* by Lancelot Hogben (Norton), and Volume I of Van Wyck Brooks's critical history of American literature, *The Flowering of New England* (Dutton).

1938

MOST LONG-LIVED among the year's popular fiction, still being read today, were the leading best-seller, *The Yearling,* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribners), the story of a Florida boy and his fawn, and the famous *Rebecca,* by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran),which combined romance, mystery, and suspense in a way that satisfied a great audience and firmly established the author as one of the most popular of contemporary novelists. Nonfiction provided an interesting list. First was the work of a Chinese philosopher, *The Importance of Living,* by Lin Yutang (Reynal & Hitchcock). Margaret Halsey got off a lively spoof on the English, their manners and mores, in *With Malice Toward Some* (Simon & Schuster). There were biographies—*Madame Curie,* by her daughter Eve Curie (Doubleday, Doran), *Benjamin Franklin,* by Carl Van Doren (Viking), *Fanny Kemble,* by Margaret Armstrong (Macmillan). Both Anne Morrow Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd added to their narratives of exploration, the first in *Listen, the Wind!* (Harcourt, Brace) and the second in *Alone* (Putnam), this time about the Antarctic. Ogden Nash's *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* (Little, Brown) brought a favorite *New Yorker* writer to the fore in book form. The country doctor's story was told by Arthur E. Hertzler in *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* (Harper).

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1939

THE GREATEST NOVEL stemming from the Depression years was 1939's leading seller and Pulitzer Prize-winner, *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck (Viking). Like other well-known novels of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, such as *Grand Hotel*, *Elmer Gantry*, *East of Eden*, and *The Silver Chalice*, *The Grapes of Wrath* is reaching a new generation as a late-hour TV movie. John P. Marquand's first serious novel, *The Late George Apley*, had been both a popular and critical success when it was published in 1937. Frequently, as with Thomas Wolfe and many other writers, an author's second book achieved greater national popularity than his first; in Marquand's case it was *Wickford Point* (Little, Brown). More and more fiction as well as nonfiction was being based on the fateful events of the pre-World War II years. Such a novel was *Escape*, by Ethel Vance (Little, Brown), as its title implies an exciting story of flight from Nazi Germany. Christopher Morley, long prominent in other literary fields, wrote a widely read novel about a modern working girl, *Kitty Foyle* (Lippincott). *The Nazarene* (Putnam), reviving the religio-historical theme common to many popular novels over the years, was the work of a writer in Yiddish, Sholem Asch, then new to readers in the United States. Of world significance among the nonfiction best-sellers was Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* (Reynal & Hitchcock), and a number of outstanding titles mirrored European disorder. To be noted in other fields were Yale Professor William Lyon Phelps's *Autobiography with Letters* (Oxford), *Wind, Sand and Stars*, in which French flyer Antoine de St.-Exupéry (Reynal & Hitchcock) added to the poetic literature of flight, and, extending the American grass-roots country doctor theme, *Country Lawyer*, by Bellamy Partridge (Whittlesey House). John Gunther continued his series with *Inside Asia* (Harper).

1940

TWO NEW BRITISH writers proved excellent representatives of their country insofar as the American reading public was concerned. Leading fiction sales for the year was Richard Llewellyn's moving story of a Welsh mining family, *How Green Was My Valley* (Macmillan). Jan Struther, who was one of the most frequent and entertaining guests on the top radio show, *Information, Please!*, proved as popular with the book audience when her *Mrs. Miniver* (Harcourt, Brace) was published. Most memorable, from a literary standpoint, was the book that finished in fourth place, Ernest Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War and his first really big seller, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (Scribners). Two good, and lengthy, historical novels made the

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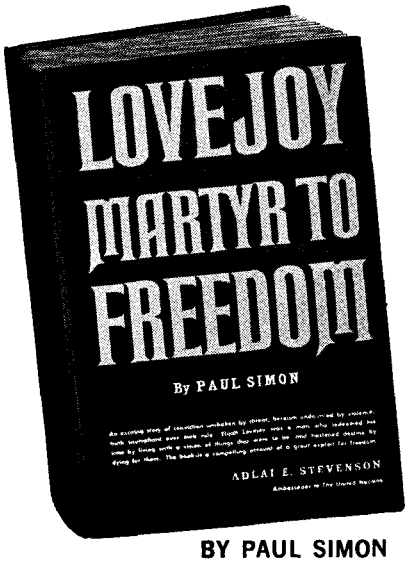

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grade—*Stars on the Sea*, by F. van Wyck Mason (Lippincott), and *Oliver Wiswell*, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran). In the first year of the live war only two nonfiction leaders were concerned with world political events: *American White Paper*, by Joseph W. Alsop, Jr., and Robert Kintner, Washington newsmen (Simon & Schuster), and *Days of Our Years*, by Pierre van Paassen (Dial). Top seller was Osa Johnson's record of her life with her explorer and big-game-photographer husband, Martin Johnson, *I Married Adventure* (Lippincott). Self-education and entertainment balanced each other in Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book* (Simon & Schuster) and Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance* (Doubleday, Doran).

1941

A. J. Cronin, who was to be one of the most popular of novelists over a score of years, hit the top of the fiction list with probably his best-liked book, *The Keys of the Kingdom* (Little, Brown). *Random Harvest*, by James Hilton (Little, Brown), a novel of the First World War, was second. *This Above All*, by Eric Knight (Harper), was one of the most highly appreciated novels of early World War II. Mr. Knight was, incidentally, the creator of "Lassie" in book form. Again fiction was filled with familiar names—Hemingway, Roberts, Marquand, Ferber, and Mary Ellen Chase. Books about the war were the most popular in nonfiction. *Berlin Diary*, by foreign correspondent William L. Shirer (Knopf), and Winston S. Churchill's speeches in *Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Putnam) were highly influential in the months before the United States entered the war, while Alice Duer Miller's narrative poem *The White Cliffs* (Coward-McCann) was emotionally moving.

1942

World War II was represented only by one very popular novel in the year after Pearl Harbor. This was John Steinbeck's story laid in invaded Norway, *The Moon Is Down* (Viking). Religious themes predominated. The year's leader was *The Song of Bernadette*, by Franz Werfel (Viking). Lloyd C. Douglas's most famous book, *The Robe* (Houghton Mifflin), made its initial appearance on the best-seller list, to which it was to return another four times. The humorous saga of the most popular G.I. of World War II, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, by Marion Hargrove (Holt), surpassed in sales all other nonfiction of the year. War books—technical, political, and personal—dominated the nonfiction scene. Perhaps most to be remembered were W. L. White's *They Were Expendable* (Harcourt, Brace), Ambassador Davies's *Mission to Moscow* (Simon & Schuster), and Elliot Paul's reminiscences, *The Last Time I Saw Paris* (Random House).

1943

The Robe had become the most widely-read novel of the time. In its second year it was at the top of best-sellers. Following it were such well-known novels as *The Valley of Decision*, by Marcia Davenport (Scribners); *So Little Time*, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown); *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by Betty Smith (Harper), and *The Human Comedy*, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace). *One World*, by Wendell L. Willkie (Simon & Schuster), was most impressive of the many war books that filled the

1943 nonfiction list. Not to be forgotten either were *Guadalcanal Diary*, by Richard Tregaskis (Random House), and *Here Is Your War* (Holt), first best-seller by the best-loved reporter of the war, Ernie Pyle. The only civilian books among the first ten of the year were *On Being a Real Person* (Harper), by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, famed New York pastor and radio preacher, and *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* (Dodd, Mead), recounting the madcap European travels of those prewar junior misses Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

1944

Pioneer in its time, *Strange Fruit* (Reynal & Hitchcock), a novel about Negro and white in the South, was written by Lillian Smith. The hotly discussed book shared with another the ban of Boston, which brought added publicity to both. The other was the first novel by Kathleen Winsor, a story of Restoration England, *Forever Amber* (Macmillan). Memorable for their quality were two books with war backgrounds in that last full year of World War II, *A Bell for Adano*, by John Hersey (Knopf), and *The Razor's Edge*, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran). Ernie Pyle's second book about the American G.I., *Brave Men* (Holt), joined his *Here Is Your War* on the nonfiction best-seller list, which was headed by a book of humorous war experiences, *I Never Left Home*, by touring comedian Bob Hope (Simon & Schuster). And one of the most popular war reporters, Quentin Reynolds, contributed *The Curtain Rises* (Random House). With little of the fanfare that was to come later to the story

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of Anna, *Anna and the King of Siam*, by Margaret Landon (John Day), reached eighth place on the year's list. Among the popular biographies were *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, Gene Fowler's life of John Barrymore (Viking), and *Yankee from Olympus*, an account of the Holmes family and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in particular, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown). Writing autobiographically, Ambassador Grew told about *Ten Years in Japan* (Simon & Schuster).

1945

NEW NAMES dotted the best-seller list along with others well established there, such as Lloyd C. Douglas, Sinclair Lewis, and James Hilton. Coming to the fore, each with what was to be one of many popular historical novels, were Thomas Costain, Samuel Shellabarger, and Irving Stone. The titles were *The Black Rose* (Doubleday), *Captain from Castile* (Little, Brown), and *Immortal Wife* (Doubleday). Douglas's *The Robe*, which had been first in 1943, was second in 1944 and again in 1945. New novelists were James Ramsey Ullman with his book about mountain climbers, *The White Tower* (Lippincott), Adria Locke Langley with *A Lion Is in the Streets* (Whittlesey House), a novel based on a Southern political character, and Gwethalyn Graham, Canadian author of *Earth and High Heaven* (Lippincott), which was concerned with the problem of religious prejudice. Ernie Pyle had been killed in the Pacific war theater early in the year. His best-seller of 1944, *Brave Men*, outsold every other title of both fiction and nonfiction the next year. Another war correspondent who illustrated his own books, Bill Mauldin, scored a hit with *Up Front* (Holt). The leading autobiography was Richard Wright's *Black Boy* (Harper). James Thurber took his first bow on the best-seller list with *The Thurber Carnival* (Harper).

1946

SEVERAL AUTHORS who are best-sellers today first reached that status in 1946: Taylor Caldwell with *This Side of Innocence* (Scribners); Frances Parkinson Keyes with *The River Road* (Messner), and Frank Yerby with *The Foxes of Harrow* (Dial). Other new names were Frederic Wakeman, who added another idiom to our language with his story of the advertising business, *The Hucksters* (Rinehart), and Mary Jane Ward, who performed the same semantic feat when her picture of a psychiatric institution, *The Snake Pit* (Random House), found many readers. The widely publicized, lively autobiography of Betty MacDonald, *The Egg and I* (Lippincott), won first place in nonfiction in 1946. Two biographies of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt were 1946 best-sellers: *As He*

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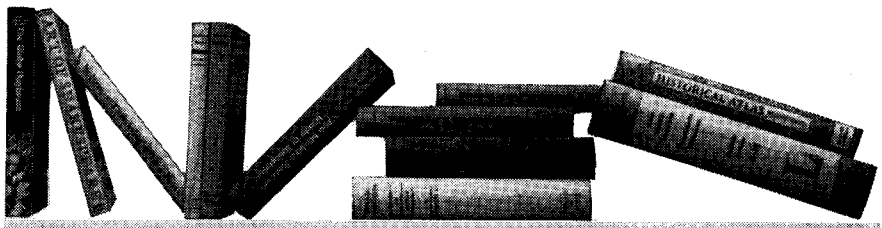

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Saw It, by Elliott Roosevelt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), and *The Roosevelt I Knew*, by Frances Perkins (Viking).

1947

The Miracle of the Bells, by Russell Janney (Prentice-Hall), was an example of the power of publicity and advertising to get great distribution for a book. The author, a theatrical producer, told a story that was good enough, however, to gain more readers in 1947 than did any other novel; it had been second in 1946 (the film is still around on late TV). Besides a roll of historical and modern novels by long-time popular writers, including *Lydia Bailey*, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday), and *Prince of Foxes*, by Samuel Shellabarger (Little, Brown), there were two books on the problems of prejudice. *Gentlemen's Agreement*, by Laura Z. Hobson (Simon & Schuster), dealt with Jewish-gentile relations; Sinclair Lewis's *Kingsblood Royal* (Random House) with those of Negro and white. *Peace of Mind*, by Rabbi Joshua L. Liebman (Simon & Schuster), which had been second in 1946, led nonfiction in 1947. Another impressive religious book of the year was *Human Destiny*, by the famous scientist Pierre Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans, Green). John Gunther's first edition of *Inside U.S.A.* (Harper), which has been revised a number of times since, was third on the 1947 list, while Arnold J. Toynbee's enduring work, *A Study of History* (Oxford), was also on the ladder. War memoirs continued to be well read.

1948

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart), was one of the most pervasively-read of World War II novels. In 1948 it was exceeded in sales only by Lloyd C. Douglas's religio-historical novel *The Big Fisherman* (Houghton Mifflin). Another interesting war novel was by playwright Irwin Shaw, *The Young Lions* (Random House). A leading first novel, bought by the public and discussed by the critics, was *Raintree County*, by Ross Lockridge, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). Not long after his book's success, the author committed suicide. People were also buying *Dinner at Antoine's*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner), probably that author's best-known book. Joining *Peace of Mind*, in its third year, was a layman's self-help book, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*, by Dale Carnegie (Simon & Schuster). His *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (Simon & Schuster) had been the best-seller of 1937. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's first best-seller, *A Guide to Confident Living* (Prentice-Hall), got around in 1948. And, along with religion and self-help, came sex. More people bought Dr. A. C. Kinsey's

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not inexpensive, serious study *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (Saunders) than might have been expected, especially since it was brought out by a medical publisher that did not push it unduly. However, topping everything during 1948 was General Dwight D. Eisenhower's account of the winning of the war, *Crusade in Europe* (Doubleday). Also in the field of contemporary history were *The Gathering Storm*, by Sir Winston Churchill (Houghton Mifflin), and *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, by Robert E. Sherwood (Harper).

1949

A NEW AUTHOR of popular historical fiction, Mika Waltari, headed the list with *The Egyptian* (Putnam), followed by the Biblical-historical works *The Big Fisherman*, by Lloyd C. Douglas, and *Mary*, by Sholem Asch (Putnam). John O'Hara made his first appearance as a top best-seller with *A Rage to Live* (Random House). Nonfiction was entirely dominated by books of games and entertainment and by inspirational works. The latter included *The Seven Storey Mountain*, by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace); *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, by Fulton Oursler (Doubleday); *Peace of Soul*, by the then Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen (Whittlesey House), a Catholic rejoinder to *Peace of Mind*, and, in its second year, *A Guide to Confident Living*.

1950

ONCE AGAIN a novel with a religious background was the most popular of the year with American readers. This was *The Cardinal*, by a writer new to the lists, Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster). Two novels had war backgrounds. In Ernest Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees* (Scribners) the war was a minor backdrop for the love story of an older man and a young girl. The wall that barred off the Jewish ghetto of Nazi-occupied Warsaw was the inspiration for John Hersey's great novel, *The Wall* (Knopf). In the wake of the numerous topical books of the war years, most popular nonfiction had turned out to be novelty and "how-to" books. There were few books for serious readers among the first ten of 1950. *The Mature Mind*, by philosopher-psychologist H. A. Overstreet (Norton), stood out like a beacon, and there were also Thor Heyerdahl's account of modern sea adventure, *Kon-Tiki* (Rand McNally), and the sermons of Washington minister Peter Marshall, *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master* (Revell).

1951

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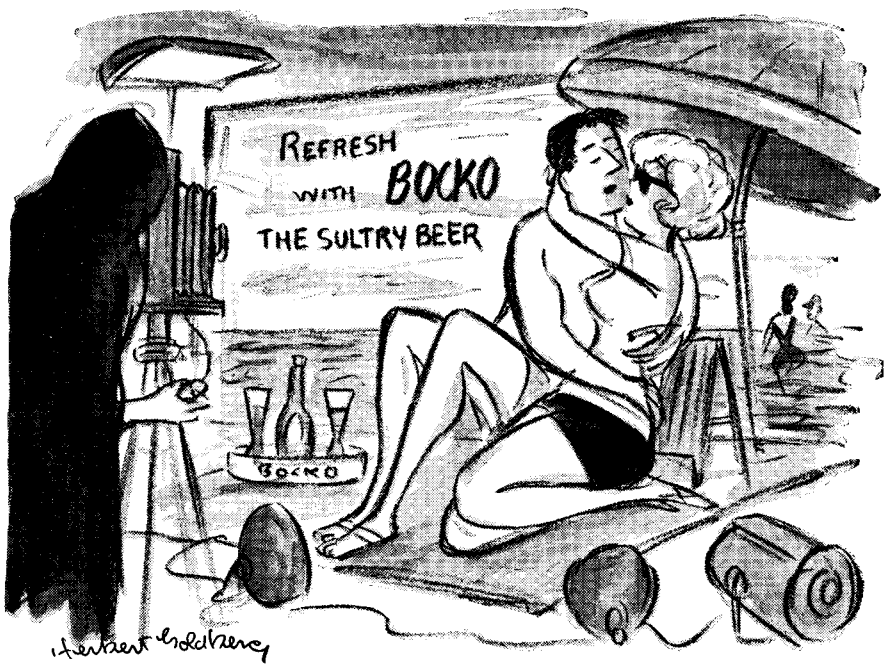
top was the first work of a new writer, James Jones, a strong story of the prewar Army in Hawaii, *From Here to Eternity* (Scribners). Excellent stories of the wartime Army and Navy followed it: *The Caine Mutiny*, by new novelist Herman Wouk (Doubleday), remembered as stage play and movie as well as a book; *The Cruel Sea*, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf), another writer new to the lists; and *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.*, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). James A. Michener, whose 1947 *Tales of the South Pacific* (Macmillan) did not achieve, on first book publication, the audiences that did the musical made from it, took a postwar look at the South Pacific in *Return to Paradise* (Random House). The nonfiction list was not so bright, though shining out at sixth place from among the picture books, health books, and cookbooks was Rachel Carson's marvelous account of *The Sea Around Us* (Oxford). *Washington Confidential*, by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer (Crown), harked back to *Washington Merry-Go-Round* of just twenty years before, and started the authors' series of "Confidential" books.

1952

STANDING OUT from all the popular historical novels of the year was Ernest Hemingway's short masterpiece, *The Old Man and the Sea* (Scribners). *The Caine Mutiny* was second for the second year, followed by John Steinbeck's *East of Eden* (Viking). Also in the running was Edna Ferber, who had turned to Texas and Texans for *Giant* (Doubleday). Because it is axiomatic that the Bible is always the best-seller, sales of Bibles are never totted up each year for the best-seller list. But in 1952 a new translation, long in preparation, was published, and, as a new book, became the top best-seller of that year and the following two. This was *The Holy Bible: Revised Standard Version* (Nelson). Dr. Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* (Prentice-Hall) was on the list as well as another religious book, *This I Believe*, edited by Edward P. Morgan (Simon & Schuster). Second in sales only to the Bible was Catherine Marshall's biography of her late minister husband, *A Man Called Peter* (Whittlesey House). There were other interesting biographies. Two of them, relating to the election year, were *This Is Ike*, edited by Wilson Hicks (Holt), and *Mr. President*, by William Hillman (Farrar, Straus & Young), about the Truman Administration. Actress Tallulah Bankhead told her own story in *Tallulah* (Harper), while, recalling events that came to light in 1948, the most important figure in the Alger Hiss case, aside from the principal, told the story of his life and his political activity in *Witness* (Random House). The author was Whittaker Chambers.

1953

TO COINCIDE with the release of movies based upon two books of previous years —two very different in subject matter— cheaper editions of *The Robe* and *From Here to Eternity* were popular features of 1953. *The Silver Chalice*, a religio-



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historical novel by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday), which had been 1952's most popular novel, was second in 1953, followed by historical and modern novels by favorite writers. Among new names in fiction were those of Leon Uris with the war novel *Battle Cry* (Putnam) and Ernest K. Gann with *The*

High and the Mighty (Sloane). Most of the popular books outside fiction were repeats from the year before or new books in the same vein as their authors' previous successes. They included the *Revised Standard Version*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *A Man Called Peter*, and *This I Believe*, all in the classification of religion. Dr. Kinsey followed the human male with *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (Saunders). Also in this area of human activity was Polly Adler's *A House Is Not a Home* (Rinehart).

1954

FROM A CRITICAL STANDPOINT the most interesting title among the popular novels of 1954 was *The View from Pompey's Head* (Doubleday), with which Hamilton Basso, well-known author, became a best-seller for the first time. His was the story of a Southern city as seen by a lawyer who was born there, but who made his first return to Pompey's Head after many years in New York. John Steinbeck's *Sweet Thursday* (Viking) and Mac Hyman's first novel, *No Time for Sergeants*, a riotous story of U.S. Army life as experienced by a raw recruit, were both made into successful plays. Top fiction seller was a novel that reaffirmed popular interest in medical matters, *Not as a Stranger*, by Morton Thompson (Scribners). For the third successive year, religious nonfiction proved most appealing to American book-buyers. Added to the *Revised Standard Version* and *The Power of Positive Thinking* were *The Prayers of Peter Marshall* (McGraw-Hill) and a new second volume of *This I Believe*, edited by Raymond Swing (Simon & Schuster). Elmer Davis, one of the best-liked commentators on the air through war and postwar years, wrote a book on current affairs, *But We Were Born Free* (Bobbs-Merrill). Choice in autobiography led to best-sellerdom sportswriter Grantland Rice's *The Tumult and the Shouting* (Barnes) and *I'll Cry Tomor-*

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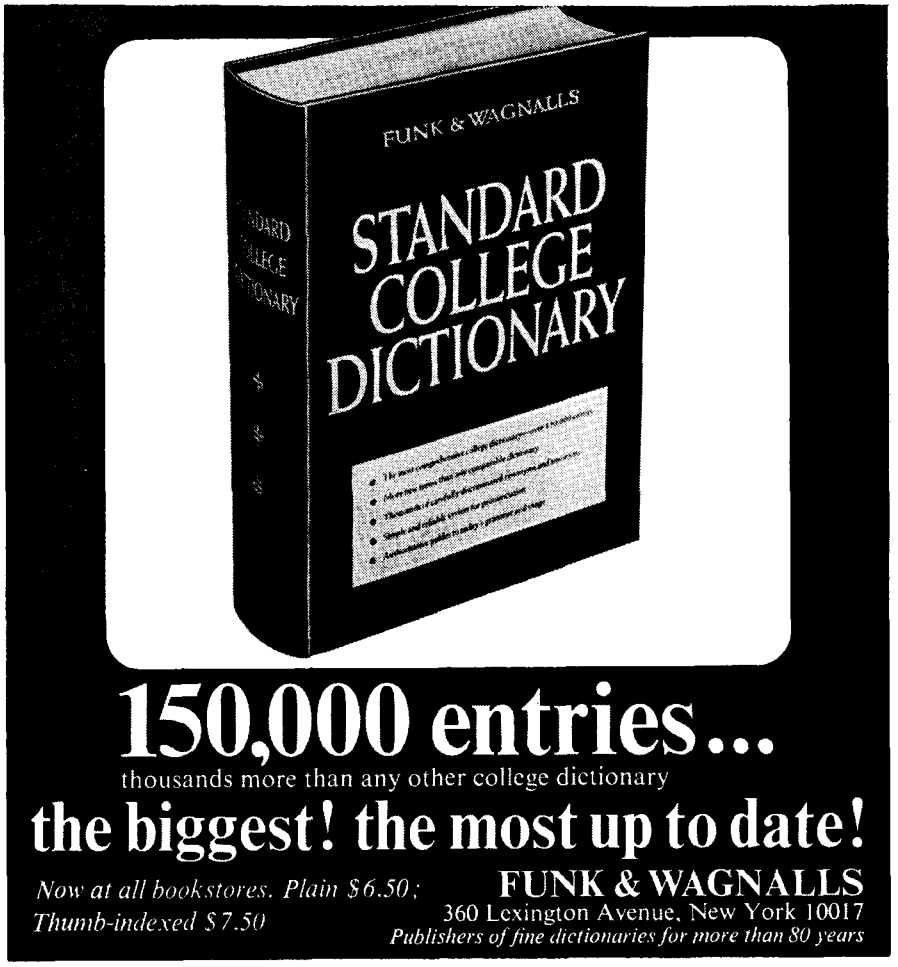

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1955

HERMAN WOUK, whose war novel had been so enthusiastically received four years before, returned to the fiction list, in first place this time, with a novel about the problems of a modern New York girl, *Marjorie Morningstar* (Doubleday). There were a number of interesting novels by authors new to the list. Patrick Dennis's *Auntie Mame* (Vanguard) introduced a delightfully eccentric but well-meaning character in a book that was turned into a big Broadway hit. MacKinlay Kantor had been known as novelist and poet for years; his long Civil War novel *Andersonville* (World) brought him fame. A young French girl, Françoise Sagan, intrigued many readers with her *Bonjour Tristesse* (Dutton). *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* by Sloan Wilson (Simon & Schuster), pictured the Madison Avenue man foreshadowed in *The Hucksters* of 1946. Anne Morrow Lindbergh returned to top the best-seller list, after seventeen years, with her *Gift from the Sea* (Pantheon), a thoughtful essay addressed primarily to women. *The Power of Positive Thinking* continued to sell extraordinarily well in its fourth year on the list, as did *A Man Called Peter* in its third. A book combining fine photography and science was *The Family of Man,* by Edward Steichen (Simon & Schuster). In the field of public affairs there were ex-President Truman's *Years of Decisions* (Doubleday) and John Gunther's *Inside Africa* (Harper).

1956

AS IN *No Time for Sergeants,* Mac Hyman's best-seller of 1953-54, the humor in *Don't Go Near the Water,* by William Brinkley (Random House), was aimed at martial life, this time the Navy in the Pacific. The book found more readers than any other novel of 1956. The two that followed it were by a writer new to the list and by a first novelist. Edwin O'Connor's first big best-seller was *The Last Hurrah* (Little, Brown), story of a once powerful politician in a New England city. The first novel was also laid in New England; it was Grace Metalious's *Peyton Place* (Messner), which attracted lots of publicity. "How-to" books and books of information surged up on the nonfiction list, which contained only two books for general reading. These were *The Search for Bridey Murphy,* by Morey Bernstein (Doubleday), a strange account of a young Colorado matron who under hypnosis assumed most convincingly the speech and character of an eighteenth-century Irishwoman; and, just reaching

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tenth place, Kathryn Hulme's moving biography of a Belgian nun, *The Nun's Story* (Little, Brown). Among other popular nonfiction of the year were *Profiles in Courage* (Harper), which won the Pulitzer Prize in biography for the then Senator John F. Kennedy; *The Birth of Britain* and *The New World* (Dodd, Mead), the first two volumes in Sir Winston Churchill's *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*; and a Civil War history by Bruce Catton, *This Hallowed Ground* (Doubleday).

1957

THE LEADING 1957 NOVEL, greatly praised by the critics, was the story, professional and emotional, of a New England lawyer, *By Love Possessed* (Harcourt, Brace). The author, James Gould Cozzens, had written many previous books. This one marked the high point of his career to date. Meyer Levin wrote *Compulsion* (Simon & Schuster), fictionalization of the Leopold-Loeb case of more than three decades before. With *On the Beach* (Morrow), a dramatic and chilling story of a future atomic war, Nevil Shute, who had written many popular novels over the years, reached the annual list for the first time. *Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing.* (Norton) was one of the most provocative book titles ever. These childhood reminiscences of Robert Paul Smith proved deservedly popular. Highly entertaining also were the personal sketches of everyday suburban life in *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, by Jean Kerr (Doubleday). And outstanding was the autobiography of Bernard M. Baruch, *Baruch: My Own Story* (Holt). *The FBI Story*, by Don Whitehead (Random House), was also high in the year's sales, while perennial best-selling writers on religious themes appeared again—Norman Vincent Peale with *Stay Alive All Your Life* (Prentice-Hall) and Catherine Marshall with the autobiographical *To Live Again* (McGraw-Hill).

1958

NOVELS BY RUSSIAN WRITERS were high spots in the year's fiction. First was Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* (Pantheon), the story of a doctor who was also a poet in post-revolutionary Russia. The Soviet government prevented the author from accepting the Nobel Prize for literature, which was awarded to him in that year. The twelve-year-old heroine of *Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam), became a familiar figure, on the screen as well as in the book, though there was little resemblance between movie and novel. *From the Terrace* (Random House) was a new John O'Hara best-seller. Edna Ferber celebrated what was to become the newest state, Alaska, in *Ice Palace* (Doubleday). And for the second successive year Art Linkletter's humorous *Kids Say*

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the Darndest Things! (Prentice-Hall) outsold the rest of nonfiction, even *The New Testament in Modern English (One-Volume Edition),* translated by J. R. Phillips (Macmillan). The first best-seller by a commentator on affairs present and past, whose books were to continue to be very popular, was *Only in America* (World). The author, Harry Golden, is the editor of the paper *The Carolina Israelite.* John Gunther brought history up to date in *Inside Russia Today* (Harper).

1959

THE HISTORY of another new state was incorporated by James Michener in his long novel *Hawaii* (Random House), which was exceeded in popularity during 1959 only by *Doctor Zhivago* in its second year, and, at the top of the list, Leon Uris's novel about the modern nation of Israel, *Exodus* (Doubleday). Washington newspaperman Allen Drury's first novel, *Advise and Consent,* was also read by a large public. Another book based on political affairs, and causing much comment because of its portrayal of American bureaucrats in southeast Asia, was *The Ugly American,* by William J. Lederer and Eugene L. Burdick (Norton). D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (Grove), first published in 1928 and long an under-the-counter item, became a 1959 best-seller when it was issued here in its original form, and stayed in the headlines most of the year because of various court proceedings. *The Status Seekers* (McKay), by Vance Packard, whose previous *The Hidden Persuaders* (McKay) about advertising had gained attention, added "status" as a connotative word in our social and business life. A rarity among top popular books was a little volume originally written as a textbook by William Strunk, Jr., late professor of English at Cornell University. *Elements of Style* (Macmillan) was revised by E. B. White, *New Yorker* writer, who looked upon it as a bible of writing style. Playwright Moss Hart's *Act One* (Random House) vied with Harry Golden's reminiscences of his early New York life, *For 2¢ Plain* (World), for autobiographical laurels of the year.

1960

FICTON REPEATS FROM 1959, in first and second places on the 1960 list, were *Advise and Consent* and *Hawaii.* They were followed by the work of a writer entirely new to this country, an Italian nobleman, Giuseppe di Lampedusa, who had died before his novel about a noble Sicilian family, *The Leopard* (Pantheon), was published here. John O'Hara had two books on the list at once: a novel, *Ourselves to Know* (Random House), and *Sermons and Soda-Water* (Random House), containing three novelettes. The first best-seller by Irving Wallace, whose books and the movies based upon them were to be among the most highly remunerative of these years, was *The Chapman Report* (Simon & Schuster). This was concerned with the affairs of an interviewer working on a survey of human female sexual activity. William L. Shirer, whose *Berlin Diary* had been one of the most widely read books of World War II, wrote a notable history, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (Simon & Schuster). Jack Paar, at the height of his TV popularity, wrote about himself in *I Kid You Not* (Little, Brown). A best-seller was *The Conscience of a Conservative,* by Barry Goldwater (Vic-

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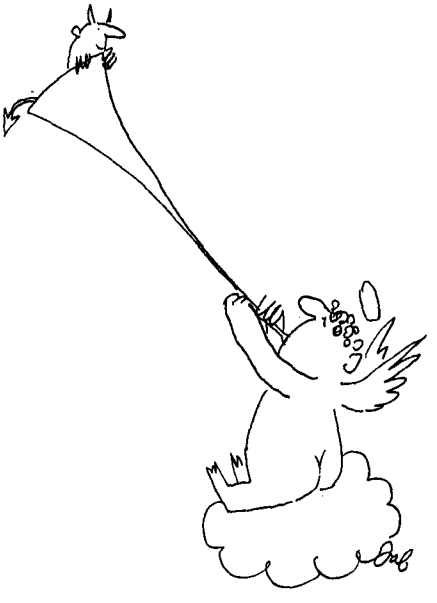
tor Publishing Co.). But *The Strategy of Peace*, by President-elect John F. Kennedy (Harper), did not quite make the top ten.

1961

THERE WERE SEVERAL NOVELISTS well known to American readers who were the most popular of the year—and some new ones. Longest known was A. A. Milne, whose *Winnie the Pooh* appeared in Latin as *Winnie Ille Pu*, translated from the English by Alexander Lenard (Dutton). This innovation—translations of favorite stories of both young and old into foreign languages—was one that caught on. John Steinbeck continued as a longtime best-seller with *The Winter of Our Discontent* (Viking); he was to be awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1962. Irving Stone's fine novel about Michelangelo, *The Agony and the Ecstasy* (Doubleday), had the most buyers of all. Leon Uris wrote a novel about the Warsaw ghetto in World War II, *Mila 18* (Doubleday). J. D. Salinger, whose *The Catcher in the Rye* (Little, Brown) had been a hit in 1951, first appeared in the top ranks with stories about the Glass family in *Franny and Zooey* (Little, Brown). The Pulitzer Prize-winning *To Kill a Mockingbird*, by Harper Lee (Lippincott), was the year's leading first novel. Like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1959, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* (Grove), long under cover, was brought out in the open in 1961, to find many readers and many would-be suppressers. As had happened before, a new Bible translation outsold all other nonfiction: *The New English Bible: The New Testament* (Cambridge University Press and Oxford University Press). There were two timely books on political affairs: *The Making of the President, 1960*, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum), and *A Nation of Sheep* (Norton), about American foreign policy and public information, by



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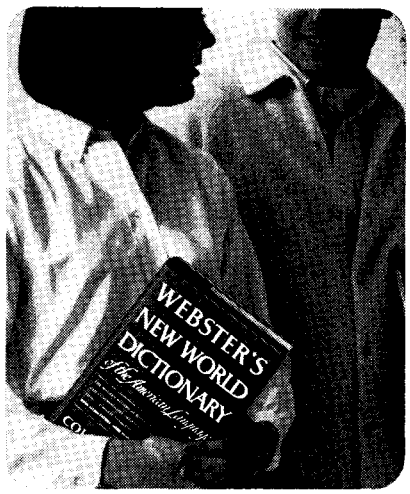
William J. Lederer, co-author of *The Ugly American* of 1959. *Ring of Bright Water*, by Gavin Maxwell (Dutton), was one of the delightful books about nature that come to the fore only occasionally. This was about life on the Scottish coast with the author's pet otters.

1962

THE MOST WIDELY READ NOVEL of the year was one long anticipated by the critics—*Ship of Fools*, by Katherine Anne Porter (Atlantic-Little, Brown), a dissection of the people aboard a ship going from Mexico to Germany in 1931. Anne Morrow Lindbergh for the first time turned her talent to fiction in *Dearly Beloved* (Harcourt, Brace & World), the runner-up of the year. Allen Drury's second book, *A Shade of Difference* (Doubleday), dealt with politics in the U.N. instead of in Washington. Serious in intent but full of excitement were two semipolitical thrillers, *Fail-Safe*, by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler (McGraw-Hill), and *Seven Days in May*, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II (Harper & Row). *The Reivers* (Random House), William Faulkner's first book to appear on an annual best-seller list, was published just before his death and won the Pulitzer Prize. It ranked tenth on a fiction list of unusually high quality. Aside from *The New English Bible*, Frederic Morton's fine biography of the banking family *The Rothschilds* (Atheneum), lawyer Louis Nizer's description of some of his famous cases, *My Life in Court* (Doubleday), and John Steinbeck's account of a trailer trip from coast to coast with his dog, *Travels with Charley* (Viking), there was little serious on the nonfiction list. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!* (Macmillan) was a pleasing little book, a diary recording the manners of the early 1900s kept by Virginia Cary Hudson when she was a child. Not quite making the list of the top ten were some outstanding books: Robert Frost's *In the Clearing* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), which had a greater readership than poetry usually attracts; Barbara Tuchman's Pulitzer Prize-winning history *The Guns*



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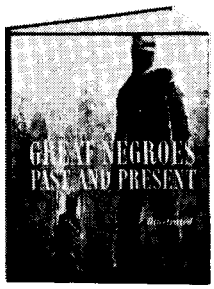

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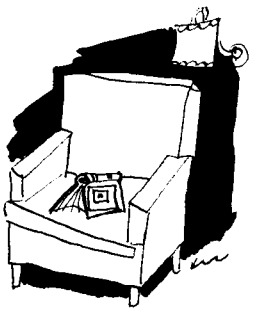
of August (Macmillan); Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (Houghton Mifflin), and *Six Crises*, by former Vice President Richard Nixon (Doubleday).

1963

PROVOKING MORE ARGUMENT than the novel that outsold it in 1963 was Mary McCarthy's story of some Vassar friends as they were ten years out of college, *The Group* (Harcourt, Brace & World). Its author had long been a distinguished writer but this was her first top hit. It was first time on the list as well for the leading popular novelist of the year, Morris L. West, who wrote about a newly-elected Pope in *The Shoes of the Fisherman* (Morrow). Rumer Godden also gained her first place in top fiction with *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita* (Viking). There were two other authors whose first published novels achieved great popularity. One was John Rechy's story of homosexual life in several large American towns, *City of Night* (Grove). The other was a picture of life aboard a Navy gunboat in China forty years ago, *The Sand Pebbles*, by Richard McKenna (Harper & Row). Along with books by Salinger, Michener, O'Hara, Caldwell, and Du Maurier, last year's fiction list was decidedly presentable. Nonfiction featured novelty books and guides for the homemaker. Reading fare included *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, by Victor Lasky (Macmillan) and Bob Hope's hilarious record of his peacetime travels, *I Owe Russia $1200* (Doubleday). Highly popular, but not among the first ten, were *The American Way of Death*, by Jessica Mitford (Simon & Schuster), *The Fire Next Time*, by James Baldwin (Dial), *Mandate for Change*, by ex-President Eisenhower (Doubleday), and *Rascal*, by Sterling North (Dutton).

1964

FOR THE FIRST TIME a spy story has it hands down. It is unlikely that any other novel of 1964 will acquire more readers than will *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, by John Le Carré (Coward-McCann). Nonfiction is as yet undetermined, though it is certain that the many books under the heading J.F.K. will dominate the list. Some of the most popular are: *Profiles in Courage, Memorial Edition*, by John F. Kennedy (Harper & Row); *Four Days*, with preface by Bruce Catton (American Heritage and UPI); *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, by Pierre Salinger and Sander Vanocur (Encyclopedia Britannica); *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, by Jim Bishop (Random House); and *The Burden and the Glory*, by John F. Kennedy, edited by Allan Nevins (Harper & Row).



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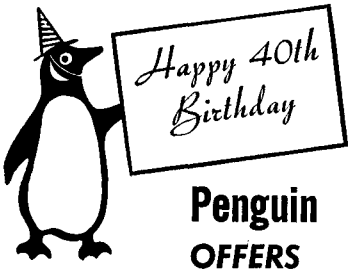

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Dempsey

Continued from page 90

terested in what I call "the wholesome atmosphere of American life." He was smoking pot on his patio when I called on him a year ago; the hi-fi was blaring out some cool jazz, and Jenkins was reading *Naked Lunch*. He didn't have much on himself.

"Sometimes I think the world is a cuckoo's nest, and that I'm the foulest bird in it," he said to me, proudly.

"I thought you didn't read novels that weren't based on history," I taunted.

"Daddy," he taunted back, "this one is very historical. Anyway, they've got to be banned or I'm not interested."

(Don't be alarmed. I discovered later that he acts this way on weekends only. The rest of the time he does business as usual, with *The Reader's Digest* in his side pocket and the *New York Times* opened to the stock market page.)

WE still meet, Jenkins and I, but in the big Quandary bookstore on Fifth Avenue. Medberry finally closed his doors rather than cater to what he called the greeting-card set. ("If I can't make a living selling books, to hell with it!") Quandary's is very brightly lit, there are no angry clerks, no Characters, and I was about to say no books, but this is unfair. There are lots of books, if you are willing to fight your way past the nonbooks to get at them.

I showed him the manuscript of this article the last time we met. I won't say he was entirely pleased. "You make me out to have devoured some kind of universal diet," he complained. "Why don't you tell your readers about how I read Lecomte du Noüy's *Human Destiny* in 1947? That wasn't easy going. I could hardly pronounce the author's name. Or Catherine Drinker Bowen's *Yankee from Olympus*? What about Toynbee's *Study of History*? Okay, so it was abridged; well, I read Winston Churchill's *The Second World War* word for word. I read it on the beaches, I read it in the hills. . . ."

"Enough!" I insisted.

". . . and Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin* back in 1938. Will you gainsay me that? And I *tried* to read *The Phenomenon of Man* two years ago."

"A lot of those books were just best-sellers, in spite of their high-sounding titles," I reminded him.

"Good for them. And good for me."

"*Touché*, Jenkins."

"Three of those and you're out."

It was, indeed, the third. Bleeding, I took my leave of Incurable Reader, aware to what extent all of us are in his debt. He is such stuff as publishers dream of. Anyway, without him there would be no Incurable Writer.

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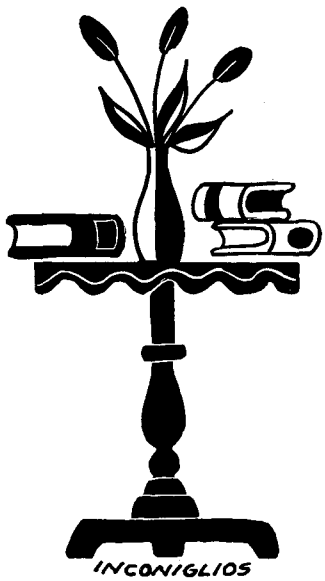

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 63

arouse the lay reader's interest in philosophy. I am a little piqued at Mr. Bates's suggestion that I left out the gentlemen because I am ignorant of their works. The omission was almost an act of modesty on my part; for as a graduate of a Jesuit college, and a former inmate of a Catholic seminary, I am something of an expert in scholastic theology. I wish I were not.

WILL DURANT.

[July 24, 1926]

Commercial Ethics

[THE WRITER OF a previously printed critical letter] appears to hold that it makes no difference what you believe so long as you believe it hard enough to write a book about it. This is pragmatism run wild; but let that pass. The issue is not the private metaphysics of authors but their commercial ethics. By all means let those who believe that all is vanity write novels to that effect; but when they offer those novels for sale they are under some obligation to the prospective purchaser. A few authors—*e.g.*, William Shakespeare—have presented their conviction that all is vanity with sufficient power to be worth the price of admission; but the ordinary run-of-the-mine novelist can't do it. The writing of novels is an art but sale of novels is a business. I fail to see why the novelist, alone among businessmen, is under no obligation to give the customers their money's worth.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York [Nov. 28, 1925]

"Agatha, my F/B sea skiff is missing."

Parry

AFTER INDULGING IN resentments, diatribes, and haughty instructions to my "ignorance," . . . my recent critic, Mr. Allen Tate, confesses that "this is not the place for an old fogy in the early twenties to offer tuition to a veteran like Maxwell Bodenheim" (!?). This surprising shift in positions would almost indicate that Mr. Tate had re-read the first two-thirds of his letter and had decided that they needed some semblance of contradiction. Somehow, my work always delves under the skin of those who oppose it. They are scarcely ever able to reply to it with anything resembling the qualities of calmness and careful attention. Therefore, as a necessary contrast, I shall respond . . . without the spirit of sweeping anger which would seem to characterize the greater part of his letter. . . .

Since I happen to be writing this answer on the Fourth of July, I had better end it at this point.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

[Aug. 29, 1925]

The Reviewer's Way

PRAISE GOD AND THE editor of *Saturday Review* for choosing a man like Leonard Bacon. He is one of two or three reviewers who has given Osbert Sitwell's book *Before the Bombardment* a little of the praise that is due it. Sitting quietly here in Europe, one gets tired of seeing mediocre books "boomed" by literary chain gangs while good ones are lost in the clouds of smoke. *Before the Bombardment*, it seems to me, is likely to outlast the whole collection of "best novels" . . . this year.

LOUIS BROMFIELD.

Paris, France [Mar. 19, 1927]

On Critics and Poets

MR. MAXWELL BODENHEIM'S essay, "Criticism in America," should not go uncontested. . . . He deplores the supposed absence of objective criticism in America, and he displays a good deal of superior impatience with an alleged neglect by critics of certain qualities of poetry which, one suspects, he imagines to be the qualities of his own and thus of his own discovery. . . . Mr. Bodenheim's verse says nothing about reality and is hard to understand. . . . Mr. Bodenheim's poetry, one might add, is too adjectival, that is, deals too exclusively in surfaces, to be metaphysical. It is a hazard to call it metaphysical because it is often obscure. But some of it is very good, and one hopes he will not further compromise its reputation by saying foolish and, as in the essay, disingenuous things about it.

ALLEN TATE.

New York City [July 4, 1925]

Open the Door

I FEEL AN IRRESISTIBLE need to chide you a little for the haste or carelessness which permittted you to print the jejune and ill-digested review of Mrs. Conkling's volume of poems, *Ship's Log*. . . . It is quite clear that your reviewer never gained the slightest idea of the essence of the book. . . .

What Mrs. Conkling has done in this volume is to achieve a perfectly original utterance, based upon a highly individual response to life. . . . I think I have never beheld a more carefully chiseled technique, a more lively sense of the value of words.

I have been long away from the newspaper world, writing of John Keats, and my study of his life has led to the fullest realization of the cruelty of silly reviews. I protest, therefore, and thank you for the courtesy which allows space for my protestation.

AMY LOWELL.

[Feb. 21, 1925]

Nomenclature

THE RECENT ARTICLES on Joseph Conrad illustrate the absurdity of our critical terminology. Mr. Mencken, usually a sensible fellow, claimed in the *Nation* that Conrad was a realist and not a romanticist, because his novels are vivid and lifelike—real. In *The*

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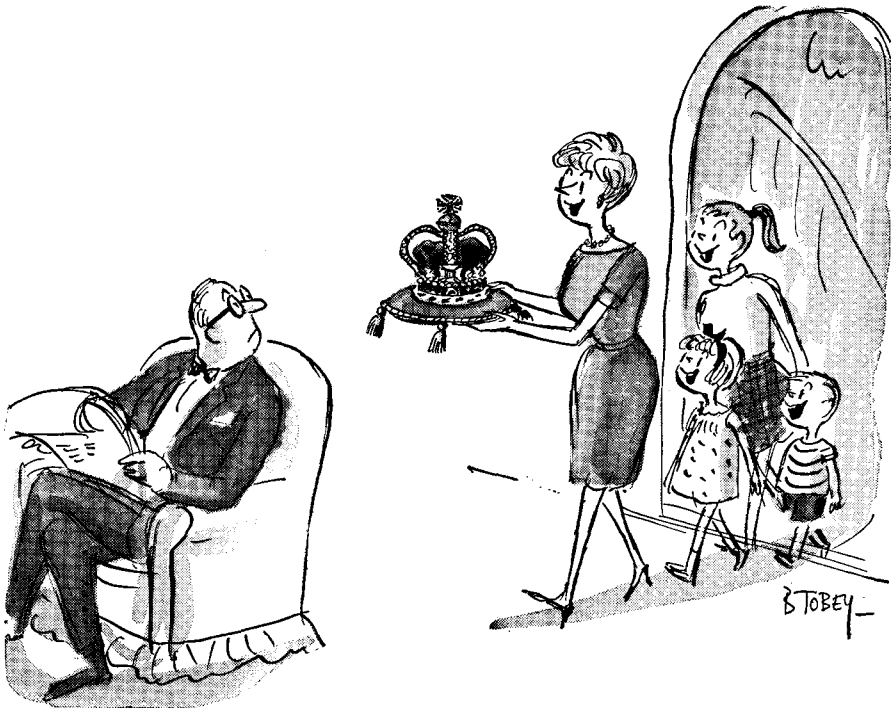

"Happy Birthday!"

Saturday Review of Literature Stephen Graham ventured the even more surprising comment that Conrad was a romanticist, merely because he wrote about the sea. . . .

It does seem desirable to raise a general objection to these vague terms, realism and romanticism. In so far as romanticism implies an escape from life, authors are never romantic. Writing anything is not an escape but a mode of life. . . .

On the other hand, every book is an escape from life for the nonprofessional reader. No book parallels his life exactly. . . . For the reader, "romance" and "realism" are merely two degrees in the distance of the escape. . . .

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa. [Oct. 25, 1924]

Defining Romance

FRANK SWINNERTON tries to define romance —and nearly does it. . . . He believes that true romance is not essentially a thing of unfamiliar happenings and scenes of some far remoteness in either time or place, but that it is life itself. . . .

The philosophical secret behind romance is, I believe, a sense of the worth of life. The realist, you say, has that? Let us say, then, a feeling of the worth and transcendence of life. This sense is often unconscious on the part of the author himself; it frequently appears as an overtone or, shall we say, as a fourth dimension shaping the work almost in spite of its expressed philosophy. . . .

This is no mushroom doctrine of mine. . . . Aristotle's canon of fictional art was a humanness which made the auditor identify himself with the hero in pity and in fear, and a greatness of hero and event which made him significant; that is, a greatness which stretched ordinary human limitation to a degree which we could believe in and go with. In short, Aristotle believed that the fictionist should make us marvel at the possibilities of human nature in the grip of circumstance. . . .

CLAIRE BOTKIN.

Carmel, Calif. [Jan. 3, 1925]

The Profanity Motive

THE FREQUENCY OF THE "profanity motive" now so much in evidence in literature and in casual conversation raises the question of its explanation. To call it a fad is but to give it a tag. . . .

What does it signify? Does it mark seriously a trend not wisely to be disregarded . . . ? There *is* in it the quality of the passing phrase, for it is thought-less, not thought-ful; a bit of conformity; a half-unconscious reflex from the new freedom and from religious controversy—and it is *not* reasoned choice. . . . Meanwhile, only good example and sound criticism can save us from sad mistakes; and a loss of the spirit of romance as an attitude and an emotion of deep significance for the well-being of humanity would be a mistake of the first magnitude.

ATHERTON NOYES.

[Feb. 7, 1925]

Shall We Prohibit?

CAN CHRISTOPHER MORLEY write anything without referring to booze? Have I read a thing of his in the *Saturday Review* in which he did not get on to this subject? . . . It appears to be an obsession with him.

I am no prohibition fanatic. But why try to keep the saloon jargon alive for a generation who cannot understand it?

I would suggest Mr. Morley begin to acquire a vocabulary for the future.

D. P. GAINES.

Waterbury, Conn. [Dec. 20, 1924]

As It Happens

Discussing arms inspection, Secretary Rusk urged the Russians to "open their doors." If they do we hope we're not around. A fellow could get trampled!

Personal savings is breaking records. Personal debt is breaking records. Some people can't figure, saving at 4 per cent and borrowing at 6!

Money-hungry girls dream of men with yachts. Social-climbing girls dream of men with titles. Ordinary girls dream of men.

A Frenchman wrote *Figaro*, "What does the American *togetherness* mean?" *Togetherness* is the subway at 5:30 P.M.

Los Angeles police say the price of black market babies is down. It's overproduction again.

Communists will write in Gus Hall's name for President. Sensitive citizens won't be seen near the polls with a pencil.

Macy's new portable grill uses only paper for fuel; sixteen newspaper pages barbecues a steak. For large picnics, bring the Sunday *Times*.

People who sleep under striped sheets look gift-wrapped.

Pleasure craft are selling faster than ever. This keeps up, anchoring will be as difficult as parking.

The market's so high our favorite author is Dow Jones.

We know a man who told his wife to send his teen-age niece candy for her birthday. She sent *Candy*.

Hammacher Schlemmer says rope hammocks are back. All they take are two trees, properly spaced, and a course in acrobatics.

Agatha Christie has sold 600,000,000 books. Crime *doesn't* pay?

—FRED SPARKS.

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PUBLISHER TO AN ERA

By JOHN TEBBEL

ON SEPTEMBER 12 Alfred A. Knopf will observe, or at least notice, his seventy-second birthday. He has been in book publishing for fifty-two of those years, and for nearly a half-century the head of his own house.

If Mr. Knopf were in a regular, Rotarian line of work, to which the book industry is not spiritually akin, his fellows would by this time be calling him "Mr. Book Publishing" in the trade magazines and giving him testimonial dinners. Instead, in the persistently individual publishing community, he stands as a unique figure, with one well-shod foot planted in the nineteenth century and the other somewhat reluctantly in the present.

Viewed in this position, Mr. Knopf resembles an old resident of Beacon Hill who has always shopped, when shopping was necessary, at the S. S. Pierce store and now finds himself compelled to do business in a South Boston supermarket. There is a faintly elegiac air about him these days. He is pragmatically aware that Things Have Changed, that he is now chairman of the board, and that a new management in a new world is surging up on the horizon. "I'm getting old," he remarks matter-of-factly, as though he had already heard a cue for a graceful exit.

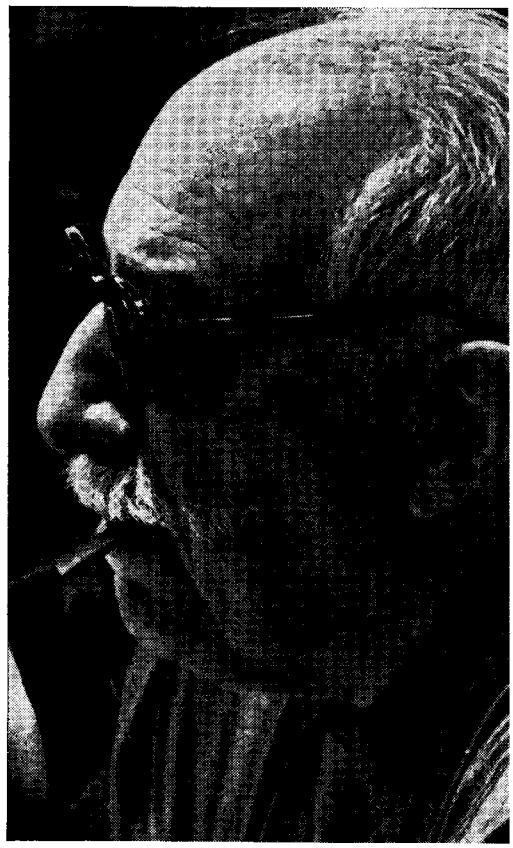
To employ a reassuring cliché, he doesn't look his age. Sitting in his modest office at 501 Madison Avenue, where he has presided for twenty-seven years, Mr. Knopf has the vigorous appearance of a man very much in command of his own ship. He has shared that command for his entire career with his wife, Blanche, now president of the firm.

At seventy-two, Alfred Knopf's powerful shoulders are bent slightly with desk work, but not by age. He is as brisk, forthright, and unequivocal as ever. True, the famous moustache, with its Hindenburg wings so like his father's, is gray now, a companion to his hair, but his heavy eyebrows are still formidably black. He moves and acts with complete assurance, as always. His celebrated impatience with mediocrity and what he considers damn foolishness does, however, seem to be tempered. Once the thought of a mellowed Knopf seemed as implausible as the prospect of the New York *Herald Tribune* coming out against the Republican Presidential nominee, but Things Have Changed. Both phenomena have come to pass.

Things also stay the same, as the French remind us, and Alfred Knopf remains unalterably the authentic figure of the gentleman, in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sense of the word. He is elegant in his dress and his habits, knowledgeable about what is now known as Better Living, and sophisticated in a way that makes the pretensions of the jet set appear naïve. His taste in clothes has long been noted with needling jocularity by his more conventional contemporaries. A writer once called him "the Roy Howard of the intellectuals." But where the Howard taste runs to sharp checks and vivid contrasts, the Knopf approach to dress is more conservative. In his office the other day, the publisher was wearing a plain blue shirt with a mustard-colored tie and a suit that picked up the colors of both and blended them. Whatever he wears, it is certain to have the luxurious appearance of the custom-made, the confident stamp of good London tailor shops and bootmakers.

As a gentleman should be, Mr. Knopf is a gourmet and a lover of good wines. A moving force in the Wine and Food Society, founded in the early days after the repeal of Prohibition, he approaches the eating of food with a proper respect that is sometimes incomprehensible to dining companions who are willing to settle for any place that isn't crowded. Mr. Knopf chooses restaurants with the same care he bestows on shirts. In the cellar of his Tudor-style Westchester home in Purchase, which his bookplate describes deprecatingly as "The Hovel," reposes an admirable collection of wines, as splendid and comforting as the volumes in his library.

THE Knopf style, in short, is not a product of the split-level Computer Age. It is rooted solidly, like the business that bears his name, in the nineteenth century, when publishing was a gentleman's occupation, genteel and not conducive to large profits. It was, of course, as much a floating crap game then as it is now, but the rules were different. The gentlemen publishers published books on their individual responsibility, and they read what they published. Since they were not living on their subsidiary rights income, or their backlists or their textbook divisions (for the most part), the trade books they published were the result of their own taste and editorial judgment, which had to be correct often enough to insure survival. In these days, when mass-market merchandising is the key to success and only two or three trade lists make any money on their own account, publishing is becoming more and more like other businesses. In this new world, a book is a product as much as soap or automobiles, and the computers are taking it over.



Alfred A. Knopf—"Gentleman" is no square word.

Most of the large publishing houses have made the transition from past to present by changing with the times, some much more rapidly than others. Founders have been succeeded by businessmen to whom "gentleman" is a square word never used except to address board meetings. The change—and the way the house of Knopf has resisted it, in a sense—has never been better expressed than in the words of a British observer who remarked, "In England we say, 'Who's your publisher?' and we mean an individual when we answer with a name. In America, answering the same question, you mean a board of directors or a collection of editors." That is what makes Knopf unique. Among all the old-line houses with distinguished names, it is the only one whose founder is still head

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of the house and operates it as far as possible in the old-fashioned way.

In so doing, Mr. Knopf has annoyed more segments of the book trade than any other publisher, and has acquired a reputation in some quarters as a hard man. To understand him, however, it is only necessary to take a second look at the world in which he grew up as a publisher.

Appropriately, it was the comfortable world of the 1890s, the Mauve Decade of Thomas Beer (a Knopf author), that young Alfred entered in 1892 on Central Park West. His mother died when he was four, and it was his father who became the profound influence of his growing years. Samuel, the father, was an advertising man and financial consultant, a commanding and choleric individual, always impeccably dressed, distinguished by his Hindenburg moustaches. His son grew up in a home enriched by the amenities Alfred cherishes today, and in a way of life that was satisfying and essentially unalterable.

Samuel Knopf sent his son to Columbia in the fall of 1908, after suitable preparation in public schools and the Mackenzie School. Young Mr. Knopf had no special affinity for the college or his classmates, most of whom were older, and his best friends were on the faculty—men like Carlton J. H. Haves, John Erksine, and Joel E. Spingarn. "I looked back upon Columbia as an ex-convict might look back on Sing Sing," Mr. Knopf said later, and he escaped as soon as possible.

Nevertheless, Columbia pointed him, inadvertently perhaps, in the direction he was to go. In the course of preparing a paper for the undergraduate essay prize that Professor Spingarn gave every year, Knopf began to correspond with John Galsworthy, the subject of his work, and in the summer of 1912 visited the author as part of a six-month travel tour of Western Europe. They got along famously. Galsworthy introduced his young American friend to some of the best writers of Britain, and especially to the work of his great friend, W. H. Hudson. Young Knopf came away with that interest in the international literary scene that later made his list so cosmopolitan.

He was still, at this point, casting about for a career. During the previous summer he had made a tentative start in the newspaper business, his father having introduced him to his friend Louis Wylie on the *New York Times*, who gave him a job on the business side. Even there, however, Alfred was not a journalist.

When he returned from Europe in the fall of 1912, another fatherly introduction got him into his true *métier*, and he began working in the accounting department of Doubleday, Page & Co., in Garden City, at $8 per week. For the next eighteen months he got the kind of training that remains the best for young men who want to be publishers. He progressed from accounting to manufacturing, then to advertising and to sales. He approached the editorial department, shortly before he left, by way of promoting Joseph Conrad, an author Frank Doubleday had just reacquired.

Knopf left Doubleday (a house that has launched a thousand careers in publishing) to join Mitchell Kennerley. The transition from Garden City to New York meant that he was now making $25 a week, and as a general assistant was entrusted with writing sales letters and selling books on the road, an extremely valuable aspect of training to be a publisher that he had not yet encountered.

After fourteen months, he was fired for cause. The cause was legitimate, at least to Kennerley, who learned that his young assistant was planning to start his own publishing house and take a Kennerley author, Joseph Hergesheimer, with him. Mr. Knopf later denied that there was any larceny in his heart, but it was true that he did plot the establishment of Alfred A. Knopf, later Inc., while he was in the Kennerley establishment, and when he did so his friend Hergesheimer switched allegiance.

THE new house was born in July 1915, in a solitary room in the Candler Building, on West 42nd Street. Its other occupant, at the beginning, was the publisher's fiancée, Blanche Wolf, whom he married the following April, and who remained intimately associated with him both as a business and a marital partner.

Accurately forecasting what was to come, the first book to emerge from 42nd Street was a translation of four plays by Emile Augier, with a preface by Eugène Brieux. It was bound tastefully in orange and blue, printed in a clear Cheltenham type face, and was altogether different in appearance from the drab products of most other publishers. From the beginning, Mr. Knopf was in love with the physical appearance of books. The seventy-seven he published before the end of 1917 were all charming and gay by contrast with the generally unimaginative manufacturing of the time; they were done with the good taste and elegance that were a reflection of their publisher and became a hallmark of the firm.

These first books were also indicative of the international character that would always distinguish the Knopf list. Ten of the first year's eleven books were translations, mostly from the Russian, and of the first seventy-seven, fifty-three were by European or Asiatic authors.

Mr. Knopf had not been in business a year before he had a best-seller, W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*. He was well aware that this work, published in England years before but never in America, was in the public domain, the copyright having lapsed. Young Alfred had dallied with the idea of being a lawyer before he got into publishing, and copyright law was already a special interest. But it was typical of his ideas about being a publisher that he paid royalties to Hudson anyway.

"We were never late in paying royalties," Mr. Knopf says today, describing the publishing methods he thinks of nostalgically. "We made it the first order of business to pay *all* our bills promptly. Only once did we withhold royalties from an author, and that was when Charles Morgan left us for Macmillan after his success with *The Fountain*. It was our conviction that he still had a moral obligation to us."

A young man growing up in a business where the moving figures were or were very soon to be such personalities as Horace Liveright, Richard Simon, M. Lincoln Schuster, and Bennett Cerf, and where such old masters as Henry Holt, F. N. Doubleday, John Macrae, Sr., and Major George Haven Putnam were still extant, needed something extraordinary to make a place for himself. Besides his own remarkable personality, Mr. Knopf shaped the image of his house in two ways. One was his publishing of books so outstanding in design and production that they were noteworthy for this attribute alone. W. A. Dwiggins, one of the great names among typographers, joined him in 1926, and it was in that year Knopf books began to carry the scholarly notes about their typography on a page at the end. The publisher was unperturbed by criticism of these notes as pretentious and unnecessary, and they became as famous as, indeed, the whole dignified pattern of Knopf production, from the books themselves to the advertising.

IT was a pattern that gave the house a special distinction. The advertising, rather than being the conventional list or promotional blurbs for a few books, was often a personal message from the publisher, conveying to the reading public his own enthusiasm for a book or an author, or sometimes simply his pride in the distinguished names on his list.

A further distinction was the leaping figure of the borzoi dog that became the firm's colophon from the beginning. Knopf books were Borzoi Books, and sometimes the publisher spoke in the advertising copy in the person of the borzoi, as "The Borzoi is proud to offer this book to you . . ." Joseph Hergesheimer, after spending a sleepless night under the Knopf roof listening to a borzoi's neurotic howls, remarked to Wilson Follett, a fellow guest, that he supposed Charles Scribner "had no such damn dog."

If Knopf books were physically outstanding, what lay between the covers

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was hardly less so. The publisher sought books of true merit on both sides of the Atlantic, and since his seeking took place at a time when there were giants at home and abroad, the results of his search constituted the house's second major distinction. Literate people over forty hardly need to be reminded of that superb list of Knopf authors, year after year, but even they might be astonished anew to go over the old lists and see the names there.

The remarkable foreign list that the house built up began really to flower in 1921, when Mr. Knopf and his wife went on the first of a long series of trips abroad. After his father died in 1932, they went over in alternate years, an arrangement that continued until the coming of World War II. War did not entirely stop the expeditions. Mrs. Knopf managed to get to London and also made a long trip to Latin America.

Between them, as a result of these scouting trips and an astute watch at home, a most impressive list resulted. Knopf published Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* at a time when this novel had no other American takers, although it had been widely noticed in Europe. Several years earlier, the house had imported a small edition in sheets of the German author's *His Royal Highness*, but it had attracted no attention. Knopf published Mann and six other Nobel Prize winners, including Ivan Bunin, Knut Hamsun, Sigrid Undset, Albert Camus, and André Gide. In France at the very end of the war, Mrs. Knopf acquired Camus, as well as Jean-Paul Sartre. The Knopfs bought the works of Franz Kafka from his English publishers, and thus made *The Castle* and *The Trial* available to American readers. Jules Romains came on the list through Raymond Postgate, Knopf's London scout.

OTHER eminent European writers included Ilya Ehrenburg, Mikhail Sholokhov, Elizabeth Bowen, Angela Thirkell, and Ralph Hammond Innes; while from Latin America came Jorge Amado, Germán Arciniegas, and Covarrubias. The United States provided H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Ezra Pound, James M. Cain, Carl Van Vechten, Clarence Day, John Hersey, Willa Cather, William Humphrey, John Updike, and Shirley Ann Grau. The list goes on and on, like a roll call of Who's Who in Belles-Lettres for the past half-century.

After 1945, with the end of the war, Mr. Knopf left European matters entirely in his wife's hands. "After two world wars," he says, "I no longer felt much interest in either England or the Continent, and while I have gone over on brief visits since 1945, I have left virtually all of our English affairs to her and confined myself when in France chiefly to touring the wine country with her."

Besides belles-lettres, the Knopf list includes distinguished works in history, music, art, and the humanities in general. Some of these have been published "for the glory of God," as Mr. Knopf says—works like Professor Lawrence Gipson's monumental eleven-volume *The British Empire Before the Revolution*, a landmark in scholarship. It also includes "popular" authors like Fannie Hurst and nonfiction works like Logan Clendening's *The Human Body*, probably the most successful of all popular physiologies. But, on balance, it is a list dominated by the best in pure literature.

Aside from book publishing, Mr. Knopf has ventured into only one other field, magazines, and there, too, his single product became one of the most distinguished such enterprises in the U.S. *The American Mercury*, founded by the publisher's friends and authors, Mencken and Nathan, came into being in 1924, and for most of the eleven years Mr. Knopf published it, it was the intellectuals' Bible, its green cover under every aspiring writer's arm.

A single publishing house and a single magazine do not imply any limitation on Mr. Knopf's interests. He is an accomplished bibliophile, a poor golfer, skier, and tennis player, and a concert-goer, although these activities have varied with time and age.

Weather is only one of the things Mr. Knopf complains about. He has strong and unequivocal opinions about nearly everything. Much of his distress over what he sees in contemporary life derives from the viewpoint of a man who insists on conducting his business as he has always conducted it, in a time when publishing itself has become quite different.

A splendid example is his relations with authors. Mr. Knopf has dealt with many of his best writers directly, and it pains him to see what changes time has wrought with the advent of agents, lawyers, subsidiary rights, and large advances for books yet unwritten. In the old days, advances were small or nonexistent; there had not yet risen an entire class of authors who live on their advances. "Van Vechten once asked me for $200 in advance, but it was only once," Mr. Knopf recalls wistfully. Willa Cather, who remains his favorite author, "didn't even know publishers gave advances and might have left us if she had known *we* did." His admiration for Miss Cather rose from her integrity. "She knew what she wanted to do, and she did it without any fuss," he says. "She never did anything she didn't want to do." John Hersey is the living author nearest to her, he believes.

"The ideal relationship between publisher and author," Mr. Knopf says, "is

(*Continued on page* 185)

"What do you mean you don't want anything more to do with each other?"

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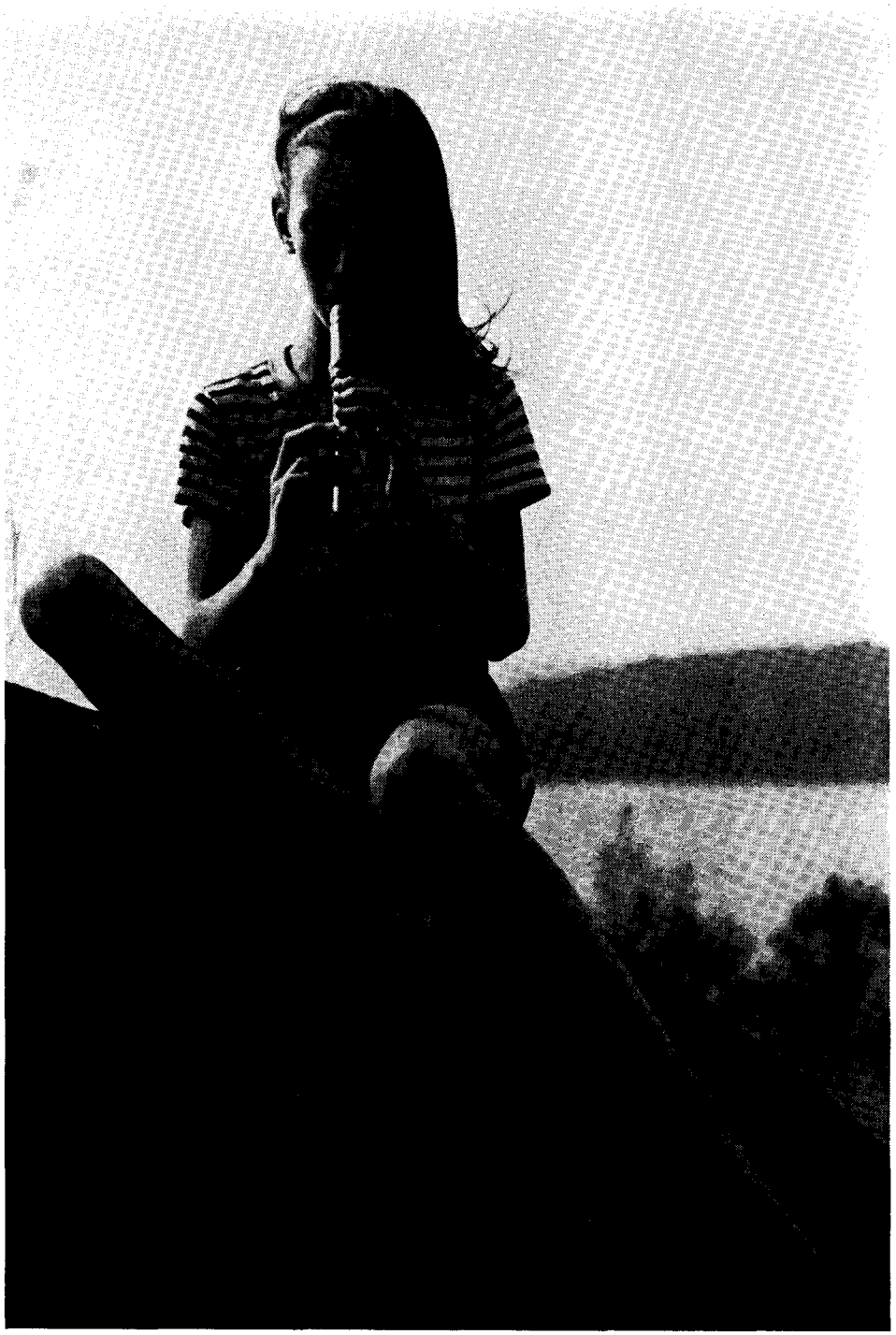
TRENDS IN TRANSITION



Barbara Morgan: *Girl Playing Recorder, 1945*—*"One finite instant intercepted and made visible . . . alive in light"—a dynamic symmetry of line and proportion—becomes eye-picture of child's kinship to the pagan and primal.*

By MARGARET R. WEISS

FOR THOSE who read "the message of the stars" to make of as they will, we note that this month marks a double anniversary. Just eighty-five years before the first issue of *SR* appeared, Louis Daguerre made public the details of his photographic process and launched the latent image on a meteoric career that has already spanned earth and moon.

According to a newspaper account of the time, "M. Daguerre has succeeded in fixing the natural light on a solid surface, in giving body to the impalpable and fugitive image of objects reflected in the retina of the eye, in a mirror, in the apparatus of the camera obscura. . . . The discovery promises to be of great importance to art and science."

A modification of Niépce's earlier "heliography," the daguerreotype itself did not fulfil popular expectations. But before capitulating to the less expensive, more durable paper print, it had already assured the camera a permanent niche in the pantheon of the visual arts.

In the decades between Daguerre and the turn of the century, photography's concern was focused mainly on the quest for materials, equipment, and processes—the technical means that would make the camera an accurate mirror of nature, a faithful witness of the passing scene, albeit an unhappy "gay deceiver" when confused parentage and purpose spawned the illegitimate art-photograph. Inventions responded to necessity: dry plates, flexible film, anastigmatic lenses, hand cameras—and, most important, halftone plates to make mass communications a reality by allowing photos and type to be printed together quite economically on an ordinary press.

Though at this point the expansive future of photography may have been only dimly and distantly limned, the seeds of tradition were planted—traditions of approach and attitude in which major present-day photographic styles are still rooted. To recognize these trends is not difficult; to find explicit labels is.

One of photography's most respected historians, Beaumont Newhall, uses the

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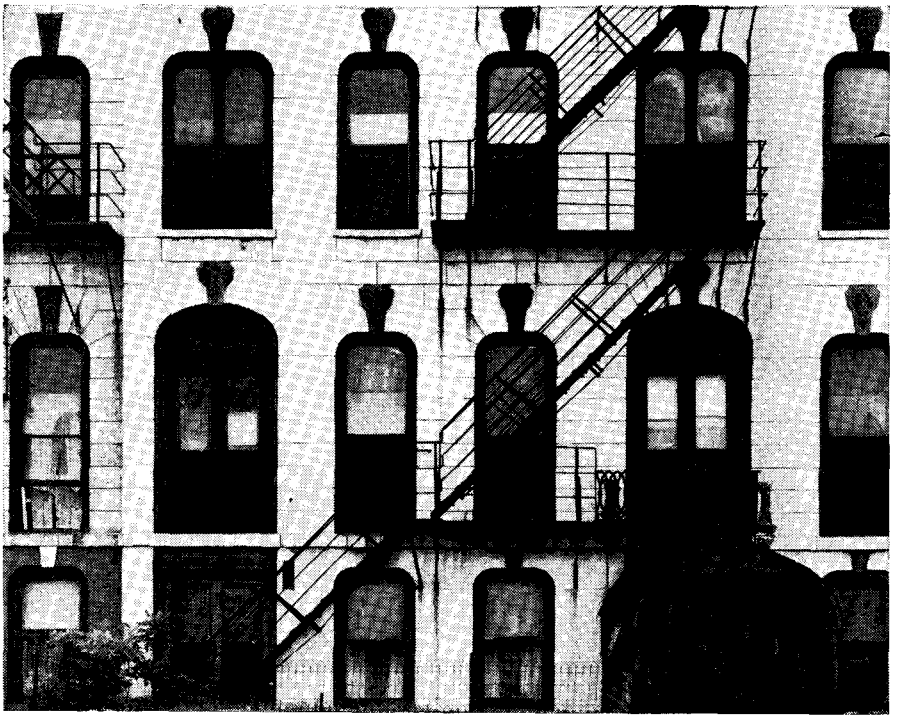
classifications "straight," "formalistic," "documentary," and "equivalent" to denote the four major traditions exemplified in contemporary camerawork. But eminently aware of the overlapping, the congruency, the intercutting of styles and purposes that may characterize the work of today's photographer, he cautions that his terms are by no means "strict categories." Speaking of the interplay of these diverse trends, he adds, "Harry Callahan, with the discipline of straight photography, has sharpened and made convincing the formalistic. The formalists, in turn, have stimulated the straight photographers and the documentarians to the discovery of new spatial organization. The documentarian has helped the photojournalist to make his report more convincing."

Many other attempts to define and denote have been made. Among them, this was one proposed: "*This is*—and how the camera saw it; *I was there*—and this is how I saw it; *I saw this*—and how I feel about it; *I feel this*—and here is a symbol of my feeling." But how and where does one draw the line of demarcation? In some instances only knowledge of the photographer's primary purpose would tell us which of these classifications best fits his picture.

Regardless of classifications or labels, however, one characteristic seems to pervade the photographic expression of our time. That is a growing awareness that the camera has its own unique province, that it is at its best when used directly and with the fullest exploitation of technical means at hand. Its special talent is its ability to explore, to discover and disclose, to inform and interpret. The photographer's eye sees; his camera uses "sight language" to communicate the vision.

In the most recent exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, John Szarkowski made this point eloquently when he examined the graphic grammar that is specifically the camera's. The language spoken by camera image, he contends, is structured in "the thing itself" as a record of the tangibly real subject; "the detail," or part used to symbolize the whole; "the frame," or picture edge that defines content and design; "time exposure," photography's unique and inevitable relationship to time, whether in terms of multiple images of a subject in motion or the decisive moment when

Berenice Abbott: ***Hands of an Aesthete, 1927***—*By visual synecdoche the part becomes the whole—a new graphic symbol for denotation of total essence of subject.*



Harry Callahan: ***Chicago, 1949***—*City façade demonstrates the deft use of commonplace content for exploration and discovery of essential form. "I am interested in revealing the subject in a new way to intensify it."*

shifting forms fall into perfect configuration; "vantage point, " or the camera angle that reveals the subject with new clarity.

These are the photographer's ABCs, which all practitioners—the straight, formalistic, documentary, and equivalent—have had to use to turn images into *pictures*. Looking at the early work of a Lartigue or an Atget, we realize that the precise, sensitive image is not a concomitant of precision equipment and sensitive film alone. Rather, it is the art of seeing—making meaning clear in visual terms—that makes the photographer's art. Nonetheless, no one can deny that the last forty years' technological advances in camera, film, and

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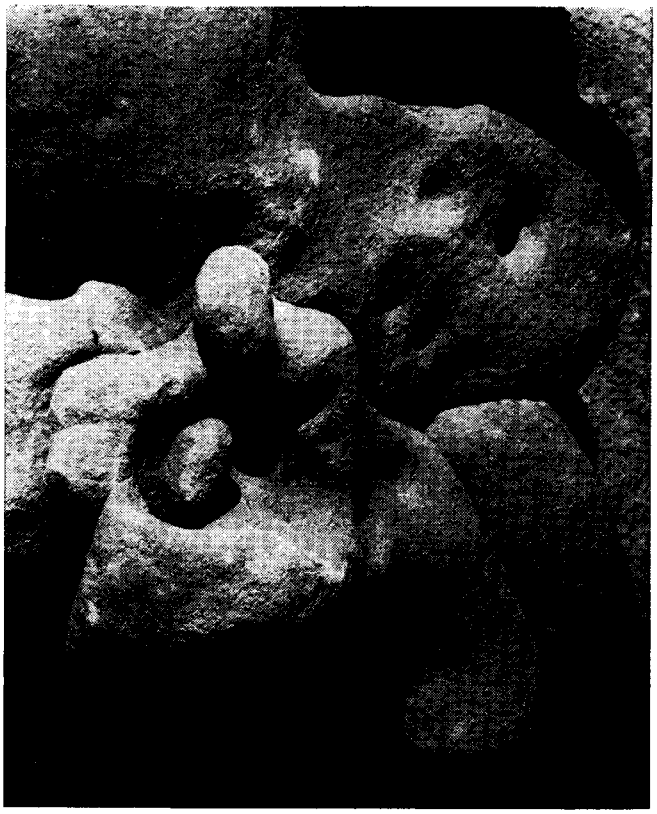

Minor White: ***Family Group, San Rafaelo Swell, Utah, 1963***—*In the metaphor of the Equivalent, "imagination finds its confirmation in nature—micro, macro, and telescopic nature"—and the insight becomes intensified consciousness of both the inner and outer worlds of experience.*

Arnold Newman: ***Jean Arp and His Sculpture, 1949***—*The sculptor's eye, his hand, and his work—a portrait with its own frame of reference, an almost symbolic sculptural modeling in the total composition.*

André Kertesz: ***Backyard in Snow, 1946***—*"One who experiments with new techniques in order to say new things" here uses a high vantage point to make a cold isolated segment of space vibrant with mood, pattern, rhythm.*

lighting have greatly improved the diction of visual language.

The year 1924 ushered in the 35mm camera. "Stills" became less still, subjects more natural in pose; revolutionary change in photojournalistic and documentary reportage took place. Soon after, flash followed—and multiple synchroflash making "light the partner of action" and giving far greater latitude to indoor shooting. By 1931 Edgerton's electronic flash was permitting the camera to examine the flow of motion by multi-exposure. Originally designed for checking moving machine parts, this "strobe" lighting is of such intensity and speed that action of a tennis stroke or a drop of spilled milk can be caught in a single flash. Color and faster, more sensitive films opened up whole new worlds of vision; refinement in telephoto and wide-angle lenses tamed distance to the laws of perspective.

With a broad battery of technical aids at his disposal, the photographer has much more effective control over use of light, choice of angle, focus, and exposure, even over the contrasts and

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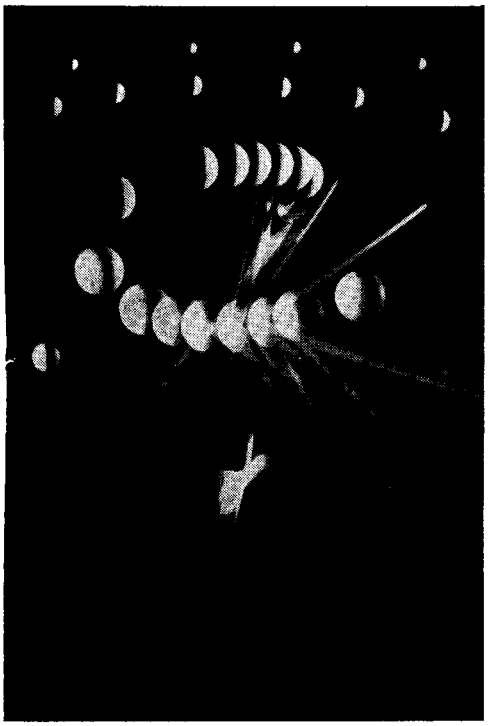
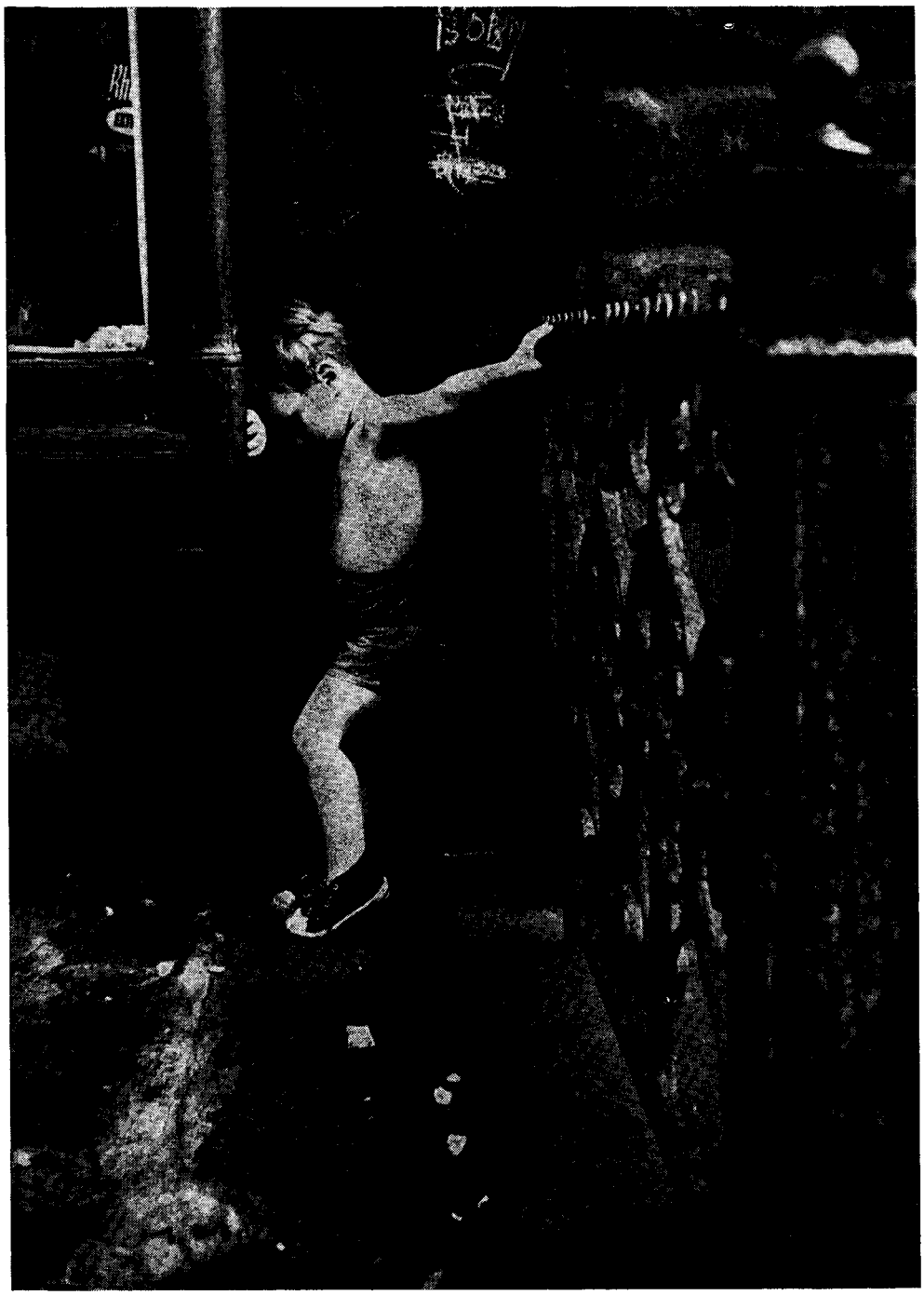


Andreas Feininger: ***Mobile of the Solar System, © 1955***—*Plane geometry of a mobile form simulates "music of the spheres" when experimental techniques of exposure and stroboscopic lighting give space-dimension to each fractional instant of motion-in-time.*



Ken Heyman: ***Willie, 1961*** *(from the book of the same name, published by Atheneum)—In documenting the life of a typical small boy of the tenements, "I captured a pose symbolic of a little Christchild crucified by environment. But the camera approach was 'straight' and direct."*

tonal qualities he expects to find in his finished prints. As a result, he has often turned to bolder, more imaginative exploitation of equipment to help him achieve his artistic purpose.

Daily, photography fulfils its early promise of 125 years ago "to be of great importance to art and science." During the past four decades the camera has more than justified Edward Steichen's definition of it as "a vehicle for the emotional expression of reality and a dynamic power for giving form to ideas."

To date, however, photography is still an art without a definitive esthetics—the basic theory on which to build a system of criticism that it can call its own. We have not yet really learned how to "read" pictures. But we do know that the eye responds directly to what the well-tempered camera has to say—whether it speaks factually or fancifully, softly or harshly, with a "straight" or "equivalent" or "formalistic" accent. When the image offers us some fresh new revelation of the lineaments of reality, vision, like love, comes at first sight.

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The Man with the Pencil of Light

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE month of August 1924 was cooler than most Augusts in the southwestern corner of Michigan, but that wasn't saying much. When the prairie sirocco hovered around 100 degrees of desertlike heat by night or day, the people of Iowa could hear their corn grow, so they said, but by the time the mid-continent wind had reached and crossed Lake Michigan it had normally picked up enough moisture to make our littoral farm country humid and not one whit cooler. Just the same, that month forty years ago was on average a cool August, and I remember my father saying so as he departed at dawn for the newspaper office he and I commonly loved with a passion known only to small-town newspaper families. He would fill his paper that month with such headline names as Leopold and Loeb, Coolidge and LaFollette, Babe Ruth and Helen Wills, the Prince of Wales and our rare Olympic heroes, the Ku Klux Klan and Ma Ferguson, a strange and far-off dispatch now and then about something called the Dawes Plan, and column after column of detail about the Michigan market for peaches, apples, and grapes. These stories and many more would pour in by mail, phone, hand telegraph, or the old-style, slow-beat news ticker near the muddy banks of the St. Joseph River in Niles, Michigan. I know because I was there, in my first job on a newspaper (my father's) and my first full summer of honest toil.

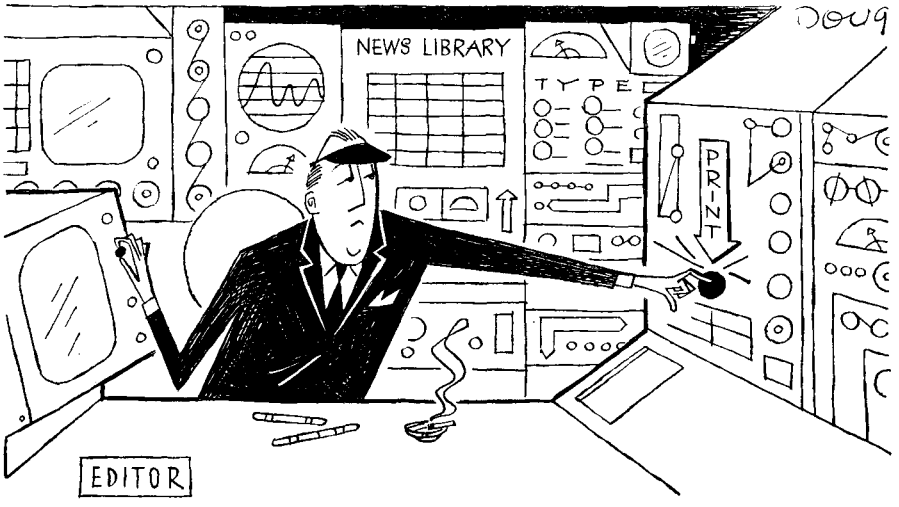
The job was quite simple. It was divided into two parts. I would come in after lunch, take the wire copy carbons from an overloaded hook, and sort out the top stories. These I would paste in long strips and hang in the front windows of the newspaper for all 7,311 citizens of Niles to read. The ticker stopped at four o'clock, and I would go back into the press room, where an eight-page flat-bed Duplex of ancient vintage was beginning to grind out the day's issue. The 375 mail subscribers were my lot, and to each of them I would send a copy of that evening's paper, in August of 1924, via tiny yellow name tabs stuck on by a hand machine (remembering always not to cover up the weather ear). For these chores I received $4 a week.

The reason my father and most other small-town editors of his time hung headlines in the newspaper window was quite simple: there were almost no radio newscasts, and of course there was no television, so the only way the people of my town could possibly know what was going on in the world about them was through the local paper. Gossip aside, it was their only source of news. Indeed, at World Series time most of the town would come down to the paper to hear the play-by-play announced through a Fire Department megaphone; I don't remember a more exciting or self-important job than pasting the inning-by-inning score. It gave a teen-age boy a feeling of power and importance incomparable since.

The newspaper editor forty years ago was perhaps the most powerful man in town. I can remember my own father calling up both local banks one morning to give them advance notice of the date of the semi-annual state audit, and receiving from each bank president the heartfelt thanks that comes only from vital information swiftly relayed. I can remember, too, our telephone ringing most of every night with calls from the 7,311 who did or did not like something they had read in the evening paper. We sat in the seat of power all right, power and responsibility—and fun.

Radio had not come to southwestern Michigan by 1924 except as a crystal-set curiosity. No one thought in those days of listening in regularly to the news because news was still the province of the newspaper, and the only place one believed news was in the dailies, most of which were published in the evening. Our town wasn't big enough to have a morning paper; in the mornings we read the Chicago *Tribune* and, alas, believed every word of it.

My father's paper was put together forty years ago very much as it had been for the preceding forty years—the news gathered, written, set on a linotype, locked into page forms, and printed directly from the original lead on a groaning flat-bed in which the web continually broke. Editing was done primarily with pencil, shears, and paste and, by 1924, most of the news was being gathered by telephone and telegraph—not the fast news ticker we have now but a device with a deliberate beat as though every precious word came from Olympus. Indeed, the Niles *Daily Star* in southwestern Michigan was, forty years ago, put together pretty much as it is today, minus a few improvements in typesetting, presswork, and quick conversion of pictures to newsprint. The chief difference between the *Star* edited by my father and the



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Star of 1964 is in the competition it has since acquired. It's hard to imagine a world without newscasts on radio and television, but that was the world of 1924 in southwestern Michigan. It is scarcely recognizable today. Competition, first from radio, then from television, has so altered the central aspect of the newspaper business by 1964 that it might as well be a different profession, and of course it is.

To believe this, one need only think back to the last cry of "Extra, Extra!" he heard in the streets. I must admit I cannot remember how long ago it was that I last heard those exciting newsboy shouts that radio and TV obliterated forever. Not only has electronic news obviated the "Extra!" but it has also changed the way newspapers are written and, of course, their economics. Few make fortunes out of newspapers nowadays, but forty years ago owning a good newspaper in a thriving community was far better than owning the electric plant or gas works. They were usually limited by law as to profits; the newspaper editor-publisher could pocket all he could mine, and often it was a rich harvest. But the chief reasons for owning newspapers then, as now, involved the feeling of power through the printed word and the responsibility that came with it. That part of the newspaper business is the same today and will be relatively the same in the year 2,004.

WHAT will a newspaper be like in the next forty years? Let's pay a visit to tomorrow's editorial office. It won't be difficult to find the editors, for their chairs will be beside consoles on which are a great number of pushbuttons and a typewriter keyboard. The editors may be completely surrounded by screens similar to television sets, and instead of pencils they'll have slim tubes in their hands – light pencils and erasers that look like pencil flashlights.

The legman, the reporter, and the rewrite man will not have been replaced entirely, and somewhere along the line an original story will still be typed out by someone. Human beings will still be at the core of the newspaper operation. But from that point on, electronic machinery will have taken over. As a rewrite man finishes each sentence, what he has written will be recorded in an electronic morgue where all of the day's news is being stored on computer tapes, along with the tapes of the news of other days. At the same time, the electronic story is also appearing on one of the editor's viewing screens. All the rewrite man and editor will have to do to receive available background material and available photographs on that particular subject is to dial the electronic news library. The material will appear instantly on the editor's viewing screen or, if preferred, it will be electronically printed out for the rewrite man.

The layout department will then begin electronically choosing which story will go in which space on page one and the inside pages; the photographs will be sorted and, after selection, their images projected on the photo editor's screen; and the captions will be written. Headlines will be chosen and the story projected on a screen to a copy editor who will type out his head after reading the material via TV. When the headline is finished, the copy editor will push a button, but the editor may not like the head and flip it back electronically to the copy desk for a revise. Indeed, every transaction, each communication will be done by flicking one switch or another between one editor or another. After a while, all of the news and pictures designed for the front page will have been processed, the top editor will be ready with the heads and makeup, and he will then turn his electronic knob toward the inside pages. When they have satisfied him, he will press a final button that says "Print," for up to this moment nothing in the whole newspaper has actually existed except the original words typed by the rewrite man. Now the button marked "Print" makes those pages a reality.

Not only have the computer and electronic screen taken over in the editorial office, but all copy has been set into lines of appropriate fonts and column widths, words properly split and hyphenated, typographical errors virtually eliminated, loose and tight lines much better spaced than in yesterday's newspapers, and the whole edition delivered in suburban streets dozens of miles away where additional presses have responded to the electronic button marked "Print." In many homes, electronic devices will have acted as their own printing presses.

Is this fantastic hardware far to our future? Not at all. Variations of it already are being used in the assembling, editing, and dissemination of information by intelligence and military headquarters. Will the human being be dropped completely from the newspaper forty years hence? On the contrary, there will be more demand for editing skills and creativity, but considerably diminishing demand for printers, pressmen, compositors, stereotypers, and other mechanical functionaries now prevalent in the relatively unautomated newspaper business of the 1960s.

The chief question is not, however, one of mechanical advancement or automation or futuristic presswork. The morals, the power, and the responsibility of the editor, the reaction of his reader-viewers, their self-control as citizens in a greatly advanced atomic age—these are matters that will count far more than editing with electronic pencil or printing by laser beam. It's what the reader-viewers of mankind do with the information that has been communicated to them that will matter most.

David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, says that by the year 2000 A.D. our descendants will have the technological capacity to "make obsolete starvation, lengthen appreciably the Biblical life-span, and change hereditary traits." General Sarnoff believes we shall have a limitless abundance of energy sources and raw materials forty years hence, that the moon and other parts of the solar system will have been brought within the human domain, and that machines will have the capacity to multiply thought and logic a millionfold.

But what earthly use will all these advances be to the human race if communication between individuals, between families, and between nations is as obsolete and antedeluvian as it is today? In his fine autobiography, Raymond B. Fosdick says it superbly well: "We had been undone by technology which came too soon and which found us utterly unprepared in point of religion, ethics, law and philosophy, and politics to meet the problems which it created."

Technically, the year 2004 should see an incredible increase in the facility of communication between individuals and political units. Through communication satellites, laser beams, and ultraminiaturization it should be possible by the beginning of the next century to communicate with anyone anywhere at any time by voice, sight, or written message. From country to country, continent to continent, and from earth and earth's space vehicles to the planets beyond, communication will be relatively simple via satellite telephone, radio, and television. The communicators will be within full hearing and sight of one another through three-dimensional color TV screens. It will be possible for a human being to be equipped with a miniature TV transmitter-receiver with which he can communicate, in color and sound, as he walks along the street, with another human being perhaps on the other side of the world. The system will be quite simply operated from his pocket-size walkie-talkie via radio, switchboard, and satellite. He will use a personal channel and code similar to today's telephone number, but he can talk as he walks along a street in New York to a human being on a street in London. He will be using pushbutton dialing and a form of the new picturephone.

Newspaper and magazine copy written on one continent will be transmitted and set into type instantaneously on an-

(Continued on page 194)

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Adam and Eve and the Third Son

A Fable of Progress and the Arts

SR's poetry editor says he is not sure of the future of poetry except to believe that it will have one and that it will not be served by the apologies of the sociologists, behavioralists, statisticians, and hopeful utilitarians. His fable of the Third Son is a defense of the poetic impulse for its own sake against the allurements of enterprise and respectability, and against all those aggressively serious commentators who have set themselves to translate poetry into the idiom of progress and practicality.

By JOHN CIARDI

THE LEGEND names only two sons, and the world at large has always acted as if there really were only two, forgetting that there had to be a third to write the legend.

Cain was certainly not the man to put it down on papyrus. Nor—just as certainly—was Abel. They were both much too much involved in something else.

Part of what they were involved in was the simple business of fighting one another. They fought, really, because they had so much in common. And because they fought, they refused to believe they had anything at all in common. Some say Abel was fathered by Adam and Cain by Old Nick—because what else would explain the difference in their natures? Once you understand, however, that it was the Third Son who was writing it all down, you have another way of thinking about it, for what the Third Son put down was always what he saw of himself in others.

Note, too, that in all of the Third Son's accounts, Eve was credited as the mother of both of them. Some readers have been a bit confused by his mention of Lilith in the marginalia, but the fact is that Lilith was simply one of his pet names for Eve. Which is one of those things a family understands, no matter how confusing they may be to outsiders. Whether he meant to compliment his mother for her variousness, or to accuse her of fickleness, or both, the Third Son always knew that there is no real difference between the wife of Adam and the concubine of Old Nick.

Cain and Abel, of course, refused to let her be both at once, for then they would have had at least Eve in common, and they had grown to hate one another too deeply to share even the same mother. That refusal, by itself, is enough to prove that neither of them could have written the legend. Writers may hate readily enough, but no writer goes far until he learns he has everything in common with everyone else. The evidence for the existence of the Third Son, as you see, is overwhelming.

Besides, as I have already pointed out, Cain and Abel were much too much involved in something else. What they were involved in was *progress*. What the Third Son has been involved in from the start is *arrest*. The world was never divided between Cain and Abel, nor could it be: they were and are two sides of the same thing, just as generals are always the same thing even when they are directing fire at one another. The division has always been between Cain and Abel on one side and the Third Son on the other.

Consider how it has turned out. Abel began as a shepherd, a stay-at-home, and a pillar of orthodoxy. Cain was a restless truck farmer who became a killer, whereupon he became a wanderer, an adventurer, and a shaker of all communities. Abel II, the son and exact duplicate of his murdered father, became the land-grabber, the grub-staker, the trustee, and the sutler. Cain and Abel, I submit, have been in business together ever since their first difference. They have even gone most of the way toward forgetting their difference. The fact is that since the growth of corporations it is not much of a difference any more. Cain and Abel are out for progress, and to achieve it they need one another. Their dream is the dream of the perpetually rising graph.

BUT what can the Third Son care about progress? His business is perfection, and what is perfect must resist change, for any change from perfection must be away from it. His dream has a conceptual North Pole in it, from which there is no direction but south and away. From time to time the Third Son's tools have changed a bit, but never his intent. In each age his only real purpose has been to make the legend sing. He believes, in a simplicity of which Cain and Abel are incapable, that singing it is the only way to make it true. When he sings it well enough, he thinks, the song will tell his brothers who they are in this world. But singing it is first. Singing is for its own sake, but it is also his only way of knowing.

Let me call that Third Son the Poet. He could be a composer, a sculptor, a painter, a novelist, or a dancer, but let him wear the poet's mask for present purposes. The legend, after all, *was* written long before it was illustrated or set to music or performed, and all of the first versions were written as poetry. Besides, he rather likes to be thought of as a poet.

What most divides him from his brothers is the simple fact that he tries to understand them and to find their meanings, whereas they have no notion of trying to understand him or themselves. They are not entirely sure, as a matter of fact, that he exists. As boys in school they did once read part of the legend the Third Son wrote for them, but because he hid himself so well they tend to believe the legend wrote itself. "It came from the past," they say. Now and then, when their wives (most of whom were English majors) show them what the Third Son is writing now, they shrug and call it "foolishness." Unless they, too, went to college once. Then they call it "unintelligibility."

COLLEGE, as a matter of fact, is one of the temptations even Old Nick could not have foreseen until he stumbled on it. It is college that has produced that strain of hybrid men who call themselves sociologists, psychologists, statisticians, and specialized and general factitioners. It is the passion of these Hybrids to explain everything to everyone in a language no one understands, least of all the Hybrids.

The Hybrids do, however, understand that the Third Son does exist. They are meticulous sifters of evidence and the evidence is, of course, overwhelming. And since the Hybrids are so fond of explaining things, they have undertaken to make Cain and Abel understand about the Third Son.

Secretly, however, the Hybrids hate the Poet. He refuses to talk their language, and they want everyone to talk it because they themselves are more than a bit doubtful of it and will never be sure of it so long as any other language is spoken. When, for example, the Poet says "love"—a word of which he

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is fond—the Hybrids writhe uncomfortably and explain that he really means "libido" but means it so loosely that he has even neglected to make clear whether he intends a "homo- or a heterosexual libidinal manifestation." When the Poet makes up a rhyme about Cinderella, the Hybrids nod knowingly and write notes to one another about "foot-fetishism" and "wish-fulfilment." And when the Poet speaks of "The sea that bares her bosom to the moon," the Hybrids never fail to add footnotes to their pamphlets on "Weaning Frustration as a Factor in Personality Development."

THE Hybrids are always subtle (or maybe they are just intricate, which is not really the same thing but gives the same impression), and it is typical of them that they have taken out their hatred of the Poet by doing their best to make him seem respectable (by which they mean "progressive") to other Hybrids, and even to Cain and Abel. So when Cain and Abel turn away from what their wives have been reading, dismissing it as "foolishness" or "unintelligibility," the Hybrids always rush to the Poet's defense.

"No, no," they admonish. "It is more probable, statistically speaking, that you see only the isolated elements of what is in fact a configuration. (Or, as *we* say it, a *gestalt*.) It may well be that every behavioral manifestation is motivated by one or another such configuration, and it is certainly true that the basic psychometry of all personality development lies on the same curve that measures our ability to assimilate new perceptional configurations. For perceptivity always tends to be limited by those phenomena and concepts for which we have preestablished configurations. Since those configurations have been established in us by our prior conditioning, it is possible to say that we tend to see what our past has conditioned us to see. The Poet, on the other hand, is forever progressing to new configurations. Just as you have progressed beyond the horse and buggy to today's better, smoother, faster cars.

"What you illustrate," the Hybrids go on to say, having dismissed Homer and Dante and Shakespeare as horse-and-buggy poets in a Cadillac age, "is cultural lag. The poet may be writing badly, of course, but statistical probability"—and how the Hybrids love the sound of the phrase—"statistical probability would indicate that every great artist must wait from twenty to forty years for his audience to develop those configurations that allow it to perceive his particular synthesis of the empirical and the teleological.

"Your very humanity—in fact, The Legend Itself—is largely a gift of the Poet. Imagine, if you will, what our societal concepts would be were they not implemented by adequate linguistic paraphernalia. Why, every business letter you write is likely to be a more efficient communication because of what the Poet has done to sharpen our language and concepts."

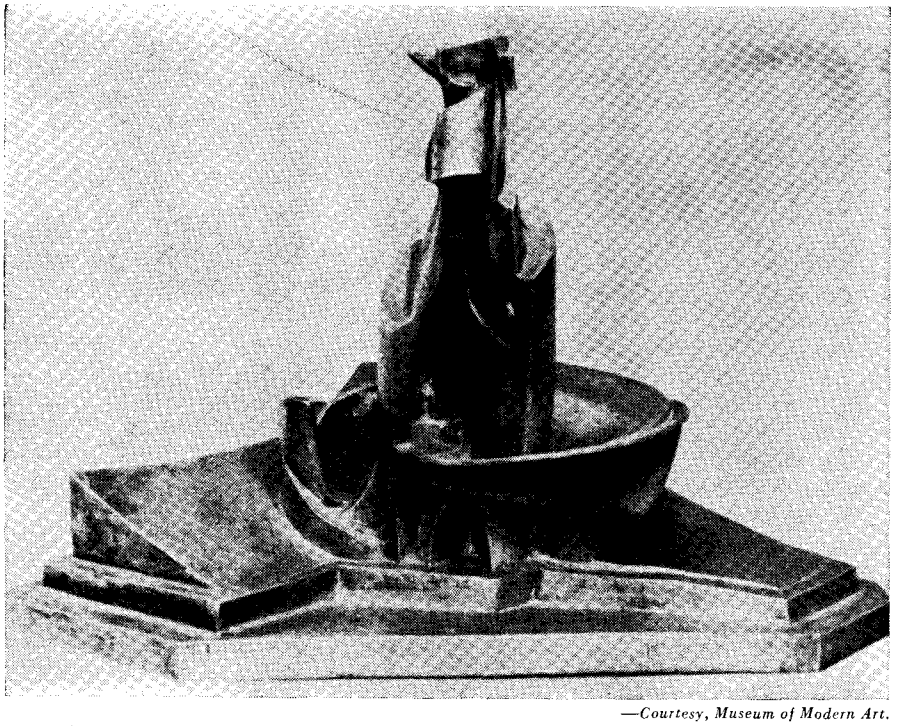
The Hybrids, as you see, can be persuasive. Some of them have even hybridized with former Poets to produce an even more voluble subspecies known as the Poebrids. The barriers, as we have long known, are breaking down everywhere.

The Poebrids are also specialists at making the Poet seem respectable to Cain and Abel, and even more so to their wives. They need hear no more than a chance reference to the "nature of man" and they are in there persuading from all lecterns and some pulpits.

"Consider," they say, "the nature of the human entity. What man is born whole to his humanity? We enter the world as an unshaped possibility of protoplasm. That newborn child may be a potential genius. But hand him over to pygmies, and despite all his physical differences, he will grow up with the mentality of a pygmy, a savage among savages. For before he can become a developed human being he must make contact with the experience of the race. He must receive the news from mankind. He must learn to read The Legend.

"The Legend is basically man's way of storing the news he has gathered. Science is one body of that news: it is the news of what man has learned about matter. Because civilization does not allow that news to be forgotten, any high school boy can learn what thousands of past physicists spent their lives to learn. If that high school boy means to become a physicist himself, he must learn all the news of the past. He is then prepared, if he has the talent for it, to make some news himself. He is ready to contribute to scientific progress.

"History is another kind of news. It is the news stored up in human memory of what large groups of men have been doing to and for one another since the beginning. History, to be sure, is not what happened. What happened was only event. History, properly speaking, is the writing style historians develop for discussing event as they see it. Yet to receive even that stylistic news from the past is to begin to achieve perspective. Indeed, the past is the future begun.



—*Courtesy, Museum of Modern Art.*

"Development of a Bottle in Space," by Umberto Boccioni.

"The third great body of news is the news of the arts, poetry among them. And the news stored up by the arts is the essential news of how it feels, in depth, to carry the flickering of human consciousness within the unstable chemical compounds of organic tissue."

The Poebrid is always whipping himself up into a fine fluster somewhere between his two natures. But how eloquent he can become as he warms up!

"Consider," he says, "the magnificence of Dante's conception of the universe! Consider the mortal splendor of the character of Oedipus in his moment of great decision! Just think of the jolly robustness of the Wife of Bath! How much richer we all are as we learn to take these masterful conceptions into ourselves! What man's imagination could, by itself, have poured into his consciousness the company he may keep in any good library?

"And this," says the Poebrid, "is the

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splendor of the arts! This is the glory of poetry! You must not scorn the poet as a mere dreamer. It is he who populates the imagination of mankind!

"And in so doing, he renews our sense of values. For in offering us the characters of his imagination, the poet leads us not only to see things, but to have value-feelings about them. The poet is unlike the scientist in that the scientist is not concerned with having feelings about his discoveries. His duty is simply to make his report in such a way that other scientists will know exactly what he has discovered, how to verify it if necessary, and possibly how to put it to use in discovering something else. True, the scientist is also a man. He may, therefore, have different feelings about using a new explosive to blow up rocks and using it to blow up people. The scientist *qua* scientist, however, must observe all explosions with equal detachment. He does not deal in good and bad. He deals in phenomena and their underlying physical principles.

"In a very real sense, then," concludes the Poebrid, "it is the poet who measures science. For it is he, more than anyone else in the long run, who shapes our feelings toward things—which is to say, our values. In teaching us how to feel about good and bad, he teaches us, among other things, what to do with the products of science. Poets, as Shelley said, are 'the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' No man may ignore them entirely, or brush them off too easily, without running the danger of diminishing his own humanity."

Luckily, the Poebrid tends to run out of breath at about this point. He has, as a matter of fact, been feeling uneasy for some time, even as he was being carried away by his own flow. As a part-Hybrid, he has begun to realize that he is not talking The Language. As a part-Poet, he has begun to doubt that he is talking any language at all.

I do not imply that you would stand much chance of catching him guessing that he has been absurd. But he does pause uneasily, for he has just caught a glimpse of the poet leaving through a side door. The poet had been sitting quietly in the Cain-and-Abel Memorial Auditorium, and he took advantage of the Poebrid's pause to leave just as quietly. "I wonder," says the Poebrid to himself, "what he is thinking."

IT would be a simple matter for the Poebrid to find out what the poet is thinking. All he need do is look over the poet's shoulder. The trouble with the Poebrid is his guilty sense that he could not understand the poet that way. He feels he must look over the Hybrid's shoulder instead. The way to understand poetry, the Poebrid believes, is to read not what the poet says, but what the Hybrids say he is saying. This substitution of the Hybrid for the poet is known in our colleges, of course, as Literary Criticism.

But why compound error? All men have a standing invitation to look over the poet's shoulder to find out what he is thinking. All they must do is survive their first impression that he isn't thinking at all.

For the poet is no sermonizer. To those who speak The Language it may even seem clear that he has no interest in thinking. The poet, simply enough, is playing. His toys are words, images, rhythms, and forms. His game is to make his toys dance and perform all sorts of attitudes. He doesn't really much care what sort of dance it turns out to be or what sort of attitude his poems perform, though as he grows more and more practiced, he finds that there are certain dances and attitudes for which he has a special knack and to which he is specially drawn. Let the Hybrids pin their ideas to a graph; for the poet, the goal is, as Peter Viereck once put it, "The ideas, the tall ideas *dancing*." He did not italicize "dancing" because he did not need to: part of his play in the poem was to make the rhythm land so hard on "dancing" that it italicized itself.

Rapt in his play, the poet all too often seems to care nothing whatever about the world. Not certainly for the world as Abel and Cain made it and as the various Hybrids have parsed it to their own sense of The Serious. His play is self-sufficient. Like Yeats's dewdrops in "The Sad Shepherd":

> . . . Naught they heard, for they were always listening,
> The dewdrops, for the sound of their own dropping.

Or look over the shoulder of Wallace Stevens in a poem called "Certain Phenomena of Sound" and find there:

> . . . The sound of that slick sonata,
> Finding its way from the house, makes music seem
> To be a nature, a place in which itself
> Is that which produces everything else . . .

Even the Hybrids would have trouble getting the Cains and Abels to accept that sort of thing. "What, is there no reality?" thunder the Sons of Progress. "I taste at the root of the tongue the unreal of that which is real," writes Wallace Stevens without bothering to look up. "Damn foolishness," says Abel. "Unintelligible," says Cain. "Perhaps a bit lacking in social responsibility," says the Hybrid placatingly, "but remember that the poets must be allowed to follow their even more barren veins. Like research scientists, they must explore without regard to utility. Every state of consciousness is a clue to behavioral understanding." And the Poebrid: "Dreams, too, are part of our human reality."

THE poet, overhearing, shrugs. If that is the world, he thinks, better by far be like the dewdrop and listen for the sound of his own dropping. Damn the world, but, oh, if only there were a fresh rhyme for "life." "Would it be worth it," he thinks to himself, "to try some poems with a lot of coined words in them?" Perhaps not. Joyce seems to have taken that game as his own. So,

"The Junior Chamber of Commerce wants Roger to resign and join the regular Chamber of Commerce."

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without knowing why, he begins to make lists of words at random:

Simulacrum . . . homunculus . . . avuncular . . . tubercule

What lovely "oo" and "u" lengths!

The man is practicing his trade, which is also his pleasure. Look over John Donne's shoulder. He is starting a poem called "The Anniversarie," and the Hybrids are sure he means it to give some "profound glimpses into the subjective intensity of monogamous devotion as a human behavioral pattern." Donne writes:

All Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes time, as they passe,
Is elder by a year, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

"What emotional stability," exclaims the Hybrid. "There is the true voice of a personality adjusted to its view of reality!"

"And," says the Poebrid turning to Cain and Abel, "can you deny that the conception enlarges your sense of your own marriage? Wouldn't you all be better and happier men if you learned to say such things to your wives?"

THE poet does not hear them. He is re-savoring the pattern of pauses and stresses. He says the last lines over to himself:

THIS//no tomorrow HATH//nor YESterday.
RUNning//it never runs from us AWAY//
But truly keeps his FIRST//LAST//EVerlasting DAY!

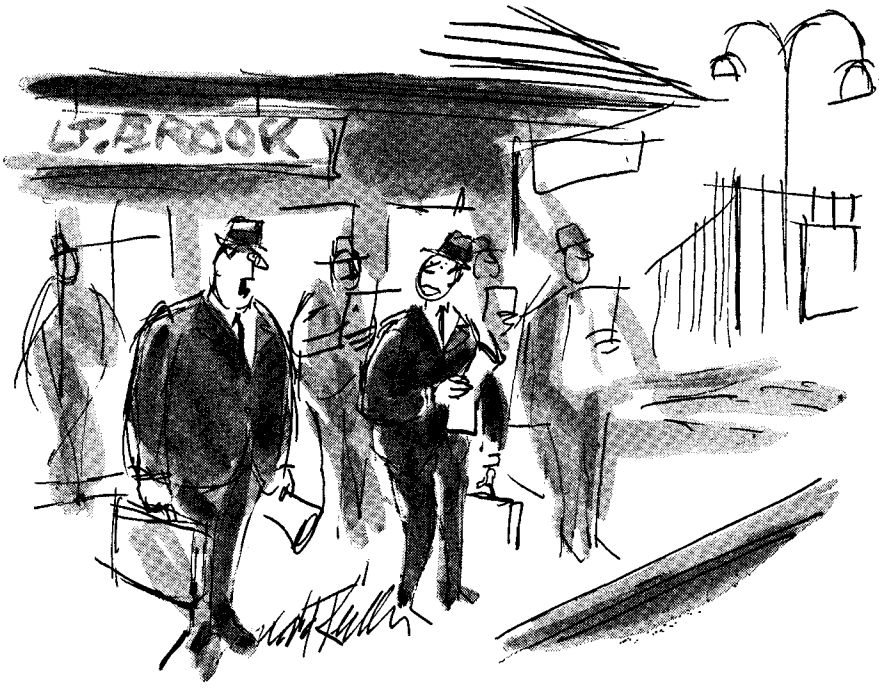
"*That*," he says to himself, "is a rhythm!"

Part of the poet's game, of course, is the fun of pretending. He even pretends at times that he is writing about ideas. Look over Richard Wilbur's shoulder into a poem called "Mind." Complete, the poem reads:

Mind in its purest play is like some bat
That beats about in caverns all alone,
Contriving by a kind of senseless wit
Not to conclude against a wall of stone.

It has no need to falter or explore;
Darkly it knows what obstacles are there,
And so may weave and flitter, dip and soar
In perfect courses through the blackest air.

And has this simile a like perfection?
The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save
That in the very happiest intellection
A graceful error may correct the cave.



"Edwards! How the devil did you manage to move out here on what I'm paying you?"

The cave, as Cain and Abel and the Hybrids know it, can of course submit to no such correction. It is the bat that must skirt reality, progress, clinical method, and spiritual (*i.e.*, societal and subjective personalital) values.

But what about the poet? Is he really concerned about the nature of human mentality? Perhaps. Secondarily. But who can doubt that the first concern of his poem is for the gracefulness of its own performance; for that marriage of words, of rhythm and meter, of image, and of the total structure of the poem that will dance the perception into view?

"But," says the Hybrid, "the poem does contain a most pointed perception about the nature of the creative mind whose trained intuitions—its developed 'mental set,' as we say—allow it to. . ."

This time the poet not only looks up, but stands up and turns around to look carefully at the Hybrid. "You find what you like in the poem," he says. "I wrote it in play."

"But do you deny there is a world in it?" says the Hybrid.

"Don't you know the world must be played for?" says the poet. "Were I to become as literal as you are, or as moral as you like to make me, I'd never have any fun, and I'd never stumble on a graceful error. What do you take me for, a preacher?"

But the Hybrid will not budge. "I take you," he says, "for rather more than a child playing with jingles."

"Take me for anything you like," says the poet, "but unless you put the jingle first, you are not only literal but silly. Poetry is play. It is mortal play. But play. As Frost said in "Two Tramps in Mud Time":

Only where love and need are one
And the work is play for mortal stakes
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven's and the future's sakes."

"Understood," says the Poebrid, breaking in, "but that is no more than a metaphorical way of describing the poetic vision that 'heaven' (the symbol of man's conceived perfection) and 'the future' (man's foreseeable need within his still imperfect environment) must have, if mankind is to fulfil its capabilities."

"Read," says the poet, pointing over the shoulder of the late Marshall Schacht to a passage in a poem called "The Fiddle's Body":

A scale
Can sculpture Bach and make the mountains move.
But love, without arithmetic, will fail.
The vision must be caught by indirection,

The bow arm aimed at technical perfection.

The Hybrid puts the book down. "Exactly what I mean," he says. "Love—the

(*Continued on page* 178)

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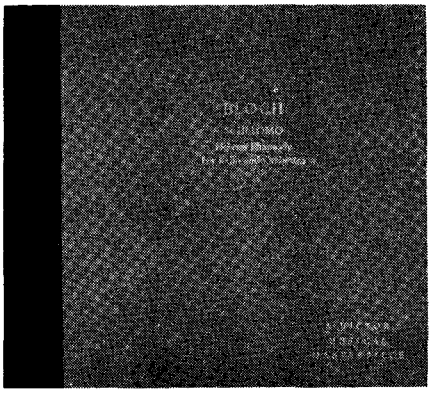
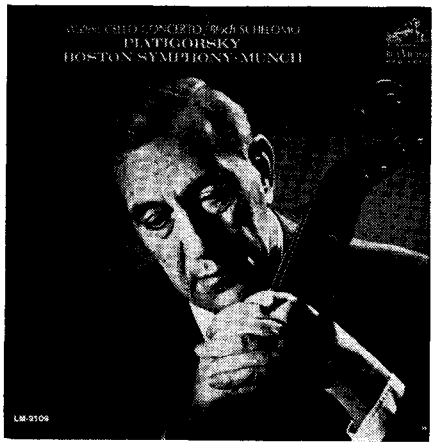
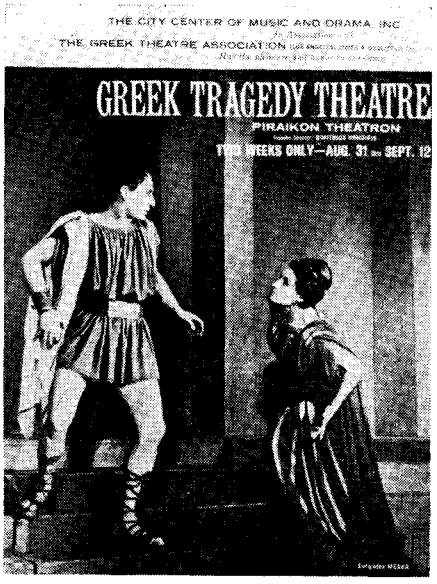




True-to-*type* is the word for early-vintage album covers. Compare latest release of same work by same company—a pioneer in use of photographic covers.

JUST LOOKING


THE CITY CENTER OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, INC.
THE GREEK THEATRE ASSOCIATION
GREEK TRAGEDY THEATRE
PIRAIKON THEATRON
TWO WEEKS ONLY—AUG. 31 to SEPT. 12

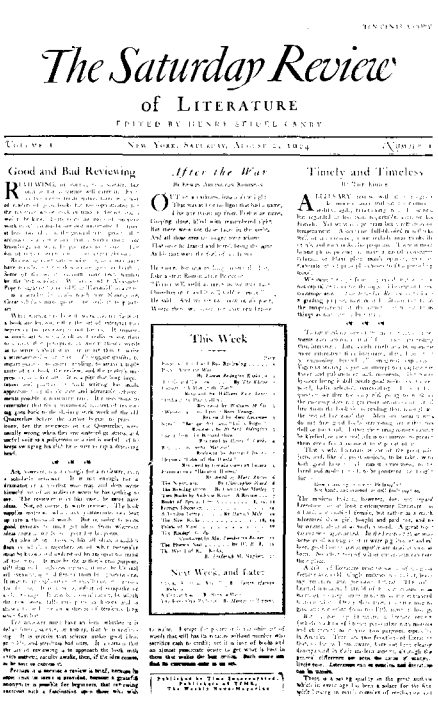
"Now Showing"—and now dramatized in photos spotlighting performers in action.

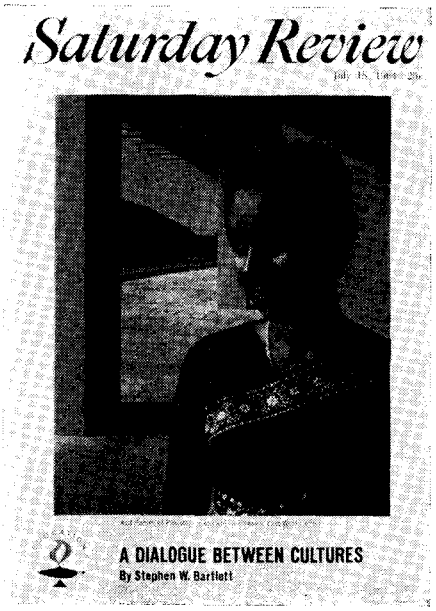
EVEN on a day too busy for the settling-down-to-a-good-book routine, we are amid a constant stream of reading material. There's at least the front page of the newspaper, a mail order catalogue in the morning mail, the magazine pages riffled through in a waiting room, the bookshop's display of best-sellers and record albums noted on the way back from lunch, the playbill that introduced the evening's performance.

And usually, whether we are consciously aware of the fact or not, it is the graphic illustration that takes us by the eye and leads us on to the printed word. This is certainly not a new concept. Utilizing the pictorial to communicate an idea or message started when primitive man scratched his first drawing on a dark cave wall and has continued right up to the latest light-up-the-sky neon spectacular.

It is not surprising, then, to find words and pictures similarly at work four decades ago in the familiar sources of everyday reading matter mentioned above. In basic appeals to emotions and snap-fastened wallets, the words of the mid-Twenties sound appreciably the same as those of the mid-Sixties. What is strikingly different, however, is the *look* of the graphics—a difference, we believe, that is not simply a matter of Laver's law of changing fashion trends and tastes.

Glance at the then-and-now examples on these pages. Consider the added clarity, credibility, and sense of immediacy the perceptive camera brings to the printed message. And wonder with us whether the wide application of photography to all facets of visual communication is not largely responsible for the graphic "new look." —M.R.W.





The appearance of magazines, too, has been strongly influenced by the use of photographs that bring the world and its people to readers.

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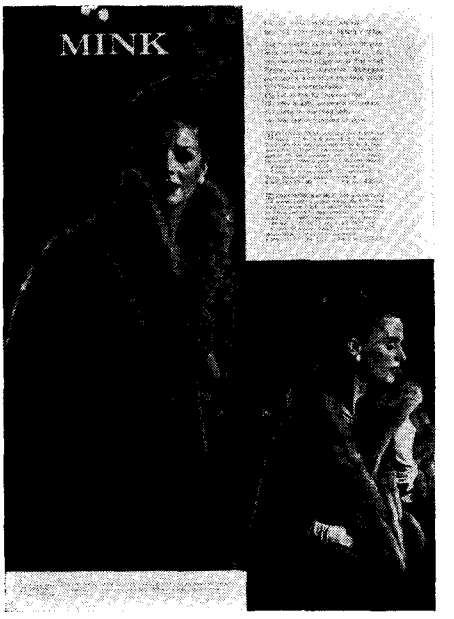
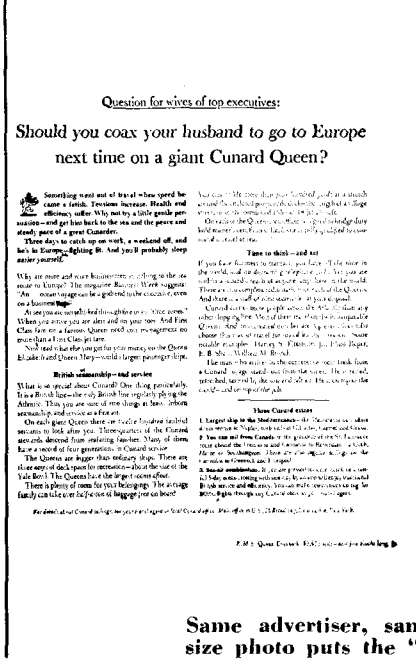


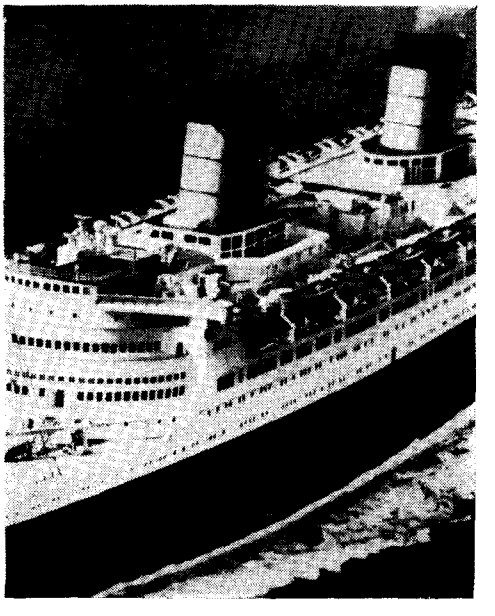
Mail order's buy-appeal had little eye-appeal until fashion photography became the fashion in catalogues.

The New York Times.
EXTRA
PRESIDENT HARDING DIES SUDDENLY; STROKE OF APOPLEXY AT 7:30 P. M.; CALVIN COOLIDGE IS PRESIDENT
Statement by President Coolidge
Public Men Voice Tributes To Harding's Worth and Record
President's Death Shocks Capital, Which Had Expected Recovery

The New York Times.
LATE CITY EDITION
KENNEDY IS KILLED BY SNIPER AS HE RIDES IN CAR IN DALLAS; JOHNSON SWORN IN ON PLANE
TEXAN ASKS UNITY
LEFTIST ACCUSED
Gov. Connally Shot; Mrs. Kennedy Safe
President Is Struck Down by a Rifle Shot From Building on Motorcade Route—Johnson, Riding Behind, Is Unhurt
PRESIDENT'S BODY PARTIES' OUTLOOK
Why America Weeps

Front-page news—announcement of the President's death—separated by forty years and the press photographer.





Same advertiser, same copy theme—but Queen-size photo puts the "sails" message across in '64.

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The Personal Touch

By JAMES F. FIXX

ONE DAY in 1932 author Louis Untermeyer, abandoning his notion of turning donkey-breeder, inserted in the old *SRL* the following classified ad:

THREE YEARS ago I brought over from Sardinia two of the smallest and most persuasive donkeys in existence. They were (1) a male entitled "Donkey Hote," and (2) a female, "Donkey Schon." "Donkey Schon" departed this life. Unable to produce a progeny with one (male) donkey, I am now offering this animal for sale. The buyer will be furnished with papers attesting his noble lineage, his good character, and his dog-like (not dogged) disposition. I might add that he figures in my forthcoming volume, "The Donkey of God." A copy of the volume will be given upon publication to the buyer. I will not only put my signature on the volume, but I will be happy to autograph the donkey. Louis Untermeyer, Elizabethtown, Adirondack Mountains, New York.

Just why Untermeyer chose to advertise a Sardinian donkey in a journal devoted chiefly to books is one of the murkier mysteries of the magazine's early years, but as it turned out it wasn't a bad idea. In short order he had sold the beast—at a good figure, too—and thereafter he lost no opportunity to let people know that he had found just the place to get rid of unwanted oddities.

That ad, the first of a succession of curious entries that were to run in the Personals column over the next several years, triggered a chain reaction that soon made that department of the magazine, in the words of one reader, "a cross between an Agony Corner and an Opportunity Shop." It was one of the few places where a man could offer for sale a parrot with a gift for profanity, where a city girl could seek an out-of-doors man to talk to her of "dogwood and other spring things," where an English lady could swap her steak-and-kidney pudding recipe for the secret of New England fish chowder.

But running through all the old Personals columns, in a direct line from the lonely human heart, were the ads inserted by people who sought the friendship of kindred souls. "Idealist, steeped in the beauty of poetry and music, would correspond with those who cling to their faith in humanity," read one of them. And another proclaimed lyrically: " 'Tis Spring! What Rose-in-hand will toss a petal into the cup of old Khayyám?"

Those were the old days in the wild, untamed country of *SRL*'s Personals column, and they were clearly too good, in their way, to last. For one thing, the column inevitably attracted a few advertisers whose purpose was not to find a friend, sell a donkey, or give voice to a dream, but simply to gull the innocent.

A classic case in point was the following: "Wishing, dreaming, castle-building, diffident bachelor, bored with muddled world. Would welcome stimulating correspondence with gentlewoman fond of books, open fireplaces, distant places, leisurely conversation." The prospect of a friendship with the man was apparently so attractive that some thirty women entered into correspondence with him. The pattern was the same in each case. A meeting would be suggested, and soon a deep friendship would ripen. At that point, strangely enough, the diffident bachelor would chance to encounter financial difficulties and would borrow money from his new friend. Then he would disappear.

He might have got away with it if he hadn't inserted a second ad in the Personals column: "The Late George Apley's successor, submerged in Manhattan, unconfirmed diffident bachelor, wishes interesting feminine correspondent with high ideals, tolerant mind, stout heart, playful disposition, not too clever." The literary style rang a bell in the mind of one of *SRL*'s lady editors. She answered the ad under an assumed identity, and in due course a meeting was arranged. But this time postal inspectors were on hand to nab the culprit.

It was the beginning of the end for the old-style Personals column, though the column was a long time dying. For one thing, even though the editors contemplated killing it outright, readers who got wind of the plan complained so lustily that the editors were forced to beat a strategic retreat. As one writer said several years later, "They encountered the same trouble that Conan Doyle ran into when he tried to kill Sherlock Holmes—people wouldn't stand for it."

Eventually, though, the editors found that they had to cast a more protective eye on the Personals column, and reluctantly they set out to give it a face-lifting.

But for those readers who like to recall the magazine's earlier and rowdier times—and the editors count themselves among them—we offer herewith a sampling from the days when you could never be quite sure, when you answered a Personals ad, whether you were going to get a lesson in chowder-making or discover a life-long friend.

Personals in SRL

PAGING — a gentleman of sweet reasonableness in this mundane world. Middle-aged, unattached, fond of books, open fires, thinking, and leisurely conversation via letters. Thoughtful Isabel.

MALE, 29, intelligent, sense of humor, industrious, sincere, considerable common sense, but not nonpareil, presently employed, seeking now connection which will not be short-circuited by above or honesty of opinion. Or is this ululating Utopia?

LISTEN, DEAR, although I hear my days are numbered, refrain from worry, flutter, flurry; oh, you're still remembered. Placid.

WOULD SOME not too statistical male, 27-37, care to convince me that San Francisco men are not all willowy esthetes, fatheads, or married?

F.W.M. Why have you stopped writing—because I couldn't answer you more fully through this column? Your letters have meant so much to me—won't you send me some address through which I may reach you? I'd love to write you if only to thank you for the pleasure you have given me. Limited resources and distance from New York explain seeming lack of interest. "Party of the second part."

ROXANNE. You intrigue my fency. Let's cross swords. Cyrano.

YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, marooned in Manhattan, neither horsey nor hearty, wonders what this spot of "agony" will provoke in the way of stimulating male correspondence. Nothing Hebraic, prosaic, or bouncingly athletic, please. Interested in everything from social insecurity down to what became of Passamaquodity.

KATIE would be tamed by Petruchio, doubts if modern times produces him. Sophisticatee.

WANTED: Attractive young lady to attend Winter Carnival with upper classman. February fifth. Applicants over thirty not considered. Photograph requested.

WHIMSICAL MISS desires change of employment. Expert in work of detailed nature. Likes books and teasable people.

MARY craves a Valentine.

SPRING FEVER? My pen drips sulphur and molasses in palatable form. Mitzi.

YOUNG MAN out of the east, wary and sly, weary and patient, humble and proud, grave and ironical, seeks mental and emotional relief from Detroit.

"PRISCILLA" from old Virginia, late thirties, college woman, young-looking, Protestant, interested in people, nature, books, music and the theatre desires correspondence with an unattached "John Alden."

LET SATURDAY REVIEW readers protest to their Senators against Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan.—Democrat.

LET SATURDAY REVIEW readers petition their Senators to support Roosevelt's Supreme Court Plan.—Republican.

SIZE ELEVEN, not shoe, not glove, but dress, French teacher eight years, seeks new field to increase size of outlook and in order again to travel and study abroad.

LOST—Sense of humor, belonging to your man, age 30, college graduate. Disappeared somewhere in small New England town during past few months. Is there any gal correspondent in the house who can help restore this sense of humor to rightful owner?

PLAYBOY of the intellect, sobered by professorial dignity, needs letters from spiritual sugarbabies to restore high spirits. Bindlestiff.

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CANNOT WAIT for proletariat revolution or Republican administration. Young college graduate (female) must work. Prefers top salary and travel abroad. Takes dictation as slowly as you talk. Recent photo sent at your risk. If unable to furnish job—don't worry—send basket of fruit.

PLAIN MARY would like to hear from honest John.

ALLEGHENY Monongahela pugnose, all run down at the heels, wants job as receptionist. Handles jitterbugs, hillbillies, bigwigs. References.

ARE THERE ANY devotees of T. S. Eliot, music, peripatetic colloquies, in New York or Philadelphia? Ulysses.

WHAT WOULD YOU give for freedom from fear, worry, and unrest? Try my method. Others have used it with success. Send quarter.

OIL WIDOW would like to hear from interesting party.

REPUBLICAN looking for Democrats willing to bet on *outcome of election.* [1928]

REPUBLICAN looking for Democrats to lend him lunch money. [1929]

QUI ARMA GERIT seeks stimulating companionship of tall brown-eyed woman in thirties for walks, contract, golf.

DEAR SANTA—Last December I desired correspondence with man who believes Saturday Review might introduce worthwhile persons. The challenge was accepted gloriously, and he wanted me, but you gave him to another little girl. Please, dear Santa, another—just like him.

MAN, 32, author, wishes correspondence with cultured, teasable ladies. Perplexed.

PERPLEXED: Virginia is allegedly cultured, impressionable, inquisitive.

PERPLEXED: Are there no teasable young ladies, or do you consume them weekly? Boston woman neither cultured nor refined is wondering. Doubly perplexed.

32, UNSOPHISTICATED, have never drunk at the Pierian spring, but oh, so eager to learn. Who will retrieve me from a present tropical stagnation? Melissande.

PIERRE (PLAIN, NOT II): Don't let innocent plagiarists cause you to mistrust one who is NOT MIGNONNE.

ONE WILD IRISH ROSE seeking adventure and amusement in or near Boston.

HOW CAN A SUN and music loving young Austrian, exiled from his beautiful mountains and not exactly a parvenu, meet an attractive girl, neither too spinsterish nor yet interested exclusively in gum, who finds Manhattan as noisily lonely as he does?

UNDERGRADUATE (Michigan), 23, masculine gender, *somewhat snobbish, interested in music (piano), books,* travel, the theater, fond of salt water, good food, horses, would like to hear from kinspirit, female gender.

WOULD SOME forty-year-old Protestant New Yorker (without hostages to fortune), who can wax lyrical about "Winterset" and "Pride and Prejudice," Beethoven, sand dunes and beach fires, economic reform, etc., let me ride pillion on his hobby-horse occasionally, if I pay my share of the hay and oats? Diana.

NON-DESIGNING DAMSEL would welcome correspondence from spiritual male, 30-50. Sibyl.

CLEOPATRA, bored of Caesars, awaits Antony.

ROSALIND *is lonely in Arden. Is there an Orlando for her?*

MAN—Mere, modest, merry, mellow—wishes wise, witty Winsome would waft womanly words.

DESDEMONA would be delighted to listen to the tales of an Othello (Caucasian).

SPINSTER, aged 33, homely, boresome, narrow-minded, tactless, pessimistic, invites interesting correspondence with romantic males. Cousin Maud.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT, why not have yourself weighed emotionally by the Danforth "PERSONALITY AUDIT"? It helps in fitting round pegs into square holes.

IS THERE A MALE or female who wants to do London (Dutch) this summer? "A Lucy Gayheart."

KANSAS LIBRARIAN tired of Kansas. What erudite slave will trade jobs for two months?

LADY CAT, appellation Halcyon, artistic and literary background, wishes to correspond with gentleman cat, athletic type preferred.

B.M., write again. Lost your letter. C.M.

RESEARCH STUDENT (male) offers guidance through the labyrinth of philosophy, classical literature or modern science or those seeking the aesthetic joy and intellectual tranquillity in these pursuits.

MAISIE AND DAISY seek something shattering. Nothing ponderous. We are comparatively ornamental and unusually dumb.

JUST FIRED with thoroughness and dispatch from one of our best military schools. Taught Spanish and English ten years here and elsewhere. No special abilities: extensive knowledge of contemporary fiction, fluent Spanish, passable French, good amateur acting. Seek job at anything I can do. Male, age 32. Discharge outgrowth of long-established, until recently well-concealed lack of sympathy with military ideals.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 25, with humorous outlook on life and plenty of zip and zing, likewise with writing, editorial and secretarial experience, seeks adventure, employment or both. Anything from sociological surveys to *exploring the Himalayas.*

CAN SOMEONE TELL me what it was that Mrs. Ferdinand Blumenthal, right in the middle of the luncheon celebrating her marriage to the Duc de Montmorency, said which convulsed all of fashionable Europe? I'm in a twitter to know. Cleo.

CLEO: I'll trade you the low-down on Mrs. Blumenthal's fox pass if you'll tell me how President Taft split his trousers with disastrous results. W.W.

W.W. It's a deal if you'll also tell me the crack Lily Langtry's English butler pulled when he poured champagne down Lily's back. Cleo.

IMPECUNIOUS cat lover wishes to exchange valuable *limited signed first editions of contemporary poets* for pedigreed Siamese or Persian.

MODERN MAIDEN with many interests (including all things Celtic) seeks diverting male correspondent—not too venerable.

ROGER: How can I forward your toupee in time for interview, if I haven't any forwarding address? Anyway, I've sent it to General Delivery, St. Louis. Bernice.

WRITER would join forces with clever plot builder mystery fiction.

MANHATTAN GIRL, a little bit independent about romance that leads to complete suburb-annihilation, might exchange extreme concentration for interesting variation. No husbands or men on dole. And I mean that.

IS THERE A MAN not forlorn, Nor bent upon folly nor so torn, Who might wish to amuse a gal, By writing like a real pal?

IS THERE A MAIDEN, patrician, pianistic, Petite, pulchritudinous, non-Bacchanistic, Who'd accompany a tenor, with artistic zeal, In serious study, tribute, Epicureal? Orpheus.

NICK: Sorry about Wednesday. 900 miles too far for lunch.

NEWSPAPER WRITER, age 40, desires to hear from a kind, influential lady who can get him a job as columnist for a Republican paper.

A TRIOETTE has despaired as yet (22) of meeting *intelligent trioet* (27). Concluded have we, there be no such three (0). Inform us if you disagree (!).

K.—Sorry, calling New York is expensive.

AUTHOR OF BOOK on Socionomics wishes backing from ladies and gentlemen for movement realizing socionomic program of vast possibilities.

IS THERE ANY honest way that a young man of 23, Sorbonne educated, literarily inclined, newspaper experienced but still bright and cheerful, can earn $500 in the next six months? If not, is there any way?

"I don't know how to tell you this, Joanne, but I'm getting a British secretary."

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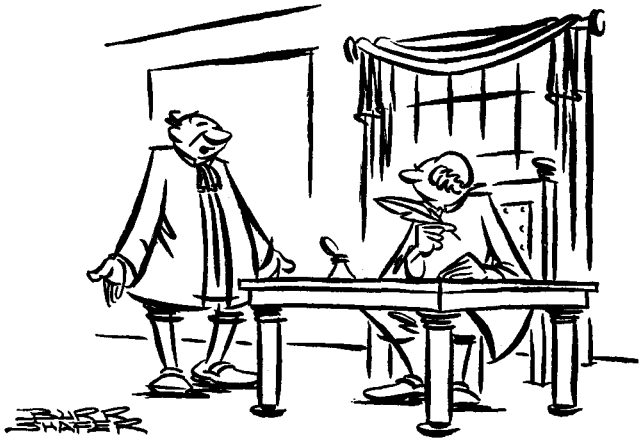
Through History with J. Wesley Smith

Since 1939 (with time out for World War II), Burr Shafer's J. Wesley Smith cartoons have offered *SR* readers some delightfully fanciful speculations on what might have happened if history hadn't worked out quite the way it has. On this page are six samples from his twenty-two years with the magazine.

"Careful—don't spoil the pelt."

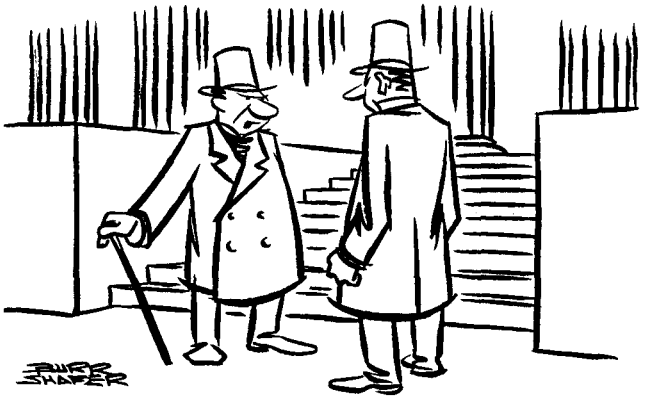
"Eighty more white men in your boat? How do we know you won't send over four or five hundred before you're finished?"



"Why don't you just print a retraction, Mr. Zenger? After all, you can't fight City Hall."

"About this 'Liberty or Death' business, Mr. Henry, isn't there some reasonable position in between?"

"All right, Herr Mozart, but don't come running to me when you want concert tickets sold."



"I don't know anything about Alaska, Mr. Seward, but the fact that the Russians are willing to part with it looks mighty suspicious."

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Art's Voyage of Discovery

By KATHARINE KUH

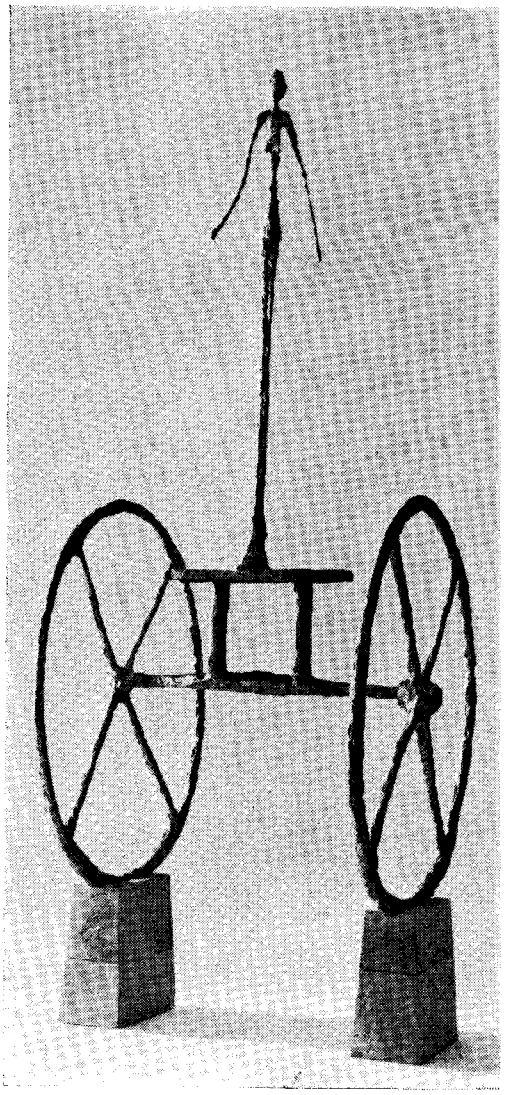
TO PREDICT the future of American art demands at once a soothsayer and an intrepid fool. A review of recent history provides certain clues, but it is history in the making that sets the course. For, no matter how subtle its communicative powers, how evasive, elusive, and oblique its message, art worth its name is always geared to life. From cave symbols to non-art protests, graphic expression has dealt with man himself. During an interview several years ago, the American artist Mark Tobey observed, "The content of a painting is tied up with time, place, and history. It is always related to man's beliefs and disbeliefs, to his affirmations and negations. How we believe and disbelieve is mirrored in the art of our times." This is not to say that each school of art neatly identifies with parallel contemporary events, for art grows from more than life. It also grows from art and is often closely enmeshed with the work of earlier men. How explain, otherwise, the myriad followers and earth-shaking impact of such figures as Leonardo and Michelangelo, or more recently Mondrian and Picasso, to mention equally conspicuous examples?

The best way to consider the future is to examine the present and the immediate past. We may, of course, be too near our own century to evaluate its meaning or pinpoint the main currents art has followed and the sources that have forged these currents. But it is worth a try. Presumably, the fine arts have been shaped by many of the same forces that affected modern literature, music, theater, and dance. Each has responded to the accelerated tempo of our time, to the implacable power of speed, to a new bewildering awareness of space, and, not least, to the awesome advances of science. The danger, however, is to overemphasize the potency of science, for where art is concerned external sources are sometimes less cogent than hidden ones. The painter and sculptor do not report on world affairs; they may reflect these events but, at best, always distilled through their own personal bias, their own atavistic memories.

In trying to condense present multiplicity into tangible form, artists turn to certain shortcuts, to transparent, fragmented, reconstructed images where two compelling illusions—speed and space—act as basic source material. A persistent and insistent manifestation of twentieth-century art is its preoccupation with breakup, breakup of color (inherited from impressionism), of form, surface, time, line, pigment, content, light, space, and design. In many cases, to be sure, the immediate if not final explanation for this consuming interest in dissolution stems from modern technology. Take the impressionists, who already in the nineteenth century were bent on capturing realistic atmospheric effects through broken color. Had it not been for the optical experiments of various contemporary scientists, it is doubtful whether such artists as Monet and Seurat would have become so completely mesmerized by the new color theories of their period. And yet, surely, it was not alone these discoveries that caused an entire generation of painters to focus on realistic light; more likely, it was the same urge that motivated artists and scientists. As usual, the painters were searching for wider horizons and freedom from past conventions. In fleeting nuances of light and color they found a poetic escape from the more prosaic facts of life. For them, sunlight was so evanescent as to deny its own reality and, in fact, propose the ephemeral aspects of all reality. Objects as such assumed minor importance; it was only how light shone on these objects that counted. And thus the first tentative steps toward modern abstraction were taken.

THE surrealists, too, borrowed from science. Were it not for certain Freudian discoveries, they might have hesitated to shatter content and time sequence with such total abandon. However, they went beyond orthodox psychoanalytic methods to invent a new kind of awareness. Their brand of super-reality deliberately made what is seem what it is not. By forcing us to recognize the duality of daily experiences, they proved that facts are never infallible. A rock on second glance becomes a man; a tree metamorphoses into human form, and so, too, does a test tube. Witness the paintings of Dali, Max Ernst, Tchelitchew, and Duchamp. With these men nothing is precisely as it seems. The same object assumes perverse and multiple aspects, not surprising in an age anxiously awakening to mysteries of the unconscious.

As for the abstract expressionists—such men as Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning—the invention of atomic



—*Camera Press (Pix).*

"Chariot, 1950," by Giacometti

destruction may have mildly accelerated their emphasis on relentlessly splintered surfaces, for in a world where upheavals and explosions are commonplace, the artist scarcely remains immune. Indeed, there is no place for him to hide, except perhaps in his own work. The painter Morris Graves was right when he said recently, "You simply can't keep the world out any longer." Fallout reaches even the most remote garret. Still, I doubt whether the knowledge of atomic devastation acted as an important influence on contemporary art, except indirectly as it infiltrates all our thinking. The whole concept behind it is on such a colossally inhuman scale as to elude graphic interpretation. A wildly tangled painting by Pollock tells us more about his personal conflicts than about any new scientific inventions. Slashing away ruthlessly at his canvas, he was not merely seeking a catharsis; he was also annihilating the smug world of material security. And this is again what Giacometti does, only with greater refinement. By reducing his figures to an absolute minimum, he dematerializes them. They

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become the apotheosis of isolation. Robbed of all substance, they live only as gestures of despair and frustration.

Though modern methods of destruction have undoubtedly affected all the arts to a certain degree, I am firmly convinced that our century's emphasis on dissolution—on scarred surfaces, segmented compositions, and smashed forms—results less from direct technological developments than from the artist's consuming desire to escape the overmaterialistic world that technology has produced. Some claim that painters and sculptors with their supersensitized vision intuitively predicted an atomized landscape long before "the bomb" became a *fait accompli*. But a more telling motive, I think, was the artist's need to dematerialize his environment in order to block out the banality of mass-produced abundance. He purposely disintegrates his surroundings, sometimes out of sheer fury, more often to reconstruct them according to his own needs. This is precisely what the cubists did. For them, dissolution was a disciplined process, the artists breaking up form only to reassemble it in fresh and unexpected relationships. They literally remade the physical world around them.

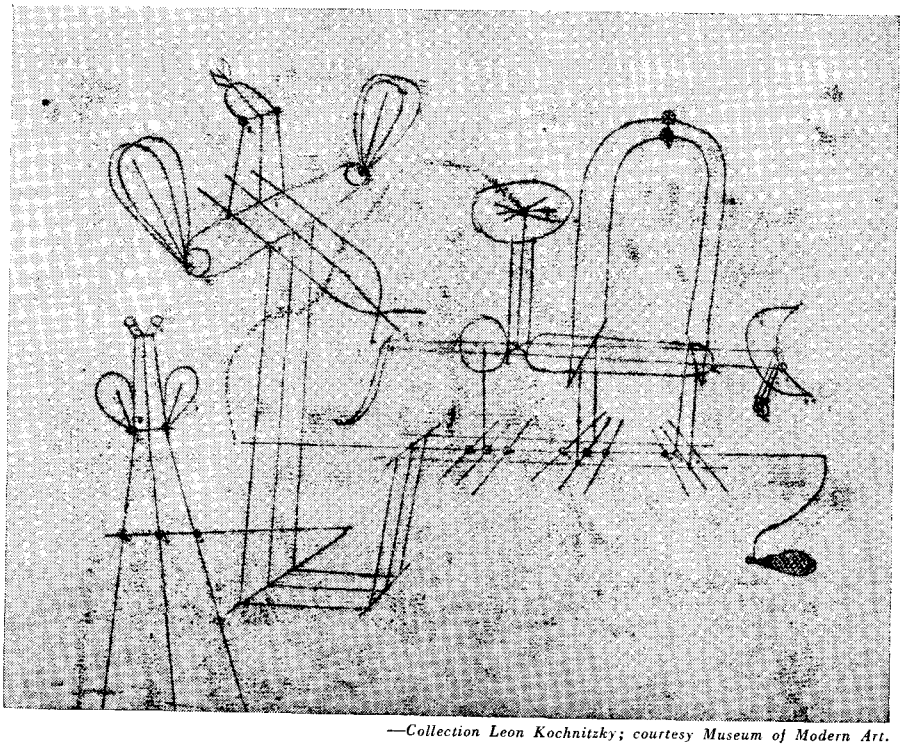
We cannot discount the overwhelming impact of modern speed on present-day art. For it, too, fragments our vision. Racing past stationary objects makes them seem to coalesce and overlap; yet while our eyes applaud these phenomena, our spirits reject the efficiently lethal machines that make possible this very velocity. For that matter, artists have been grappling with the machine for well over fifty years, at times with undisguised admiration, at times with scorn, more often with defiance and fear. According to their lights, they see it as a knight in shining armor (Léger), as a whimsical man-made gadget (Klee), as an obstinate rival (Duchamp). They see it as witty, wilful, wicked, and wanton. It is for them a never-ending source of stimulation.

And so, too, is motion. That the art of our period deals so dynamically with speed is not surprising, but I question whether the obvious influence of high-geared modern communication is the sole explanation. For motion is often employed less as a representation of present-day life than as a suggestion of growth. The unfolding sculpture of Pevsner and Gabo, the boundaryless paintings of Pollock, Klee, and early Kandinsky all imply that containment is an illusion, that final beginnings and endings are nonexistent. Vision is a continuous experience the artist cannot duplicate but can approximate with shorthand symbols. Broken, overlapping, transparent forms and over-all compositions without specific centers of interest result in a new kind of realism, a realism that seems abstract only because it deals with volatile growing processes. Inevitably, this preoccupation induced a sharp break with classical traditions of the past, with the symmetrical humanism that was the order of that day. An observer exposed to a Greek sculpture or a Renaissance portrait sees a finished object, complete and intentionally permanent. However, when he examines a modern painting he often joins in an unfinished experience that only his own imagination and powers of projection can complete. Classical art, despite its idealism, replaced illusion with fact. Contemporary art deals with less finite matters and for that reason may at times fail to communicate as readily as an impatient public demands. Classical sculptors made idealized form their panacea; modern artists make non-form theirs, and in the process of dissolving form they in turn find a boundless release in space. For them, voids take precedence over substance; negative becomes positive as space turns into a tangible force energizing their work. They recognize that all vision is interpenetrated by space, that even solids are not impervious to its pressure.

As the world becomes larger our sights tend to shrink, in repudiation, perhaps, of a vastly expanding universe. Today the artist condenses his symbols, allowing a single detail to perform multiple duties and to assume multiple meanings. Fernand Léger claimed that under certain circumstances an enlarged close-up of a fingernail could be mistaken for a massive mountain. Brancusi sometimes merged attributes of both sexes in the same sculpture, hoping thus to celebrate the origins of life, a favorite theme with him. For Miró, only an isolated eye and ear were needed to recapture the nostalgic sights and sounds of his youth. Whole macrocosms were thus abbreviated into small familiar symbols.

The present century often tries to escape its own materialism by exploring shadows and exposing hidden meanings. Modern artists repeatedly depict not the object but its ambiance. They show us, for example, the process of growth rather than specific growing organisms. This concentration on abstract metaphor turns the spectator into an active participant. He must identify personally with these diverse symbols, with these subtle visual puns, if he is to understand the artist's intention. A tenacious characteristic of modern art is the heavy responsibility it places on the viewer. His involvement becomes an integral part of the finished work.

We hear a great deal these days about non-art. There is no doubt that a strong nihilism marks our period. It shows itself in many guises—in an emphasis on breakup, in the repugnance certain artists feel for esthetic traditions, in a frank desire to shock. It is hardly news that this obsession with anti-art started during and immediately after the First World War when the Dadaists, disgusted with the world they inherited, tried to demolish it with every possible desecration. As artists, they denied all accepted conventions; as human beings, they denied life, at times allowing their total nihilism to drive them to suicide.



—*Collection Leon Kochnitzky; courtesy Museum of Modern Art.*

"Little Experimental Machine," by Paul Klee

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"The Card Players," by Léger

These were men who firmly believed in their causeless cause. It is a mistake to imagine they were insensible simply because they were negative; the truth is that they judged society with astute and explosive rage. Their dilemma is only one of many signs indicating how sorely the church failed modern man. In the past, as art's chief *raison d'être*, religion dominated painting and sculpture as it did contemporary life. Now it is less a whipping boy than an afterthought, where art is concerned.

I have never understood why so many self-appointed moralists attack works of art they consider destructive. When they claim that the word "art" presupposes only exalted emotions, they restrict us to a Pollyanna world of good deeds and pure thoughts. But since life is not always sublime, inventive men will continue to find fresh ways to illuminate the truth. And it is the truth, not morality, we are after. Ardent, brutal statements can on occasion become art's lifeblood. One need only recall the tortured Christs of Grünewald, the sadistic imagery of Bosch, the furious lampoons of Goya. The Dadaists, who were accused of lacking discipline, made a new kind of discipline out of chaos, not only visual but psychological chaos. Their very negations became a language that is still nourishing the art of our century, though sometimes in a sadly regressive form.

What artists choose as source material is indicative of their own needs. Though exposed to innumerable images from the past, painters and sculptors of our century have concentrated to an astonishing degree on primitive art—and possibly for the same motives that led them to nonart. After all, the aboriginal carver did not think of himself as an artist; he was merely performing a ritualistic duty. It stands to reason that modern man, surfeited by a mechanistic environment of his own making, turns thirstily to more earthy experiences. Escaping from his complicated surroundings, he attempts to renew himself through the direct, sometimes savage statements of primitive societies. Jacques Lipchitz, in discussing Gauguin, once said that this nineteenth-century pioneer was less important as a painter than as a missionary promoting the cause of native art. Like Klee, Lipchitz claims it is only through rediscovering our own roots that we free ourselves from corruption and sterility.

Were we to predict the future of American art we might readily oversimplify the situation. For example, we might logically decide that art will become increasingly international, but it is just possible that the more available the outside world, the more avidly painters and sculptors will withdraw into themselves. Though the idea of internationalism is widely accepted today, often the best of modern art stems from national sources. Such men as Miró, Picasso, Edward Hopper, Stuart Davis, and Matisse all strongly reflect their native origins. Artists, notably during their early years, turn for support to memories of their homelands. Nostalgic images deeply associated with youthful experiences can persist throughout the entire span of a man's work, reappearing in different forms as his art matures. Indeed, it sometimes seems that the more insistent the outside world, the more reassuring are the symbols of home.

In the past, art influences usually followed an orderly sequence. Painters and sculptors were apt to revert step by step to earlier traditions, starting with their immediate antecedents and only gradually discovering more remote periods. Moreover, with travel and communication limited, artists were often restricted to their immediate surroundings. But today they can pick and choose at will, referring to all periods in history without obligation to chronology or geography. If this wealth has widened the artist's vision, the overwhelming freedom has sometimes driven him back more deeply into his own protective roots. And the

(*Continued on page* 187)

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Edited by Martin Levin

Sisyphus

"Why do you mutter, little man,
With lips a trifle lathering?
Is it perhaps a speech you plan
To make before some gathering?
Why do you wildly shake your head
And get your hair untidy?"
"It is indeed a speech," he said,
"A speech I made last Friday."

Thus does the musing architect,
Before his table seated,
Forever raptly re-erect
The building long completed!
The businessman awakes of nights
And ancient deals rehearses;
The poet busily rewrites
Obliterated verses.

Who is the fellow—Sisyphus?—
Who rolls the giant boulder
Up the high hill of Tartarus,
And there he cannot hold her?
O Sisyphus, learn this of us,
If you can pause a minute:
When we assume the job is done,
We really just begin it.

—Morris Bishop.

1984 Plus 20

IT had been known for many years that computers, given the retentive faculty of the human brain and programing that approximated the experiences of a human, would actually think. Reading at last disappeared. It hadn't been used for entertainment since the advent of television, and when the phone company added its TelAns service it was no longer necessary to look anything up. All advisable knowledge was stored in a device situated on the outskirts of Dallas. It would answer a call from anywhere and supply an answer for anything in no time. Conversation, long lagging, died at last except as a public entertainment on the U.S. TV, which provided an hour of it once a week. The State maintained some old folks for the purpose. Meanwhile, variously adapted and programed, computers grew food, harvested, cleaned, packed, and shipped it and, if necessary, ate it.

More timesavers were developed. Commercial announcements came out of electric toothbrushes. A tiny transmitter, adapted from space technology, was inserted between everyone's pancreas and his stomach to send hourly reports of all bodily functions to a central diagnostic machine. At the first sign of trouble the central machine would immediately radio back, "Stop smoking."

A machine was developed that put the New York Central on a paying basis.

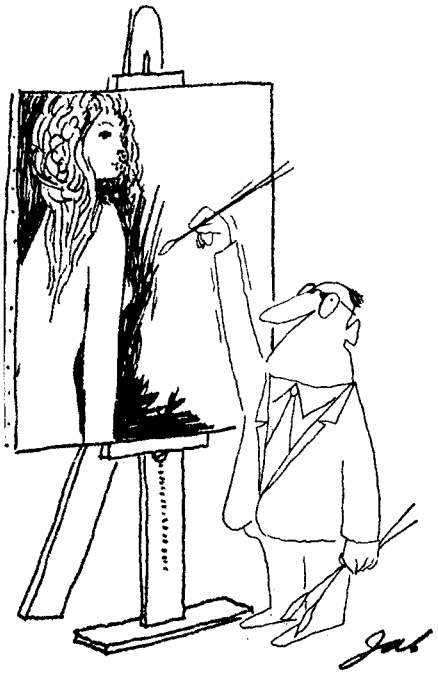
Federated Africa, while testing its new plastic missiles, accidentally wiped out godless Red China exactly along its geographic borders. As all news was selected by the Militant Conservative Party, no word of the accident reached the American people for two years.

Shortly after the Russians blew up the moon (not in a war but in a police action), it was discovered that what American scientists had predicted about Mars was actually the case. There was no life on that planet as we understand it. All the life was *in* Mars, the inhabitants having long since gone underground to avoid being killed by Earth's camera rockets and other space hardware that kept crashing to its surface. Within a year after landing, the Earth people had successfully taught the Martians hatred of foreigners and had given them the common cold.

After the moon exploded, its dust gravitated to Earth's atmosphere and obscured the sun's heat so that temperatures everywhere were reduced by 20 per cent. The poles' ice caps expanded, drawing in the oceans to do so. The world water level fell eight feet. The cold moved toward the equator. Spitzbergen closed down. Everybody in Quebec moved to Tallahassee, and polar bears showed up in Scarsdale. As the oceans dropped, altimeters in aircraft reported sea level to be eight feet higher than it really was and pilots kept landing two furlongs before they reached the airports.

The drinking water systems of the world were filled with chlorine to kill algae; fluorides for the teeth; calcium for young bones; and other additives that supplied 41 per cent of the average adult's daily requirement of everything.

It was a wonderful world in the year 2004. But, of course, the chances were fifty-fifty that nobody would be alive to see it. —Henry Morgan.



Looking Forward

The Way It'll Be

(One man's predictions of how two of S-R's departments—"SR Recommends" and the classified ads—will look in the issue of August 29, 2004.)

Books

THE GREAT SHORT CIRCUIT. J. M. Canebrake. Harvard Press. The book that answers some crucial questions arising out of the Universal Power Failure. Can men be induced to do the work of machines? What are we to do with automatons as they are replaced by skilled technicians? Can computers be programed for leisure, on low voltage? Professor Canebrake is realistic but hopeful.

Art

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: "The Art of the Sixties." An exhibition of Heinz Beans and Campbell's Soup containers, with some rare examples of early Manischewitz borscht bottles.

Photography

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN: "Death of an Era," by Jack Spelvin. Twenty-five magnificent color photographs of the demolition of the gracious old Pan Am Building, torn down for the Manhattan Thruway. The exhibition spans the history of Pan Am from blueprints to precious shards of glass in the hands of sentimental collectors.

Television

I LOVE LUCY (re-runs) CBS

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—M.L.

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The Schools Educate Themselves

By PAUL WOODRING

EDUCATORS who are dissatisfied with the status quo are fond of drawing revolutionary blueprints for the schools of tomorrow. They were hard at it in 1924 when the first issue of this magazine went to press; they are hard at it again today after a decade of critical reassessment of earlier reforms. Just as the realities of 1964 differ from the dreams of forty years ago, the schools of tomorrow will no doubt differ substantially from the dreams of today. But a comparison of the dream and the reality should provide a clue to changes in the years ahead.

The more imaginative planners of 1924 called themselves "progressive educators." They dreamed of "child-centered" schools in which happy, self-disciplined boys and girls would be motivated by their own desire to learn without pressures from parents or teachers. They foresaw schools in which teachers would bring to bear all the knowledge of child psychology that had become available in the twentieth century. They dreamed of schools in which rote learning would be replaced by a wide variety of learning experiences that would go far beyond the study of textbooks. And they were eager to have the school accept responsibility for the total development of the "whole child"—not his intellect alone.

It was a magnificent dream—one that captured the imagination of the best minds of the teaching profession. And because some of the hopes of the progressives were at least partially realized, it altered the shape of American education. The public school has, indeed, become a happier place for children. Old-timers who each September write nostalgic editorials about schoolboys returning unhappily to dull classrooms after a summer of freedom will find, if they look about them, that children no longer hate school; the great majority are eager to return in the fall.

Stern and oppressive discipline has become more rare in the classroom. There is less emphasis today on rote learning. Today's teachers have a better understanding of children and make greater effort to arouse their interest in learning. And the newer school buildings have become more attractive places in which to live and work.

But the success of the progressives was only partial. Some of the reforms they urged most enthusiastically met with such immediate and widespread opposition that they were never fully tried—others were rejected after a trial. Part of the failure resulted from the fact that many teachers learned the slogans of progressivism without understanding them. "Learning by doing," which was sound enough when it was understood that "doing" included reading and thinking, was interpreted to mean that children should spend more time moving about the classroom and less in intellectual activity. "Self-discipline" sometimes came to mean no discipline at all. The doctrine of the "whole child" was distorted to mean that the school should accept full responsibility for all aspects of the child's development just as though parents did not exist. When teachers turned away from rote learning, the less imaginative of them had nothing to substitute for it. The new emphasis on contemporaneous practical problems in the curriculum led, in some schools, to a failure to provide for cultural continuity. And the reluctance of progressive teachers to establish standards for behavior led to an excessive conformity to peer-group standards.

The progressive leaders were not really responsible for all these aberrations and errors—a few of the wiser ones were appalled by the extremes and tried to call a halt—but when progressive education became the victim of excesses committed in its name, its leadership was not strong enough to correct the defects.

BY 1935 the slogans of progressivism had become a subject of humor among disillusioned teachers. Faced with rebellion within the profession as well as criticism from the outside, progressive education became a cult. Its leaders tried to gain control of professional organizations and of programs for teacher education. They demanded complete and unquestioning loyalty of their followers and attacked all their critics as reactionaries and enemies of the schools.

John Dewey, who, though his name appeared at the masthead of progressive publications, was never as closely identified with the movement as critics have thought, saw the danger. Writing in 1938 he said, "Those who are looking ahead to a new movement in education . . . should think in terms of Education itself rather than in terms of some 'ism about education, even such an 'ism as progressivism. For in spite of itself, any movement that thinks and acts in terms of an 'ism becomes so involved in reaction against other 'isms that it is unwittingly controlled by them."

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

"Children no longer hate school."

But the progressive leaders failed to heed the warning. The number of teachers who looked to them for leadership continued to drop sharply and, by mid-century, progressive education as a reform movement with an identifiable leadership was ready to make its exit from the American scene. In July 1955, the Progressive Education Association closed its doors, proclaiming that there was no longer a need for an organization whose goals had been achieved.

The fact was that the progressive movement had outlived its usefulness. It had arisen as a delayed response to the social changes that transformed the nation during the nineteenth century—urbanization, industrialization, and cultural diversification—and to the new developments in psychology of the early years of the twentieth century. But progressive education was not able to adapt

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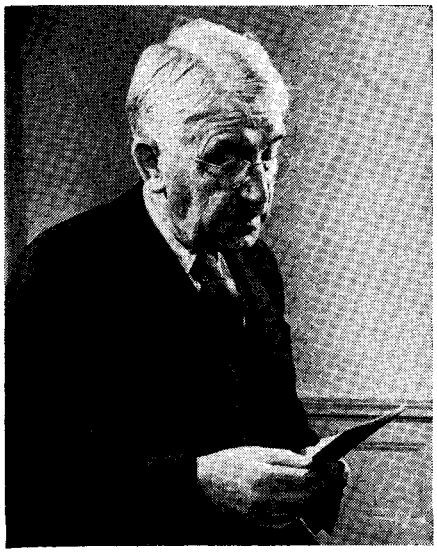
itself to the changes of the second half of the twentieth century. The movement of populations out of the central cities and into the affluent suburbs led to a new demand for academic high schools that would prepare boys and girls for stiff college entrance examinations. International threats and the automation of industry created a demand for rigorously trained scientific manpower. The teacher shortage, coming at a time when new educational technology was available, made necessary new approaches to education that ran counter to the progressive ideology.

The decline of progressivism left a vacuum in educational leadership at a time when leadership was most needed, when the schools were under heavy critical attack from all sides. Educators who were unable to make their own diagnoses of the problems and their own plans for improving the schools became defensive and tried to fend off the critics by calling them "enemies of the schools." The result, for nearly a decade, was angry debate but little forward movement in most of the schools.

But during the Fifties a new reform movement was born. It had its origins early in the decade when a few schools, with university assistance and foundation support, began experimenting with team teaching, new curricular content, programed learning, educational television, and the reorganization of time, space, and personnel in the schools. At about the same time a few colleges were experimenting with dramatically new programs of teacher education that stressed liberal education and academic content, moved professional courses up to the fifth year, and replaced practice teaching with an extended internship in the public schools.

Because these experiments violated some of the most sacred axioms of the profession, they met with vigorous and often bitter opposition from the organized teaching profession and some of the most prestigious graduate schools of education. Team teaching ran directly counter to the prevailing view that the elementary school classroom must be "self-contained," with a single teacher accepting responsibility for all aspects of instruction throughout the school day. The use of educational television and teaching machines violated the axiom that sound education requires face-to-face confrontation between teacher and pupil. New programs for variable class size violated the tradition that the proper class size for all subjects of instruction is between twenty-five and thirty.

The new programs for teacher education ran counter to the well-established principle that professional courses for teachers should begin early in the college years. When Arkansas, with foundation support, undertook a state-wide experiment to determine the feasibility of requiring a liberal arts degree for teachers, followed by a postgraduate internship that included professional seminars, the educational establishment brought all its guns to bear, passed resolutions condemning all such experimentation, and demonstrated its power by preventing the experiment from having a fair trial. Meanwhile, fifth-year programs leading to the Master of Arts in Teaching degree for liberal arts graduates developed successfully on a smaller scale in many colleges and universities.



—*Eric Schaal (Pix).*

John Dewey — A magnificent dream while it lasted.

AFTER the launching of Sputnik, when widespread public demand for educational reform made further defense of the status quo impossible, opposition to experimentation declined. Professional organizations, including the NEA, began to lend their support to experimentation even with programs that challenged the educational axioms. Today, as in 1924, educational leaders are turning their backs on tradition and planning for the future. The decades just ahead will surely see dramatic changes in the schools.

Today's reformers are, on the whole, less philosophical than their progressive forebears, less concerned with long-range goals, and less prone to use psychological evidence about the nature of learning. These may prove to be their greatest weaknesses. Their primary interest is in course content, school reorganization, new staffing patterns such as team teaching, and better use of television, teaching machines, and other technological innovations.

The more farsighted leaders of today dream of nongraded schools through which each child will progress at his own best rate without annual promotions from grade to grade. They plan school buildings with movable soundproof walls that will make it possible to offer instruction to large groups during some parts of the day, to small groups at other times, and to individual children—perhaps with the use of teaching machines—during still other periods. They dream of schools in which as much allowance will be made for individual differences among teachers as now is made for differences among children, in which team teaching will make it possible for each teacher to devote his time to what he can do best, and in which the master teacher will be assisted by clerks, teacher aides, interns, and specialists. They believe that team organization will make it possible for the schools to attract and hold teachers of superior ability by offering them salaries, working conditions, and prestige appropriate to their talents. And, because these reforms can succeed only if superior teachers are available, today's planners foresee new programs of teacher education that will attract not average college students but the most talented, the brightest, and the most imaginative.

This, too, is a magnificent dream. And though the crystal ball inevitably is cloudy it seems probable that much of it will become reality. Though some cities continue to build egg-crate schools with row on row of identical boxlike classrooms, others are building true learning laboratories adaptable to a wide variety of new educational programs. Nongraded systems are being tried; variations of team teaching are spreading. New curricular content is being widely used in mathematics and the sciences and has begun to appear in English and the social studies. Foreign language teaching has improved dramatically since the end of World War II.

Educational television has had its ups and downs. Television, like the book, is a neutral medium that can transmit bad as well as good instruction. When the programs are less than excellent they result in boredom on the part of children and disillusionment on the part of teachers. When they are first-rate they contribute enormously to the range and quality of education. At best, the use of television causes inconvenience to teachers because of the scheduling problems that result. But it will be a tragedy if the medium is abandoned by the schools because of scheduling problems and the fact that poor programs occasionally are transmitted.

The future of programed learning is also uncertain. Teaching machines are not new—the first such device was invented by Sydney Pressey of Ohio State at about the time *Saturday Review* came into existence—but sophisticated programs for use in such machines have been produced only in recent years. There is still vigorous debate among educators about which subjects can best be programed and what kinds of programs are most effective. There is no doubt that

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when a sound program is used in a teaching machine some kinds of learning are facilitated. But because there are enormous profits to be made by those who make and distribute the machines and programs, there is a danger that the use of poor programs will lead to disillusionment on the part of teachers and students.

The national picture of teacher education remains spotty. In some colleges the programs for teachers have improved substantially in recent years and are attracting better students. But the status symbols of academia are still rigged against teacher education. Consequently college professors, by and large, are reluctant to give as much thought and time to it as they give to the education of other professions. All-faculty planning of programs for future teachers is effective in a few colleges and universities, but in all too many the requirements for teachers consist merely of a few professional courses tacked on to a conventional academic program that is not really liberal in scope or intent.

In spite of all this, it seems apparent that young men and women entering the teaching profession today are more highly selected and better educated than their predecessors, and an educated guess is that the improvement will continue. A few colleges are now preparing teachers for the schools of tomorrow rather than for the schools of yesterday.

Segregation and the church-state issue remain troublesome problems that detract attention from education itself. It is obvious that racial segregation can no longer be tolerated in any American school, but the problem of how best to desegregate schools in cities where housing is still segregated remains unsolved. This is a broad social problem for all citizens—not for educators alone—but it is taking so much of the time of school administrators in many cities that they have little time left for the improvement of instruction.

The public schools will remain secular—as they must in a pluralistic nation committed to religious freedom. But the church-state issue and the related school prayer issue will, for a time, make it more difficult for public schools to gain adequate financial support.

In the decade just ahead, colleges will face problems even more acute than those faced by the lower schools. Next month the first of the postwar babies—those born in 1946—will enter college, and the rapidly increasing numbers that swamped the elementary schools during the Fifties and the high schools since 1960 will now inundate higher institutions. The problems will be accentuated by the fact that a larger percentage of the age group goes to college each year.

Even if provision can be made for

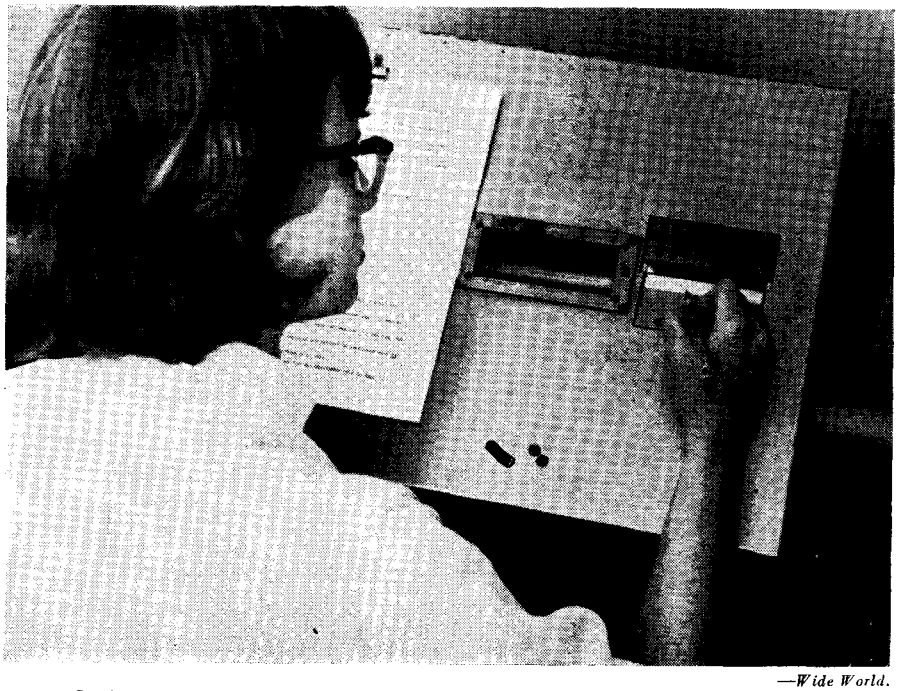
(*Continued on page* 185)

—Jacob Lofman (Pix).

Learning by listening—Language laboratory for California ninth-graders.

—Wide World.

Teacher on TV—Taping an algebra lesson for educational television network.



—Wide World.

Q&A—A Radcliffe sophomore answers a teaching machine's questions.

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The Season of 2004

AS IN most recent Presidential years, the arts generally and music in particular were a subject of discussion on more than the local level in the spring and summer of 2004 (the universal use of nuclear power for electrical production and the low cost of air conditioning had long since made the separation into winter and summer seasons an anomaly). The institution of hemisphere statehood to mark the advent of the year 2,000 had also brought new problems of subsidy to a subject that had, for the original fifty states, been resolved some time before.

Indeed, the whole concept of the "local level" had become outmoded with the establishment in Seattle, Washington, of the last of the regional components of the Metropolitan Opera. What had begun, forty years before, as an experiment in the establishment of a National Company of New York's Metropolitan Opera to further employment of young singers and provide a means of development independent of the old reliance on European training had flourished so successfully that regional divisions steadily added counterparts of the "old" Met in Lincoln Center to their own civic resources. Atlanta, of course, was the first, followed by Dallas, Minneapolis, and Denver. Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles continued to support opera companies of their own, in a pattern of autonomy that was long established, and had been strengthened by the FAP.

The completion of fund-raising in the Northwest marked the extension, on a truly coast-to-coast, border-to-border basis, of the principal of federal aid (in matching amounts to local underwriting) that had been enacted in the second term (1988-92) of the first Madame President in hemisphere history. Campaigning on a platform of "A More Perfect Union," she had fulfilled one of its planks by pushing through the first Federal Arts Program (FAP) known to Americans. This gave a new impetus to all forms of creative and recreative expression, after a period of decline due to the shortsighted restrictions placed on the activities of privately supported foundations in the late Sixties.

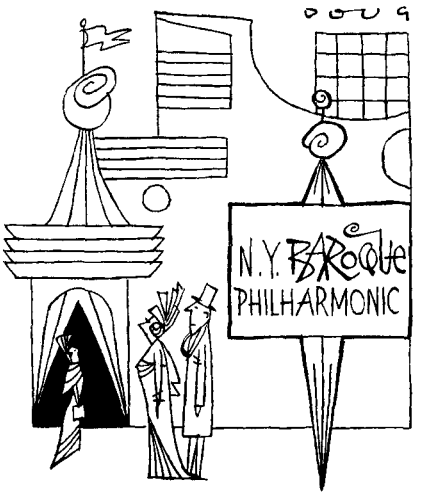
To be sure, the new situation was not without its worrisome aspects. These no longer concerned the old economic stress related to supply and demand—like such other civil service employees as members of the health, fire, and police departments, musicians as well as artists were employed on a year-round schedule, with vacation, medical, and retirement benefits—but, rather, the maintenance of high professional standards. Upgrading of educational resources and the establishment of conservatories in most of the fifty states had greatly improved the *average* standard of performance, both vocal and instrumental. But it was still largely by chance that exceptional players and singers emerged from the mass, leading some critics to complain that the old system of individual enterprise and privately endowed institutions had been no less productive of performers recognized as outstanding by international audiences, and had, of course, cost the taxpayer much less per capita.

In retrospect, the most controversial aspect of the legislation establishing FAP had proven one of the wisest. This was the specification requiring all organizations participating in its benefits to program native works in equal proportion to those of foreign origin. This was less of a problem for symphony orchestras than for other organizations, for by 1990, when the first grants were made, the American repertory of quality works suitable for their use had grown to sizable proportions. The relationship of this development to the efforts undertaken years before by individual conductors and orchestras acting on their own initiative was one of the most powerful arguments advanced by proponents of Section 6 (the Equal Repertory clause).

It had been with considerable misgivings, however, that directors of the nation's first-line opera institutions had agreed to go along with this provision. Some had gone on record as questioning its wisdom, and one or two had spoken of going it alone, waiving participation in the benefits of FAP. Others, recalling the promising start that had been made under grants from the Ford Foundation thirty years earlier (before such spending had been curtailed), argued that the possibilities of favorable results outweighed the negative aspects. In the end it was agreed that continued dependence on the old European repertory was becoming increasingly difficult—nothing new had come out of Italy in more than fifty years—and a fresh beginning had to be made somehow, somewhere.

In the decade and a half (roughly) since the Equal Repertory clause was put into effect in 1990, the upsurge in American writing for the operatic stage has been among the major worldwide developments in music. This source was responsible for the first American stage production of Schönberg's *Moses and Aaron* (final votes necessary for passage of the bill had been secured only when it was agreed to include works of naturalized citizens which had not been performed prior to their American residence) also the completion of Carlisle Floyd's trilogy of the Old South, which had been interrupted some years before. Indeed, the preference of the Atlanta public for *Susannah* over *Cavalleria Rusticana* had encouraged equal attention to regional subjects in Dallas and Denver. In all, the emphasis on American-language works was far-reaching, for as native-born singers learned to make themselves understood in their own language, they added substantially to the effect they were able to achieve in German, Italian, and French.

During 2004, as in several years before, the restrictions on the quota of foreign-born singers available to a regional company had put a severe strain on managerial ingenuity. (This was one of the prices for the federal program exacted by recalcitrants.) To be sure, European personnel could be flown, supersonically, to any part of America between noon (GMT) and curtain time.



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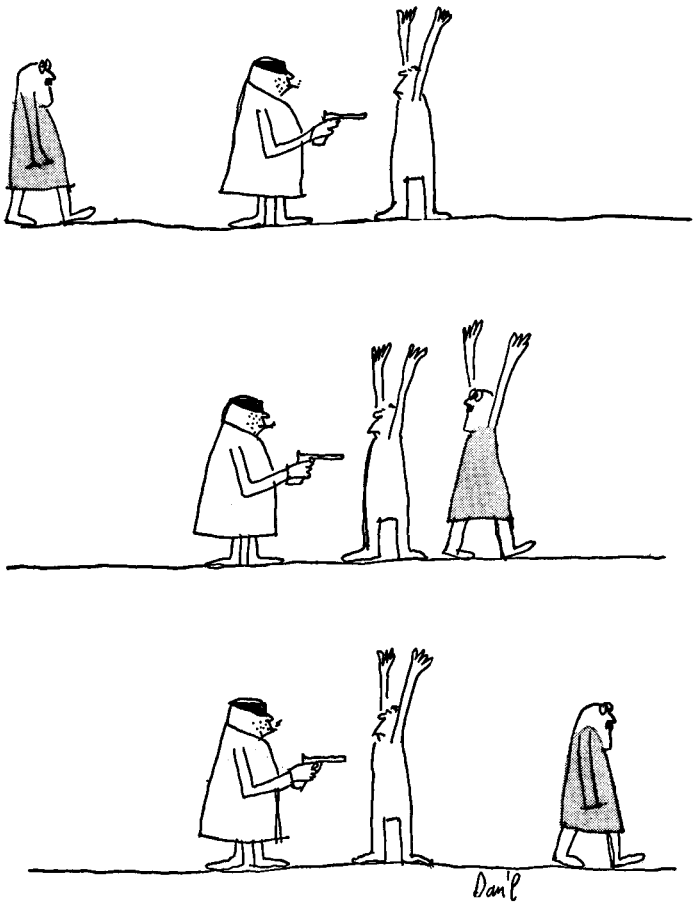

But the sometimes inescapable complications—as when a singer for Mimi was delivered, due to a typographical error in the teletype transmission, when a performer of Mime was required—left those who remembered the old days of a stable company in being within a theater's own performing area dubious of the advantages and/or economies under FAP.

In the season itself, some evidence of a more modern character in the twenty-first century's repertory was beginning to emerge. Because of a variety of developments, a trickle in the *fin de siècle* period had turned into a tidal wave by 2003. Musicologists noted a recurrence, in some typical happenings in the concert hall, of the long-observed tendency for intellectual favor to skip a century in its assignment of partiality. Thus the generation born in the post-1975 era—during which the whole idea of a Mother Image in the White House first came into being—expressed a deep-seated yearning for the canon of nineteenth-century music which had been scorned previously. The use of Brahms's Lullaby as the theme for the "More Perfect Union" campaign resulted in a wave of interest in the simple, expressive values it embodied. When the celebrated Oriental musicologist, Po Hen Lon, published his monograph on *The Forgotten Symphonies of Brahms* (University of Taiwan Press, 1986), disclosing that there were four major works of similar melodic qualities which had merits of construction unknown to either the overplayed baroque repertory or the hackneyed productions of Boulez, Barraqué, and Brubeck—the so-called Three B's (bracketed by another famous B, Leonard Bernstein, in 1971)—there was an upsurge of interest unequaled since the short-lived Vivaldi revival of a quarter-century before.

The clear evidence, after but four years of the new century had passed, was that musical values were more soundly based than they had been for some time. Older critics, looking back to the days of their youth, when a symphony orchestra in a leading metropolis consisted of but a hundred or so players, wondered how quality standards could have been maintained when all types of music were performed by the same personnel. The typical division of a contemporary orchestra into, for example, the New York Baroque Philharmonic, the New York Romantic Philharmonic, the New York Post-Romantic Philharmonic, etc., conferred so many obvious benefits that one could hardly understand how our fathers had struggled along under their inferior system. As well as reducing rehearsal time and thus permitting a larger repertory to be maintained, the several divisions rotated performances on a regional pattern that served a much larger audience than existed in the past.

This increased audience was undoubtedly related in large part to the steady rise in per-capita income, the shortened work week, and the prevalence of educational advantage. It was noticeable, however, that mechanical sources of musical performance—with their unlimited freedom of choice—satisfied nearly as many as preferred "live" performance, with its unquestionable quota of the unexpected. Statisticians pointed out that relative to the hemisphere population, which had long since passed the 550,000,000 mark, the 2003 figure of 185,000,000—more than the combined attendance figures for baseball *and* soccer—at musical events was, percentage-wise, almost exactly the same as the 70,000,000 (of an American population of about 200,000,000) who had purchased tickets for concerts and operas in 1974. The clear evidence was, as Herbert Spencer had said long before, that "music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts," that the gift of understanding was both as rare and as precious in the year that commemorated the hundredth anniversary of his death, in 1903, as it had been then. It was, clearly, the function of the minority that enjoyed that privilege also to see to its protection. —Irving Kolodin.

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Winter Bargains

By Claire Burch

CORA says
she'll wash and iron every curtain in the house
and do the windows if I'll
read the Bible.
Underneath, she says, I'm a good woman, only a little
lost.

We are snowbound.
Three children, the seventy year old scrubwoman and
myself, library books finished yesterday, our fat
blonde cat who is a predatory monster
having already eaten all the other pets
(the parakeet, the fish), sucked from his foster mother
(our old cat Teeny) until that slender creature
was half his size and listless.

The father of the family—I am being formal—
stays over in the city held by work.
Snow bandages ankles outside, making the world
this unfamiliar silent orthopedic
and terrifying place.

So it comes down to this. Which do I hate
more? The Bible or my own housework?
That hideous certainty of being saved
which Cora has, how can I let her see
that being saved is what I do not want.
Saved Cora, for what?
Some illustrator's version of what heaven
might be? If I am lost then let me vanish.
My darlings will have enough of me through this
long life. As for the baby
I do not want to see what God has done
with him, his golden garments. However well meaning
your God, he will be changed. Let me remember
my baby that I dressed and held and fed
human, faulted, meltingly sweet, *as he was.*

Shut up Cora. Don't you see that all I want
is laundered curtains and silence. Stop finding solutions,
stop striking bargains. *My* God, that old Jehovah, stern, brandishing fire
doesn't take payola.

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Footloose and Fatigued

A FRIEND of mine, a fellow who deals in Significant Thought and other products full of portent, was telling me the other day that I had lived through the greatest revolutionary era in the history of travel and recreation. Which is maybe why I am so tired, I told him.

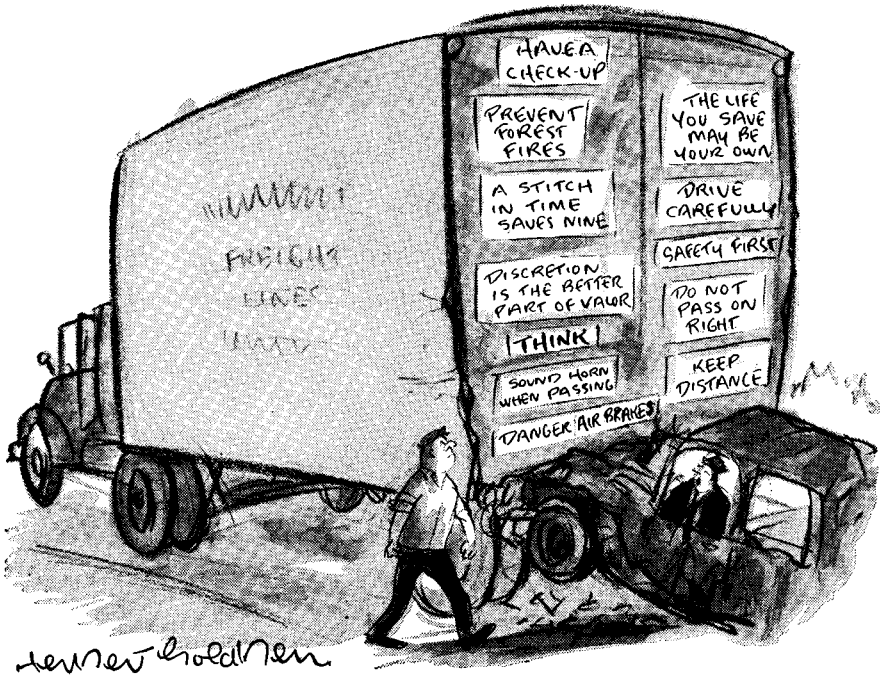
I have a pressing feeling that Thinkers of Significant Thought have been dealing similar didos for some centuries now. I am wondering if the first colonialists who sailed up to Newport in the seventeenth century and discovered the tonic pleasures of the sea air didn't think those recreational enjoyments were The Living End. And when they first put on bloomers and went dipping into the sea itself, wow! Who ever heard of such daring as that exhibited by the European ladies who went to Scheveningen and were taken into the water by horsepowered bathhouses on wheels? After all, they didn't want the whole world to see their ankles, their ears, and their elbows, which is about all the bathing costumes of those times left exposed.

When steam locomotives whisked a body off to drink the sulphurous waters of Saratoga in half the time it took the stagecoach, the writers of the age were living through the greatest revolutionary era in the history of travel and they were doubtless very tired. When Fulton gave the world the Albany night boat and the Mississippi sidewheeler, recreation, both sinful and serene, was put afloat—a milieu, it seemed, that was made to order for it.

Forty years ago the horseless carriage was evolving into a touring car, and the chroniclers of that day were living through the greatest revolutionary era in the history of travel. The new mode of conveyance was so extreme, to put it in a term of popular parlance, that edicts were issued requiring automobile drivers to demount at crossroads, blow whistles, light lanterns, and in some cases to fire a rocket signifying the approach of the spluttering, hesitating, horseless behemoth. Children and horses weren't safe, and neither were people who had homes in the country. Automobilists could drop in on them without notice and stay for dinner.

But roads got built, maps were drawn, cars got better (and eventually lower and less comfortable), and motor courts went up to house the people who were chugging around the country in steam cars, electric cars, and finally gas cars. Everything was quiet for a while as the populace enjoyed the fruits of the revolution. Then the airplane emerged as a commercial conveyance.

Somewhere along in here is the beginning of the specific greatest-revolutionary-era-in-the-history-of-travel-and-recreation through which I have lived,



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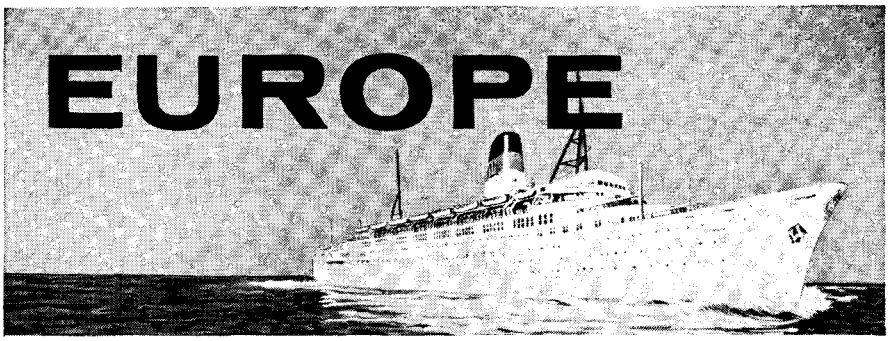

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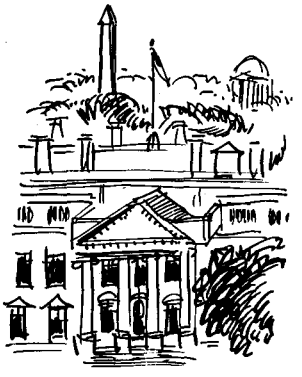
Write For Folder (R)

and I will admit that if I view it out of historical context, it has all been enormously impressive, not to say enervating, and it's no wonder I'm tired. The two decades I have covered brought freeways, thruways, and superhighways, most of them already obsolete. There was a brief interlude at the beginning when it also brought a new type of ocean liner that lifted the tired, the tempest-tossed, and the poor out of the steerage and made them proud and even comfortable while traveling in the new-style floating tourist class.

It may seem hard to believe, but not quite two decades ago, considerably after the war, I flew to Europe in a DC-4, in this case flying the insignia of Swissair. The point at the time was not that it was, for heaven's sake, a DC-4, or that it was unpressurized, but that one could fly to Europe at all. Once, coming home from my first invasion of the Orient, a penetration effected by ship except for the last lap from Honolulu to Hollywood, I boarded one of Pan American's old Stratocruisers, the pelicans of the flying fleet, had cocktails on the lower deck, dinner upstairs, and then climbed into a berth for a full night's sleep before the lights of California came up almost simultaneously with the dawn. It could hardly have been more comfortable, and, come to think of it, it hardly has been since.

Those who explored did so at their own risk. As I recently noted after a five-hour flight between Honolulu and Tahiti, the first time I made that air voyage, in 1955, we were flapping wings for an around-the-clock day, putting down at Canton Island and Bora Bora, and switching finally to a giant flying boat that had to be brought up from Australia for the occasion.

My era was one that saw the beginning of the shaft as a standard design for resort hotels, a broad, thin, high building like a brick stood on end, hung with terraces, and well tunneled with watering holes that dispensed fancy drinks allegedly native to the surroundings. These monuments sprouted on islands of the West Indies that had been hitherto known for their abject poverty



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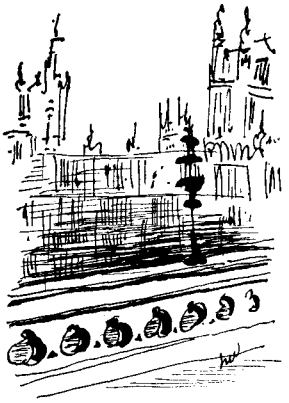

and were suddenly being sold as luxurious resorts. Nobody had ever thought of selling the weather before. They sprouted, too, in cities nobody had ever dreamed of visiting, such as Istanbul, Teheran, Karachi, Djakarta, Toronto, and Bobo-Dioulasso.

The hotels got grander and spiffier, not in the tradition of such sanctuaries of refinement as the Plaza in New York or the Ritz in Madrid, but rather in the South Florida syndrome symbolized by the Fontainebleau, with its reducing apparatus on the lower decks and its spangled little heavens with fake fireplaces in the penthouses, and by the Eden Roc, which took the name of the Riviera's most elegant resort and tossed in reproductions of some of the Louvre's best statuary to decorate the front lawn. The hotels came in such rapid succession that they quickly filled the chinks along Collins Avenue and made Miami Beach a divided city, with the sea on one side of The Wall and the rest of the world on the other.

The reaction to this flood of flash was to create new motels where travelers could park their own cars and carry their own luggage into their own rooms, turn on the lights themselves, test the water in the washstands, and fetch their own ice. On what they saved in tips a traveler in a motel could afford to stay away another day. But to some, the word "motel," like "trailer," was a second-class term. Some communities—Palm Springs comes to mind—invoked a gentleman's agreement and anybody caught using the word motel got his mouth washed out, presumably with cactus. Motels suffered a certain sense of inferiority and began adding such amenities as bellhops to show you to your room, swimming pools, air conditioning, television, restaurants with dancing, night clubs with floorshows, and doormen. They began creeping closer and closer into towns, too, until they covered both sides of the main drag in such cities of former character as Flagstaff, Arizona, and they got as far as the West Side avenues of mid-Manhattan in cities like New York that never had much character anyway.

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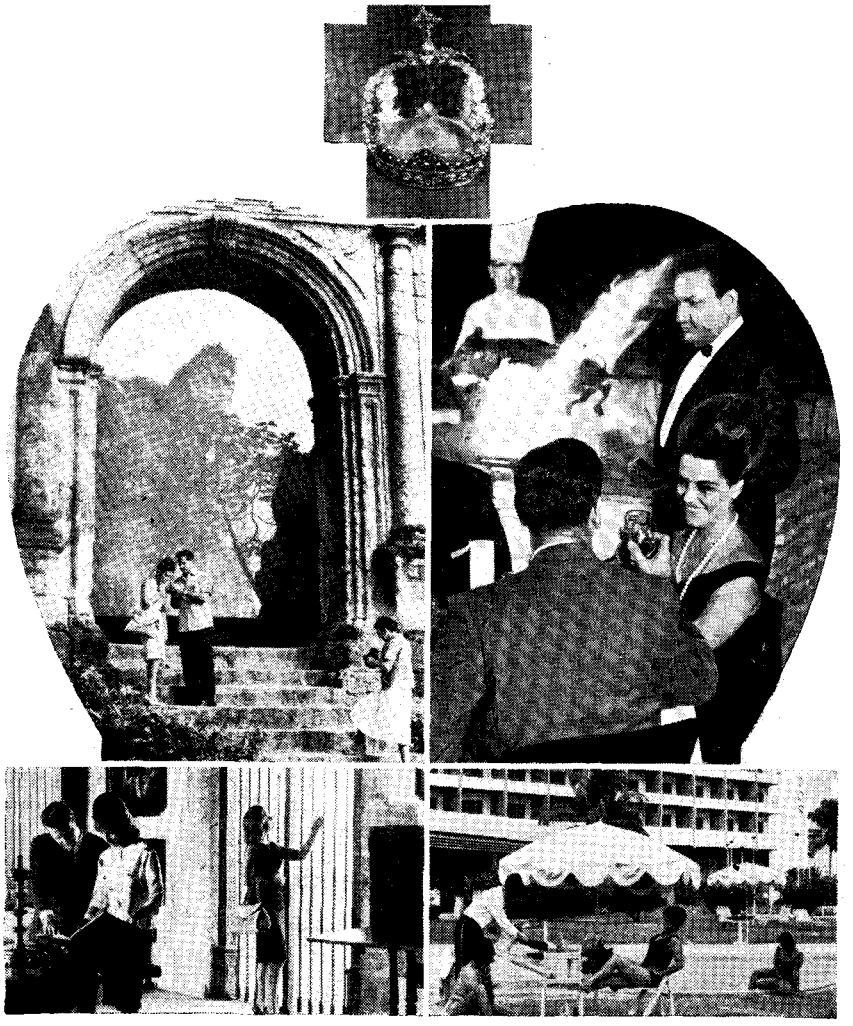

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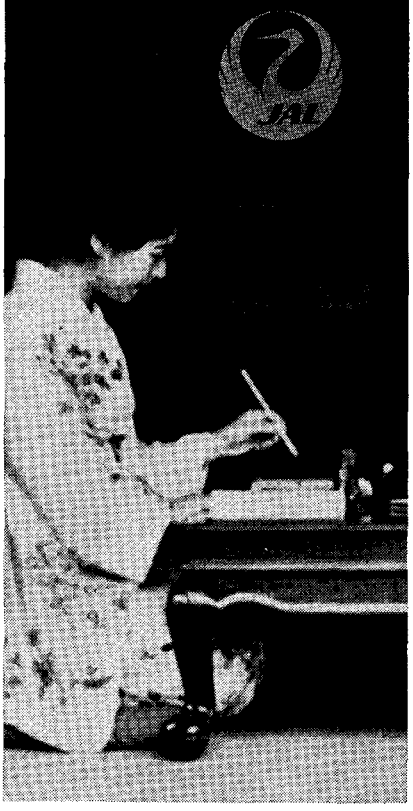

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ment, began an evolutionary turn of their own. The San Francisco Hilton, opened this year, offers a standard hotel entrance where proper people can enter like proper hotel guests, but it also features a drive-in entrance where guests wearing T-shirts and blue jeans, America's sartorial contribution to global good dress, could register in seclusion if not anonymity, then drive straight up to their room, park in a corridor made just for cars, and walk into the hallway leading to their room. The $25,000,000 San Francisco Hilton features a rooftop swimming pool, just like the Sheraton Motor Court on 12th Avenue in Manhattan, overlooking the docks and the tenderloin. Up in Seattle, the substantial Olympic, command post for Western Hotels' spreading chain, has just completed an eleven-story parking lot next door with its own private registry for motorists, and a number of docks for airport limousines. Baggage is filtered into the lobby on a fancy conveyor belt that crosses a glass bridge spanning the street.

THE luxury motels and the new drive-in hotels are places to deposit not merely the family vacationing in the family car, but the traveler who is launched from hither to thither in an eye's bat and then rents a car at the airport ($5 a day and five cents a mile, We Try Harder, $50 if you find a rusty hairpin on the seat, etc., etc.). If the railroad train transported us between cities, delivering us from the jouncing stagecoach, and the automobile unleashed us from the slavery of a schedule, and the propeller plane freed us from the tedious time of travel, the jet brought new worlds within immediate reach—Honolulu in five hours instead of all night, Tahiti in eight hours from California instead of two days, Nassau in three hours from New York, and Paris eleven hours from Los Angeles, nonstop.

While the changes have been abrupt, I fancy they are no more abrupt for our time than the wheel, the sail, the steam engine, the motor ship, the railroad train, and the propeller plane were for theirs. The problems brought by the age, the foibles that are a national habit, the trends produced by the confluence and the clash of energies—all these will be extenuated into the other revolutionary eras that lie ahead.

As useless as it may seem (and as fanciful), one could make a projection as far ahead as 2004, and see a number of developments not totally unfamiliar to those who were alive in any previous greatest-revolutionary-era-in-the-history-of-travel-and-recreation they care to name. Add forty years to today's date and the supersonic program is, of course, whistling passengers back and forth at 1,500 miles an hour. The joint British and French supersonic plane, called the Concorde, was never built. President Charles de Gaulle pulled his country out of the venture and declared he was going to build his own all-French plane to be called the Discorde. The British built their own plane and beat everybody with the first models, but they had to recall the planes for structural defects in the mid 1970s. Later versions carried the British flag to New York in two hours. In France, de Gaulle III, a nephew of President Charles de Gaulle, announced that the French Discorde was now entirely French and completely self-sufficient including the fuel, which French scientists had learned to extract from cognac. In Washington, President Kennedy, popularly known as John-John, was urging the Federal Aviation Agency to press ahead with plans for America's own SST, which would utilize titanium and therefore be capable of speeds up to 2,000 miles an hour, and perhaps more.

In Paris, hotel officials had met and said that while the new supersonics would bring people to Orly Field three times as fast as the jets did, they would leave Paris three times as quickly, *non?* And therefore while plans for a new hotel were being considered, the Plaza Athenée, the Georges V, and the Ritz still looked pretty good. Some Paris hotels had been painted and redecorated as recently as 1958.

IN Venice the gondoliers were striking against the undue amount of waves being caused by the hover craft that had been purchased to bring travelers from the railroad station to their hotels. At the Lido the international set had not picked up the new fad from St. Tropez, half-bathing suits which covered the wearer from neck to ankle, but only on one side of the body. Moscow had built the world's largest hotel. It had 10,000 rooms, but the cement was cracking around the plumbing in the baths. New resorts had sprung up in the Caribbean and the places to go this year were Bequia and Vieques, where rum drinks were served and the natives sang "All Day, All Night, Mary Ann," all day and all night. But that was only for people who couldn't afford the flight to St. Helena, which had three elegant hotels you could never get into, and a casino. *Vogue* had taken fashion photographs in front of the house in which Napoleon had died and in front of his vacated grave. Samoa and Guam had become independent and therefore each had its own new airline flying between New York and Paris, a new flag and new hotels operated by Hilton, Sheraton, Intercontinental Hotels, and Western. New Zealand was about to get its first jet airport, and many tourist officials felt it would spoil the trade they were getting in people who were coming to Auckland and Wellington just to ride in the quaint

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propeller planes that were now in their fifth decade of service.

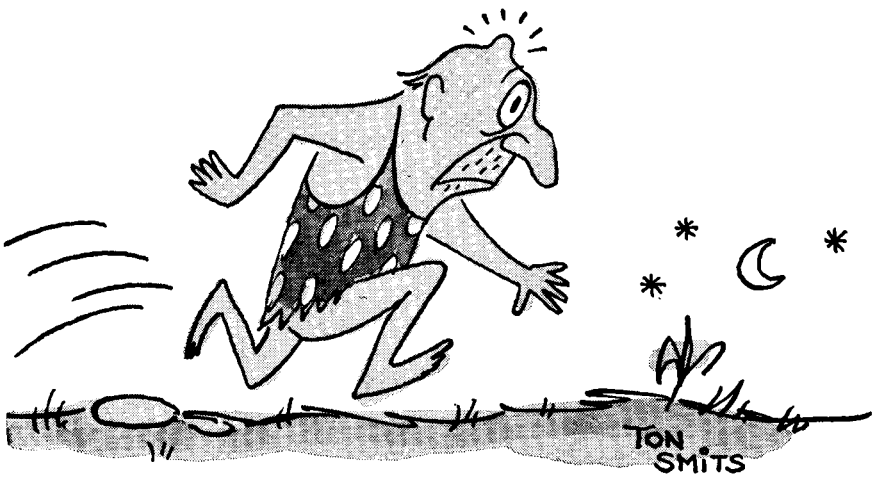
Most countries that were in the tourist business, or hoped to be, now had devised a variety of ways in which to tax tourists. All of them had an arrival tax, a tax for staying, and a tax for departing. Telepathy had progressed so far that some countries were said to be contemplating a travel thought tax. For instance, if you visited France or Barbados (now independent) last year, had a good time, and thought about it this year with some pleasure, you would receive a letter reminding you to send a tax by mail.

Most airlines were now offering four classes of service: 1) Sybaritic (food capsules prepared by Maxim's of Paris, Twenty-One of New York, Ernie's of San Francisco, or the Jockey Club of Madrid, washed down with wine; live entertainment featuring acts from Las Vegas and Broadway); 2) Super De Luxe (food capsules prepared by the Automat washed down with water, movie, and TV entertainment); 3) De Luxe (movies only, food capsules prepared in airline kitchens washed down with airline coffee; and 4) Commuter (straphanger service for standees, bring your own capsules).

One day in that year, forty years from now, two fellows in New York, one a writer and one a Thinker of Significant Thoughts, went out to have lunch, but every place was crowded and traffic was heavy, so they flew to Boston and had lunch in Locke-Ober's. On the way up they talked about the Secretary of the Interior's plan to preserve some sections of old highway most heavily foliated with billboards as a national historical site. They spoke, too, of the Rockefeller Foundation's new project to restore a whole block of hotels in Miami Beach, with people wearing the quaint costumes of the 1960s and driving the quaint cars of the era up to the door.

They were back in the office at half past two, but before they parted, Thinker said to Writer, "You know you have lived through the greatest revolutionary era in the history of travel and recreation." And Writer said, "If you think flying out to the opening of the Shanghai Sheraton for the weekend is fun, you ought to try it sometime." And then he added, "Maybe that's why I'm tired."

—Horace Sutton.



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DO THE MOVIES HAVE A FUTURE?

1. Cinema's Ins and Outs

By HOLLIS ALPERT

FOR a long time, after the first shock waves caused by the emergence of television as the major entertainment industry, Hollywood was in the habit of looking backward at the good old days when there were major and minor studios doing almost all the producing, when there were tycoons at the top, geniuses supervising production programs, and huge salary checks to keep everyone happy and contented. When the panic came, the tycoons tried to save their own necks instead of the industry. Some of the big men died, others were pushed out, and a scramble for power and status ensued. After the dust settled, the hierarchy fell into place, a new order merged with the old, and the movie establishment came into being. It has existed for perhaps a dozen years. There have been shifts and changes, but the structure remains essentially the same, consisting of three main levels, and a fourth level where candidates for membership in the establishment remain uneasily until they can take their places higher up.

The studios, so called, are less the production centers of old than they are financing and distribution entities, beholden to stockholders and dependent upon their ability to borrow from large revolving funds at certain banks that choose to maintain the film industry. The top level of the establishment is made up of those who draw upon these funds and then disburse them to second-level and third-level production companies and teams. For a time it seemed that only two levels would be necessary, the above-mentioned top level, and another made up by the "creative" people who actually did the film-making.

But as of now, 1964, the structure of the establishment is more complex than it was, say, ten years ago. This is the result of the emergence of a new second level. The Mirisch Brothers, for instance, is a production firm that draws its financing from a parent company, United Artists, uses that firm's distribution facilities, and enters into partnership with film-makers such as Billy Wilder, Robert Wise, and William Wyler (who would prefer not to be encumbered by "business" details). The Mirisch brothers, Harold and Walter, purchased the rights to the Broadway musical *West Side Story*, using funds advanced by United Artists. They then asked Robert Wise to produce and co-direct the film with Harold Robbins, and obtained the necessary budget financing from United Artists, which in turn used its revolving credit with banks to get the money for the Mirisches. Three separate firms were involved, as can be seen, and also three separate levels of the establishment. The top level, United Artists, was given the privilege of recouping all its costs first; the second level, the Mirisches, came next; and the actual maker of the film—a highly successful one—was cut in last, although, to be sure, he charged fees for services rendered during the production period.

THIS tripartite system is most characteristic of the 1964 establishment structure, although it can hardly be said to be rigid. A freak indeed is Walt Disney, who successfully operates a unilateral method of motion-picture production and who, although a powerful member of the establishment, resists its contemporary patterns. Another maverick, Joseph E. Levine, has been brought into the establishment by giving him a second-level place in it. That is, Paramount, with George Weltner in charge not so much of production as "deal-making," borrows money from banks to advance financing to Levine, who then uses it to buy story material and make deals of his own with third-level people who actually do the picture-making. The pictures, when made, are committed to be distributed through Paramount facilities. Why would Paramount be willing to hand over millions of dollars, which it must pay back with interest, to one Joseph E. Levine? For one thing, Paramount will get "product" for its distribution arm, which makes a heavy service charge before any profits are shared with Levine. If all goes well, it will make money on its capital investment and additional money on its distribution of the resulting film. Even if the capital investment is not fully recoverable from box-office receipts, the distribution service charge, amounting to about a third of the receipts, can help overcome the deficit.

The system has emerged because it is the best way for the film industry to stay solvent under today's most difficult circumstances. The major problem is coping with the audience's changing tastes and movie-attendance patterns. Since movie-making in the United States is still an industry (or conceived as such by the two top establishment levels), since the firms are publicly owned to at least a degree, and since stockholders want returns on their investments, economics are the dominant factor. And although anti-establishment forces exist, they are as yet far too puny to have much effect on the establishment structure. "But movies are an art!" cry those who love the medium. "Go be arty," replies the establishment, "but please don't come to us for money."

And yet, whose money is it? Doesn't it really come from those remote, cold institutions, the repositories of money known as banks? If money is all, shouldn't the banks be in charge of film production? Perhaps they should, but strictly speaking they aren't. If banks ran the whole show, the movie industry, it is generally agreed, would soon be out of business. The banks, putting it baldly, are not equipped to deal with the factors of talent and imagination required in the making of movies that have large popular appeal. The banks assume that such people as Arthur Krim, Robert Benjamin, and Arnold Picker—who form the top level at United Artists, and who are part of the first level of the movie establishment—have a keen grasp of all the elements that go into the obtaining of the motion-picture product. They show this ability by regularly repaying with interest the many millions borrowed each year from the banks. The banks are happy enough with the interest.

Not that they are entirely cavalier about loaning out vast sums of money.

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They require both assurance and insurance. Each motion-picture company has evolved methods of guaranteeing both. As part of the assurance aspect, the concept of the "package" has come into being, a package with "bankable elements." The bankable elements are one or more, or all, of the following: a hit play or a best-selling novel (the property), an important star or stars, a famous director, a producer who has made hits in the past. The bank seldom requires more than this kind of information before the money is advanced; sometimes it does not require even this much, but counts on the film company to know what makes a good package and what doesn't make one. The system is obviously geared to keep out fly-by-nighters of one sort or another, and so an establishment comes into being. The establishment is made up, by and large, of those who can be trusted by the film industry and its financial sources.

On the top level there is only a very small group, most of them operating at some remove from the actual production of films. They deal with stockholders, with second-level production groups, and with banks. They mix into the actual assembling of the packages at their peril, as witness MGM's costly experience with its own production of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The new president at MGM is Robert H. O'Brien. His once-proud company is now tied in with several second-level companies, such as Filmways, a highly successful television producing firm that has moved into theatrical film-making. On the face of it, top-level O'Brien's position in the establishment is less secure than that of second-level Martin Ransohoff, the head of Filmways. This points up something about the establishment—that its second-level groupings tend to be more dynamic, more likely to be still on the rise, than top-level people, who are concerned far less with the fate of individual films than the over-all fortunes of the companies they head. Therefore such presidents and vice-presidents of major firms as Arthur Krim, Robert Benjamin (United Artists), Darryl F. Zanuck, Seymour Poe (20th Century-Fox), George Weltner (Paramount), Mike Frankevich (Columbia), and Lew Wasserman (MCA-Universal) do not operate in autocratic style, although they are top-level.

On the second level as of now are Ray Stark and Eliot Hyman, who head a movie production firm called Seven Arts. Also there are the Mirisch Brothers, Harold and Walter; Joseph E. Levine; Martin Ransohoff; Walter Seltzer and Marlon Brando, Sr.; Carl Foreman (who has his own production firm); Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli (who are turning out the James Bond pictures). Their presence in the establishment has added to the proliferation of credits before a movie begins. Note the following: "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Seven Arts Productions present the John Huston-Ray Stark Production of Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana*, Directed by John Huston, Produced by Ray Stark." What this means, in essence, is that MGM advanced the production money and distributed the picture; Ray Stark purchased the play and negotiated for the creative participation of John Huston, who actually made the picture, with Ray Stark on hand to help solve knotty production problems. The contribution of Stark should not be undervalued. As a second-level establishment man, he was the prime mover in the whole project.

YET it is one of the anomalies of the establishment scheme of things that third-level people are likely to be better known to the public. Who has not heard of Huston, or Joseph L. Mankiewicz, or Sam Spiegel? But does anyone outside the industry know who Harry Saltzman is? Because they are on the third level does not mean these members do not enjoy high status. The aura of prestige hangs around their heads when they are successful, and admiration turns to reverence when a Sam Spiegel turns in a *Bridge on the River Kwai* and a *Lawrence of Arabia*. Members of high status on the third level can deal directly with the top level, if they should wish to. Thus Stanley Kubrick bypassed the second level when making *Dr. Strangelove*, as did Robert Rossen with *Lilith*. Their prestige allows them to do this. The establishment feels that prestige accumulated by a particular film-maker is of benefit to the whole. All rejoiced when *Tom Jones* was a smash, and it was forgotten that the movie was very nearly not made because at that time Tony Richardson, its director, was outside the establishment and regarded as very, very risky. After *Tom Jones*, he was welcomed in.

The second-level people may not be so well known, but they are the elect of Hollywood. Invitations to their parties are prized. There is the sweet smell of success around them, but they manage to give the impression that they are closer to the third level than to the top level, that they understand and appreciate creative problems. At the same time they decry the old-fashioned concepts characteristic of the top of the establishment —or so they say. And, at the same time, they also have responsibilities to their own stockholders, for some second firms have gone public and their shares are traded on the exchanges. Some in Hollywood think that the second level will one day replace the first level, swallow it whole. This reasoning is based on the assumption that studio heads have lost the know-how to make successful

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movies and are out of touch with today's audience realities. The studios, they say, may soon enough leave movie-making entirely to the second and third levels and act as distribution outlets only. If that should happen, the second level would be in a position to deal directly with the banks for financing. They could then ask for lower distribution fees, which are extremely heavy and which today cut drastically into the profit potentials of the real makers of films.

The top level is fighting back. Lew Wasserman of MCA-Universal has instituted a low-budget program in the hope of developing talents that are badly needed. Some of the major firms are considering merging studio facilities or building a new studio complex that can be utilized by two or more firms. The studio properties that exist now would, in that event, be sold off as real estate.

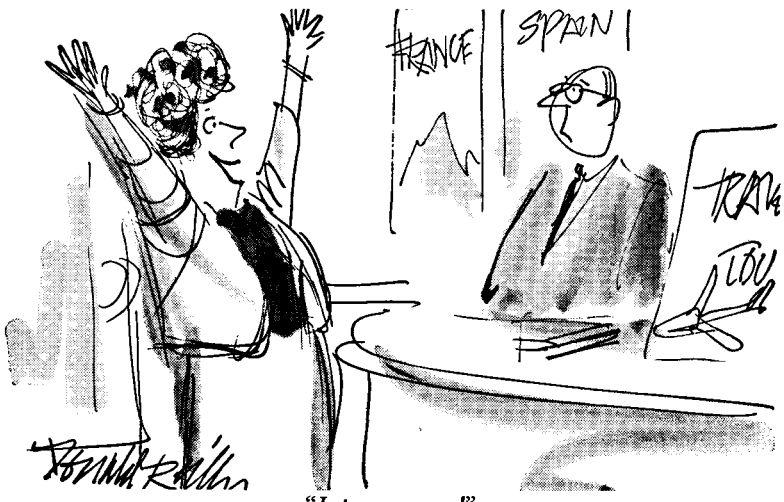
A key role is presently being played by the directors who are members of the establishment. Almost all such directors are already on the third level and in combination with producer or star partners have their own firms potentially capable of expansion. As a general rule a director getting a minimum fee of $150,000 to direct a film can be considered an establishment director. They fall into two main categories: the old giants and the new breed. Among the old giants are George Stevens, Billy Wilder, Fred Zinneman, Alfred Hitchcock, Elia Kazan, Robert Rossen, and Robert Wise. They are powerful because the big establishment stars prefer to work with them. An establishment star, if offered a choice between acting in a major studio production and working for, let us say, Hitchcock, will almost always choose Hitchcock. If, on the other hand, they should be tempted to perform in a huge studio production, such as *Mutiny on the Bounty* or *Cleopatra,* the star feels free to ask for the moon and usually gets it. The new-breed directors command almost the same loyalty from the stars and are entitled to their places in the establishment. Some new-breed directors are Blake Edwards, Robert Mulligan, Martin Ritt, Delbert Mann, Stanley Kubrick, John Frankenheimer, and George Roy Hill. Stanley Kramer, both a producer and a director, is neither old giant nor new breed, but occupies third-level status, after moving up to the second level and then dropping back. Important stars are glad to work for him, too. Jules Dassin and Joseph Losey, after working abroad and overcoming their political difficulties, are now acceptable to the establishment, although not yet part of it. Sidney Lumet, for some reason, has not yet made it as an establishment director, although he is being closely watched.

For the future keep an eye on such third-level combinations as Alan Pakula-Robert Mulligan *(To Kill a Mockingbird)* and Jerome Hellman-George Roy Hill *(The World of Henry Orient).* They are young, have vitality, and have the capability to take on heavier schedules. Note that Burt Lancaster and Harold Hecht, the first successful second-level combination, have dropped almost out of sight in the establishment—such are the fortunes of the industry. Lancaster has, however, held his place as an establishment star. So has Frank Sinatra, whose producing firm has the blessing of Jack L. Warner and may soon be second level. (Some think he might one day run Warner Brothers and be top level.) The fourth level should not be overlooked, either. These are people who have either dropped down from upper levels, or who are ready to move upward: Max Youngstein, for instance, once a vice president of United Artists and now the producer of *Fail-Safe.* He dropped from first to fourth, but should soon make it up to the third.

The establishment stars are pure and simply the bankable stars. They are easily named: Elizabeth Taylor, Cary Grant, Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Shirley MacLaine, Natalie Wood, Paul Newman, Jack Lemmon, Peter Sellers, Richard Burton, Tony Curtis, William Holden, Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, Steve McQueen, and Frank Sinatra. Sidney Poitier is bankable under certain circumstances. Kirk Douglas was once firmly established but has moved toward the fringes. He may make it back with a strong picture. Burton got his place by having an affair with and marrying the most bankable of all stars. Julie Andrews, the star of three new films, will shortly be bankable and will move into the establishment. Jerry Lewis is a special case. No one wants him in the establishment, but he is bankable. Furiously promoted by Joseph E. Levine, Carroll Baker may get into the establishment, but her obvious attempt to appear sexy is suspicious—even though the establishment is all for sex that can be sold to the public. It prefers, however, the sex to be disguised under a variety of covers: a classic novel (*Tom Jones*), a best-selling exposé type of novel (*The Carpetbaggers*), or, best of all, a Tennessee Williams play. The true establishment female stars—Audrey Hepburn, Doris Day, Elizabeth Taylor—eschew nudity to make themselves appear sexy, unless they kid it, as Shirley MacLaine does, and as the late Marilyn Monroe did.

Very few writers are members of the establishment, mainly because most Hollywood writers of standing are adapters, and it is thus the writer of what is adapted who has the greater status. One such writer who has moved up to establishment status is Harold Robbins. Ernest Lehman, although he does not write originals, is a firm establishment choice as a writer. The most trusted writers of all are those who are already in the establishment through other talents. Thus, Carl Foreman, producer and writer; Blake Edwards, director, producer, and writer; Billy Wilder, director, producer, and writer. The best-seller novelist, the hit playwright are those more likely to be courted by the establishment, for they furnish the properties on which the establishment mainly bases its creative efforts. A screenwriter signals his wish to join the establishment by producing, like Stanley Shapiro.

While the above represents only a brief outline of the movie establishment, it should provide the clue to why the structure prevents the development of newer talents. There is very little room for them. There is no way toward middle and high-budget financing except through the establishment. Now and then someone outside the establishment like Frank Perry breaks through with a *David and Lisa,* but only after scrabbling for financing from other sources. Similarly with *One Potato, Two Potato.* The establishment keeps a watchful eye on these people but takes them in only if they abide by establishment rules. Frank Perry was put on sufferance by



"Jet me away!"

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United Artists and allowed to make *Ladybug, Ladybug*, which failed. This was a bone tossed to barking dogs in the hope that they would keep quiet. But it is one of the earmarks of the establishment that small failure is tolerated less than large failure. As for the anti-establishment forces, those who valiantly try to muster an avant-garde, they are beneath the notice of the establishment. They not only are not trusted, but are regarded as grubby little bohemians who wear sandals and beards and beat their breasts in futility.

ON the other hand, the establishment is willing to maintain liaison with those on the outside who work in a way to bring prestige to the industry. No major firm would have wanted to underwrite Ely Landau's production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, but his effort was generally appreciated. Mr. Landau, a New Yorker who made good in television distribution, has moved into truly independent film production, but unless he is willing to join the establishment on the second level, it is felt that economic realities may soon make his position untenable. Leon Roth, a former publicist associated with the Mirisch organization, has gone into production on a low-budget level, assisted by an outside-the-establishment theater-owner and foreign film importer, Walter Reade, Jr. The establishment wishes both him and Mr. Reade well. For it is people like these who are opening possibilities for the future. The specialized cinemas have been growing in number, and people are needed who can produce the kind of high-quality films required by these theaters. The establishment is as yet unwilling to take the risk of producing films for any but the largest markets. It would rather have others take the risks.

The movie establishment, while it has sought to protect itself in every way possible, is nevertheless vulnerable. If toll television came in strongly, the need for triple the present-day production of films could knock it off balance. The establishment has failed to develop a cadre of new writers, directors, and stars. Producers are not needed, for there is already an oversupply. But how long, some ask, will the predominantly young movie audience be willing to watch middle-aged and in some cases elderly people making love on the screen? Can an old giant director know the feelings of the young man of twenty who takes his girl to the movies? Even though the establishment produces most of the better American movies, the foreign imports often manage to outshine them and may eventually get a larger share of the American box office. And even the establishment admits that it is only guessing that it knows how to proceed.

2. What Golden Years?

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

IT IS always just a little disconcerting to one whose personal recollection of movies extends well back into the Twenties to learn that the Thirties are considered by some the golden years of the American film, or the Forties, or even the Fifties. Can memories be so short? Where precisely was the glamour of the Depression era? What made the rickety entertainments of the war years memorable? How could the harassed Fifties possibly be golden when television was nightly biting huge chunks out of the movies' potential audience? There have always been pictures that glittered, but when was the glitter pure gold?

Even when stripped of nostalgia, each era undoubtedly had its virtues—and its vices. Nostalgia merely throws up a smokescreen of distance that filters out all but the rosiest hues. Nostalgia transforms a classic profile into a first-class actor, a once-popular picture into a work of art. And it gives a period of prosperity the appearance of having been a period without problems. Nostalgia is nothing if not uncritical—which is perhaps the explanation of its great appeal.

In addition to the inevitable nostalgia that surrounds a picture fondly remembered from a long time past, however, there is always the possibility that it was actually seen when the viewer himself was relatively uncritical. Nothing is more sobering than to catch one of these faded epics in revival, or on a late television show. Scenes vividly remembered are no longer there, or if there now seem curiously truncated and unimpressive. Lines that once scintillated with wit now sound arch and contrived. Performances that once epitomized a breezy naturalism now appear forced and false. What once passed for sophistication now seems shockingly sophomoric. What once seemed profound now sounds callow or quaint.

The thing that makes these occasional re-evaluations so very disturbing is the realization that it is not the film that has changed, but we ourselves, and the times we see them in. Celluloid is the constant,

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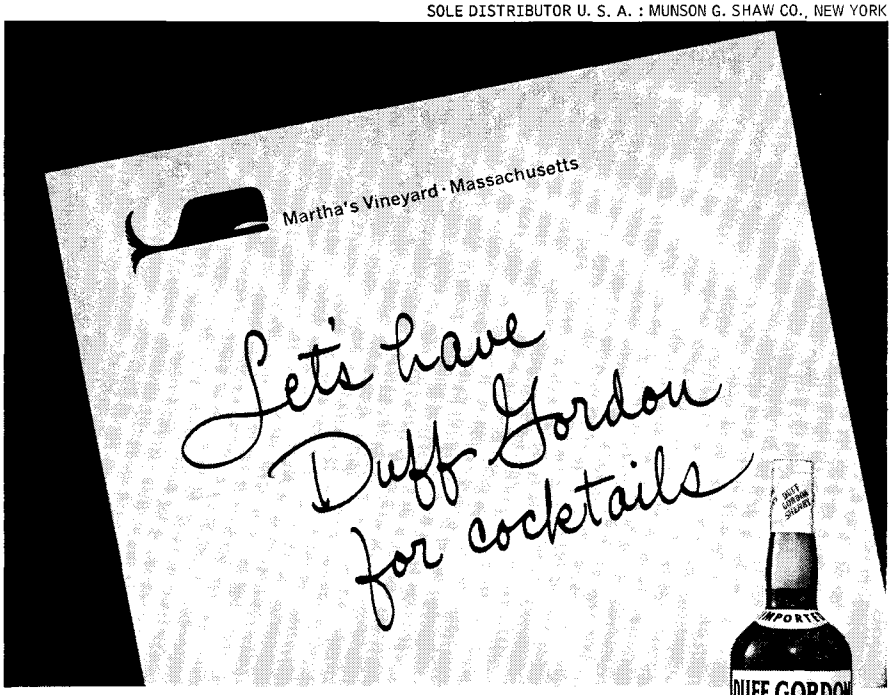

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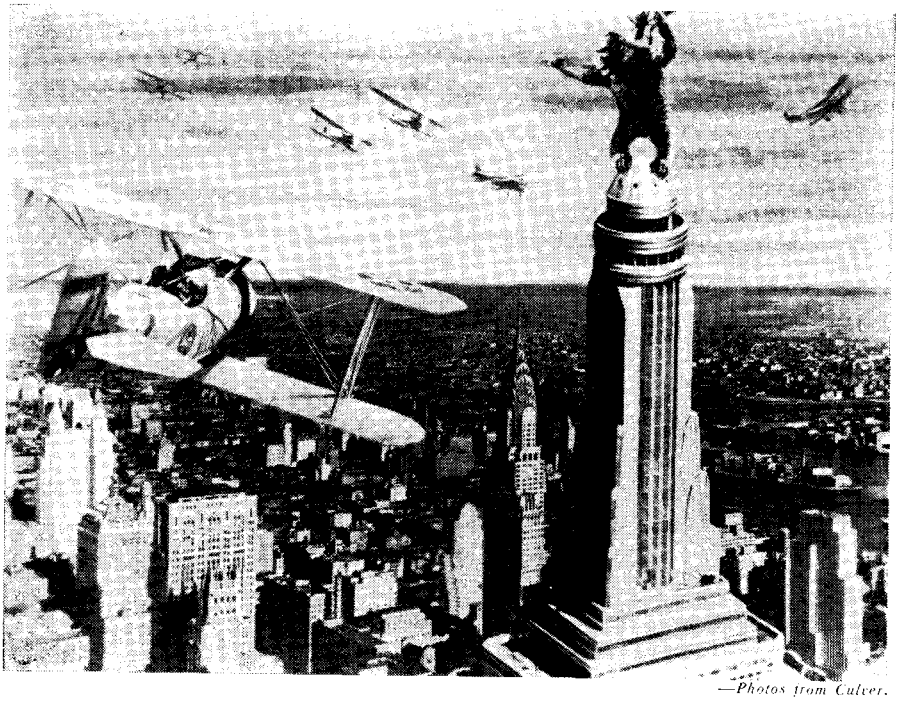

—Photos from Culver.

Classics recaptured—Among the big hits and significant milestones of the American cinema's early years were *The Covered Wagon* (photos at far left) and *King Kong* (above and left).

we the variables. Nothing is more difficult to recapture than the first impression of a film; to recapture it with any accuracy years later is downright impossible. And so, instead, we laugh at the old movies (sometimes vaguely aware that it is really ourselves we are laughing at), or discover in them previously unnoted historic significances, or enjoy them for the echoes they evoke of another, more golden age.

Quite apart from the films themselves, and the personalities who produced or appeared in them, the motion picture industry has also enjoyed a rather special place in the realm of America's bigger businesses. Only recently has Hollywood begun to lose its glamorous position as the film capital of the world. Only recently has the supremacy of the Hollywood product been challenged in the American market by outstanding achievements from abroad. For most moviegoers, however, the slick, stylishly mounted, star-studded, and strictly uncomplicated adventure stories, comedies, and romances that still flow from our studios continue to represent all that a movie should be. These were the staples on which they were reared and the foundation stone on which the American industry was built.

THE need for such a standardized product became evident soon after World War I. It was a period of consolidation and expansion for the industry, marked by the rise of the "majors"—studios like Paramount, Fox, and Metro—in the triple-threat role of producer, distributor, and theater owner. Almost overnight, the movies had become big business; and, as in every business, methods of control had to be worked out. The freewheeling practices of the past, when a producer made his picture, then sold it off in the competitive "states-rights" market for the best price he could get, were no longer economical. In the new set-up, the studios had to know in advance what each picture would bring.

During the Twenties, this was achieved with a precision that is not only remarkable but, today, illegal. The studios simply hitched their vehicles to a star, then went out and sold the star—often well in advance of actual production. Pictures were not only sold "blind," giving the exhibitor no opportunity to see what he was buying; they were also sold in blocks. To get a picture with a top favorite, the theater owner had to sign for a package containing as many as a dozen more dubious items. Thus, between the guaranteed play-offs in their own affiliated theaters and advance sales to independent exhibitors, studio heads could readily adjust production costs to a highly probable profit. As the system developed, and the "majors" were each turning out fifty-two features a year simply to keep their own theaters supplied, any serious miscalculation, any costly failure, could readily be absorbed in the over-all pattern of success.

Although certainly idyllic from the corporate point of view, it was also the least likely plan to encourage fresh or off-beat ideas. Indeed, its very success lay in providing the kind of formula picture that would bring approximately a hundred million customers back to the box office week after week. At one time Robert Flaherty, the great documentary director, sought to prove to his employers at Paramount that there were

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ways to build a special audience for his special kind of film. Paramount could not have cared less. Their job, as they saw it, was to satisfy the habitual moviegoer with his normal ration of love, comedy, and adventure, not to drum up new audiences for a type of picture that might never be made again.

Thus evolved the conventional program feature, that procrustean bed on which all studio-nurtured talents had to be either stretched or sliced. It was not without advantages. The sheer amount of film turned out in this manner permitted the development of Hollywood's formidable cadres of trained technicians, men whose superior skills are still acknowledged by film-makers throughout the world. It gave directors, writers, and actors an unparalleled opportunity to explore and re-explore the fundamentals of their craft. And also, the system of production was flexible enough that, on occasion, an exceptional program picture—a *Covered Wagon*, a *Big Parade*, or a *King Kong*—could be permitted to grow to its full stature; or, through a happy combination of circumstances, a "sleeper" could emerge with qualities that lifted it above the ordinary run of the mill.

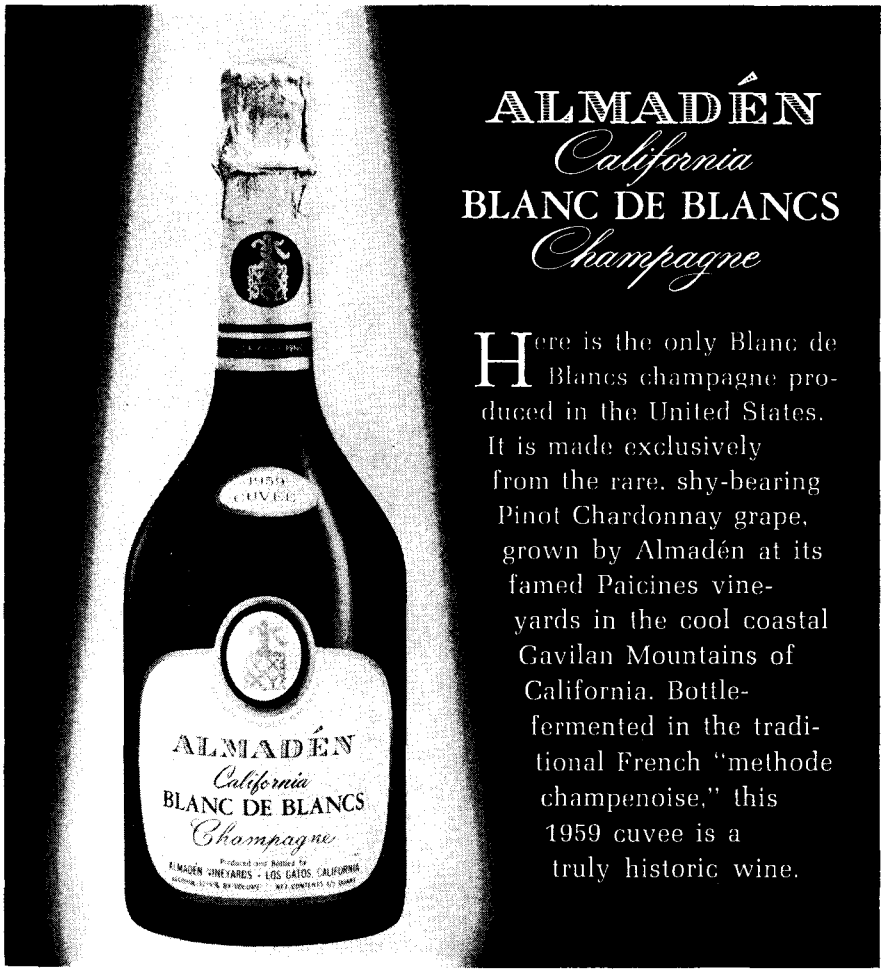
For anyone who was himself involved in film production during this period, it was understandably a golden era. Work was plentiful and profits were assured. And nostalgia at least now partially conceals the artistic frustrations that were part and parcel of the system.

It ended abruptly after World War II. Within a year, the government had outlawed block booking and blind selling and had reinstituted a long-delayed action to divorce production and distribution from theatrical exhibition. Simultaneously, television emerged from behind a cloud of wartime restrictions to pose a major threat to the motion picture industry. The studios, in a panic, retrenched on all fronts. No longer committed to their own owned and operated theater chains, they cut back on production, reducing by as much as two-thirds the number of pictures turned out annually. Many eliminated completely their shorts and animation departments. And, to save on the high salaries that normally went to talent, they terminated the contracts of actors, writers, directors, and even producers.

While this last move might have looked wise on paper, permitting the studios to hire personnel only when actually needed for a film, its effect was wholly unanticipated. Rather than wait around for a call, many of the film-makers went into business for themselves. Individually or in sympathetic tandem, they set up corporations and initiated their own productions—or consented to work for the studios on a co-production basis that gave them part ownership of the completed picture. Increasingly over the past ten years, studios that once spearheaded production have become real estate operations, leasing space and stages to the talent that they once employed. Frequently they arrange for the financing of independent productions as well, receiving in return the privilege of distributing the completed picture for a percentage of the profits. Today, it is distribution—not production—that is the key to power within the industry.

DOES this mean that the golden age of the movies is over? Only for those who persist in equating it with the dominance of the studio system. But before the studio heads seized power, before the movies became a mass-produced commodity, in the brief period between 1912 and 1920, the American film enjoyed a taste of independent production during what was without question the most creative—and golden—era in its history. This was the time when Mack Sennett and Charlie Chaplin produced and directed their own immortal slapstick comedies. The father of modern film techniques, D. W. Griffith, had severed his connection with Biograph to create such masterpieces as *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, and *Broken Blossoms*. Thomas H. Ince, considered by his contemporaries second only to Griffith, introduced to the screen the solemn countenance of William S. Hart—and a vision of the West that has rarely been equalled for unremitting realism. Cecil B. De Mille had his own production unit, as did Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and many more. This was the period that firmly established the supremacy of the American film, and paved the way for all that followed.

Curiously, the relationship of the directors and the stars of that day to their own productions closely parallels what is happening now. Of course, financing today is far more complicated, productions far more costly, and there are questions of censorship and foreign markets that rarely plagued that earlier generation of film-makers. More importantly, there is the problem of working creatively yet still pleasing tastes that were formed by more than forty years' exposure to the studio film formulas—made more endearing by nostalgia. Nevertheless, the accent today is once more on the individual—the creative producer, the creative director, the creative writer, the creative star. If they will only seize their opportunity, if they will only dare a little, it is not at all impossible that another generation will look back upon even the Sixties as the golden years of the American film.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Champagne
Here is the only Blanc de Blancs champagne produced in the United States. It is made exclusively from the rare, shy-bearing Pinot Chardonnay grape, grown by Almadén at its famed Paicines vineyards in the cool coastal Gavilan Mountains of California. Bottle-fermented in the traditional French "methode champenoise," this 1959 cuvee is a truly historic wine.

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3. Heyday of the Documentary

By JOHN G. FULLER

SEVERAL years ago I was in the process of directing a documentary film for the CBS program *Twentieth Century* on the problems of air traffic. Titled *The Crowded Air,* it tried to show as graphically as possible the enormous difficulties in keeping modern aircraft safe from collision. Our camera was set up in the radar control room at New York's International Airport to catch in action a few approaches during a particularly soupy morning with practically zero visibility. Suddenly one radar operator yelled for his supervisor and pointed to his radar screen. A plane from a nearby military field had veered off course and was heading directly for the "stack" where a half-dozen commercial airliners were circling awaiting landing instructions from the tower. In a single scene, the entire documentary film could have been summed up.

But we never got it on film. Our camera, known in the trade as a BNC, was a 35mm. monster so heavy that it required at least two men to get it off its tripod. By the time it could be maneuvered to catch the tension in the radar operator's face, the crisis had passed.

In the past forty years, documentary films have come a long way, but they are only now beginning to capture some kind of reality, and it will be at least another forty years before they will become a completely satisfactory form of journalistic art. At the present time the villain is the cumbersome and weighty equipment that any professional documentary crew must drag around in order to capture quality pictures in realistic action. Even cut to the bone, the carrying cases that have to be hauled to desert, mountain, or jungle fill the better part of a station wagon.

For any kind of theater distribution, a documentary should be shot in 35mm. film, 400 feet of which weigh ten pounds in a magazine. The lightest 35mm. camera set up and equipped for sound weighs 225 pounds. A portable battery light known as a "frezzi" weighs, with its battery, twenty-five pounds. The lightest tape recorder suitable for professional sound adds another twenty pounds to the equipment load. A single zoom lens, professional style, weighs thirty pounds. None of this is calculated to leave a film crew refreshed at the end of a day. But the worst part of it is that when a dramatic crisis arises, chances are the camera isn't ready for it.

Cinema verité is a phrase that is coming into frequent use in the trade, indicating the strong trend away from the slick, tidy Hollywood style of filming, in which technical perfection is somehow supposed to compensate for lack of substance. When you mention a hand-held camera, the Hollywood producer invariably shudders. Yet some of the most exciting shots in documentary work are done this way. A tripod often becomes a stifling barrier to the freshness and spontaneity required of a convincing documentary. *Camera verité* frequently calls for great footage rather than good photography. There is a tremendous difference between the two. Great footage can include a lens covered with dirt, a camera knocked out of the cameraman's hands, or a jerky camera movement. Good photography demands nothing more than proper exposure and focus. It is desirable, of course, to have both. But in documentary work, the first should have priority. The present-day equipment problem makes it hard to get.

Some progress is being made in equipment that helps make a forty-year prognosis heartening. Equipment is slowly developing that will enable the audiences of the future to watch a real-life event develop with all the drama of a Hollywood spectacular. Embarrassing as it may be to domestic camera makers, it is the foreign companies that are taking the lead to provide the camera-artist with the proper tools. The Arriflex 35mm. camera from West Germany has made it possible for a cameraman to hand-hold shots he never could have attempted before. Yet when you try to use it for synchronous sound, it makes as much noise as a riveting machine. The Nagra tape recorder has made it possible to do sync-sound of the highest quality, using only flashlight batteries for power. Wireless mikes (those that no longer need to be connected directly to the recorder) are beginning to become more dependable—although it is not at all unusual for a police call to come in mysteriously in the middle of a critical scene. For many years, it has been necessary to have a direct wire between the camera and the tape recorder in order to keep the two in sync, as they say in film work. A new unit called *Camcon* has been developed by Bob Rubin, a CBS producer, to permit camera and sound man to be hundreds of yards apart. An independent team consisting of Albert and David Maysles has manufactured its own equipment to enable them to shoot sound film as swiftly as if they were doing home movies. The development of Double-X film by Eastman Kodak has made it possible to shed much heavy lighting equipment, and there is hope in the future that 16mm. film can eventually be projected in theaters with as much fidelity as the more cumbersome 35mm. film.

The artistry for better documentaries is already here and waiting. Writers and producers for television have been creating brilliant work in spite of the monstrous equipment they are saddled with. All that is lacking now is the technical means to do the same thing at the scene of spontaneous action.

Documentaries, to be effective, must reflect life—but they must do it artfully, with the most exacting attention to selectivity. The old-fashioned documentaries, in which subjects speak stiffly to the camera, in which people stumble about self-consciously in an abortive attempt to be themselves, in which actors portray certain roles instead of the real people, are on their way out. When the equipment catches up to the artist, not only will truth be more vivid than fiction—but perhaps the fictional drama will be looking toward documentary techniques to make its make-believe world more true and convincing.

Cruger's Island

By Paris Leary

IT'S a tall light shot with cold and it's got the wind behind it,
comes with the sun from a winter above us and walks through the lean trees
like a pale heron. Down the prospect of the Hudson
ice tissues the current and bridges move in shadows
over captured launches and marinas. I walk with a kind of care—
it is deer and duck season and tipsy City hunters
shoot at a movement or a rustle; their sportless murder
fills these woods with a spare fear. My baser instincts long
for bear traps and pits to hurt and confound them, give return
for their awkward slaughter. I am become a regional poet,
the hills my weeks and week-ends, and am much given to thoughts
of the inexact mortality which hunts us all, all seasons.
Across at Saugerties the squat kilns discharge their smoke,
and I find I have come away again without my matches.

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—From "The Acanthus History of Sculpture: Ancient Egypt." © New York Graphic Society Publishers, Ltd.

Ikhnaton and Nefertiti—From out of the sun, a new world of meaning.

THE FUTURE OF GOD

By JOHN LEAR

SCIENCE was essential to the governing of ancient Egypt. The major mass of the people lived in the fertile corridor through which the Nile traverses vast plateaus of lifeless desert. Topsoil washed downstream by annual floods broadened and deepened fields available for cultivation. To parcel this farmland and tax it fairly required mathematics. To predict the times of flood, prophets had to be astronomers. So it is not surprising that relatively early in the 4,000-year rule of the pharaohs, energy from the sun was recognized as the source of earthly being. Ra, the sun god, became the chief divinity of Egypt, and the pharaohs claimed to be his children, as indeed they and all the other Egyptians were.

The sun god sufficed for the religious observances of the aristocracy. But the peasants who tilled the delta of the Nile saw life differently. Their great recurrent experience was the resurgence of the river, and they deified this in the god Osiris. The return of life from dormant seed planted in the wake of each spring flood was celebrated with death and resurrection ceremonies. A symbolic entombment would be performed, followed, after brief mourning, by removal of the tombstones with the exultant cry, "The god is risen!"

Thus science confronted magic in the valley of the Nile.

Three thousand three hundred thirty and a few more years ago, the confrontation erupted in violence. Amenhotep IV, a teen-age pharaoh, changed his name to Ikhnaton and ordered a new royal seal on which his own likeness and the likeness of his beautiful wife Nefertiti stood together beneath a glowing disc. From the rim of the disc shot rays that ended in the shape of human hands. The hands reaching closest to the heads of Ikhnaton and Nefertiti held the hieroglyph of life.

From thence forward, Ikhnaton decreed, the sun would be the one and only true god. To honor this absolute and unrivaled divinity he built a temple and around it a new capital city at Akhetaton, far from the old Egyptian capital in Thebes. Worship of the river

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god Osiris was banned. Proscribed with it were the resurrection paraphernalia which the people had transferred from the river to themselves.

Neither the priests headquartered in Thebes—where they had made a prosperous business of selling safe transport tokens to the spirit world in advance of departure dates—nor the credulous poor were prepared for any such austere dealing with the environment beyond earth. Ikhnaton was swept from power in a fury of reaction.

This impractical idealist had come to the throne of Egypt as a twelve-year-old boy, when Thebes was the focus of the largest empire yet assembled. The pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty had ruled the whole of the Middle East. The Mediterranean and the Aegean had been political tributaries to the Nile.

Ikhnaton left Egypt in chaos. The empire never again regained its former glory. As a pharaoh, Ikhnaton was an abject failure.

As a man, however, Ikhnaton deserved another appraisal. He got it from a famous student of the Orient, Dr. James Henry Breasted, who called Ikhnaton "the first individual in human history." Sigmund Freud, the founder of modern psychotherapy, went further. He proposed late in his life that Ikhnaton had directly inspired the monotheism of the Jews.

According to this Freudian interpretation of history, the great Jewish lawgiver, Moses, had not been a Jew but an Egyptian noble from Ikhnaton's ruined court, who used the chaotic aftermath of the rash pharaoh's downfall to cover the exodus. In documenting this thesis, Freud noted first that the supposedly Jewish identification mark of circumcision actually had been an old Egyptian custom. The name of Moses had come from the Egyptian word for child—"mose." Moses had been described in Jewish writings as "slow of speech," and Freud attributed this characteristic to an Egyptian speaking the Jewish tongue. The Biblical discovery of the baby Moses in the bullrushes of the Nile and his upbringing by the pharaoh's daughter also fitted into the Freudian picture of Ikhnaton's gift to the Jews. Finally, Freud found in Biblical lore reasons for believing that the Jews slew Moses soon after the flight from Egypt for the same cause that Ikhnaton lost his Egyptian throne—the common people couldn't take responsibility for facing the great natural unknowns alone. With Moses's removal from authority, a workable compromise became possible and the Jews adopted it. Or so Freud postulated the story from surviving fragments of the ancient record.

Whether or not Freud discovered the hidden historical truths he thought he found in the intellectual explorations retraced above, other scholars have remarked on striking parallels between the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* and the Jewish Bible. *Genesis* and *Proverbs* and the Ten Commandments are particular examples. And few points of history are as firmly established as the total absence of science throughout the first thousand years of Christianity, a faith resonant with echoes of the Osiris myth.

From such a thumbnail sketching of the conscious and subconscious past, can valid clues to the future be drawn? I think so. What really matters is that after two millennia of resistance to the experimental method of confirming truth, science could once more appear. How did it happen? Who caused it to happen?

Many men played minor roles from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. But their contributions were buried so deep that they have been brought to light only recently. Major change did not occur until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it was brought about by a few individual geniuses. Not enough modern attention has been paid to the fact that the tallest three of the company were devout churchmen.

ALTHOUGH Nicolaus Copernicus was not a priest, he was entirely dependent on Roman Catholic subsidy, in much the same sense as postgraduate students in science today are dependent on public taxation. Copernicus received the pay of a Polish cathedral canon to spend his time in study. By centering the universe in the sun instead of in the earth, he radically revised man's view of his own importance in relation to the stars.

The Copernican theory, however, was only a theory, unsupported by independent observation. In the form in which it was published, it could not have survived the tests of time. Fortunately, a Lutheran clergyman picked up the unfinished problem and filled the gaps with mathematical evidence derived from astronomer Tycho Brahe's meticulous maps of star and planet positions.

The Lutheran was Johannes Kepler, who looked to the invisible life force in the sun as reverently as Pharaoh Ikhnaton had done many centuries before. Kepler started his quest in thrall of a 2,000-year-old superstition which said that all heavenly bodies traveled in circles. But he couldn't make the annual round of positions of the planet Mars fit into a circle. The curved path that Mars followed around the sun was shaped like an egg. After he finally summoned courage to abandon the circular superstition, Kepler found the orbits of all the planets to be elliptical. By putting ellipses instead of circles into the structure of the Copernican system, Kepler demonstrated that Copernicus had been right in contending that the earth moved around the sun.

What force was responsible for the movement? Kepler had some rough ideas about the power of gravity, and went so far as to suggest that gravity could be expressed with mathematical precision. But it remained for another clergyman, this one an Englishman, Isaac Newton, to perfect the theory of universal gravitation and to state the laws of motion.

I have named only three of many scientific innovators from the church. Yet without these three, modern science could not exist.

Given such magnificent inspiration from the past, why are the names of so few clergymen on the rolls of scientific research establishments today?

Society would seem to need the mediating influence of enlightened religious experimenters now more than ever. For what the Pharaoh Ikhnaton tried and failed to do in Egypt of 1375 B.C. has largely been accomplished in the twentieth-century Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Sir Julian Huxley's *Essays of a Humanist* may go too far in saying that "gods and God in any meaningful sense seem destined to disappear," but the Communist government of present-day Russia has clearly demonstrated that a viable political system can be developed without supernatural help. Furthermore, the adoption of a similar pattern by Communist China has brought well over half earth's population within the bounds of a divinity susceptible to scientific observation and appraisal.

Of course this situation does not require the other half of earth's people to abandon beliefs that add comfort and strength to their lives. It may and probably does mean that there will be a thorough search for definition of genuine comfort. Biologist Huxley holds that the search is already far enough under way to allow the conclusion that "the god hypothesis . . . has lost its explanatory value and is becoming an intellectual and moral burden to our thought. It no longer convinces or comforts, and its abandonment often brings a deep sense of relief."

To avoid misunderstanding, Huxley explicitly stipulates that "abandonment of the god hypothesis" does not imply "the abandonment of all religion and all moral sanctions" but "does mean . . . that we must construct something to take its place." The new something, he says, will be made of "the stuff of divinity." He proceeds:

"The term *divine* did not originally imply the existence of gods; on the contrary, gods were constructed to interpret man's experiences of this [divine] quality. . . . Such magical, mysterious, awe-inspiring, divinity-suggesting facts have included wholly outer phenomena like volcanic eruptions, thunder, and hurri-

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canes; biological phenomena such as sex and birth, disease and death; and also inner, psychological phenomena such as intoxication, possession, speaking with tongues, inspiration, insanity, and mystic vision. With the growth of knowledge most of these have ceased to be mysterious so far as rational or scientific explicability is concerned (though there remains the fundamental mystery of existence, notably the existence of mind). However, it is a fact that many phenomena are charged with some sort of magic or compulsive power, and do introduce us to a realm beyond our ordinary experience. Such events and such experiences merit a special designation . . . , though this quality of divinity is not truly supernatural but *transnatural* —it grows out of ordinary nature, but transcends it. The divine is what man finds worthy of adoration, that which compels his awe."

Huxley is not willing to guess what precise forms the future agencies of religious thought will take, but he is convinced that the central hypothesis "will certainly be evolution, which by now has been checked against objective fact and has become firmly established as a principle. . . .

"Human potentialities constitute the world's greatest resource, but at the moment only a tiny fraction of them is being realized. The possibility of tapping and directing these vast resources of human possibility provide the religion of the future with a powerful long-term motive. An equally powerful short-term motive is to ensure the fullest possible development and flowering of individual personalities. . . . In a way most important of all, an evolution-centered religion can no longer be divided off from secular affairs in a separate supernatural compartment, but will interlock with them at every point. . . .

"In place of eternity we shall have to think in terms of enduring process; in place of salvation in terms of attaining the satisfying states of inner being which combine energy and peace. There will be no room for petitionary prayer, but much value in prayer involving aspiration and self-exploration. A religion of fulfilment must provide bustling secular man with contacts with all that is permanent and enduring, with the deeper and higher aspects of existence; indeed, with every possible opportunity of transcending the limitations not only of his day-to-day existence in the equivalents of shared worship, but of his little secular self in acts of meditation and self-examination and in retreats from the secular world of affairs. It will of course continue to celebrate the outstanding events of personal and national existence (already in some countries there are humanist wedding and funeral ceremonies). Furthermore, it will enlist the aid of psychologists and psychiatrists in helping men and women to explore the depths and heights of their own inner selves instead of restlessly pursuing external novelty, to realize more of their mental and spiritual possibilities, to utilize even their repressed and guilty urges. . . ."

I have cited at some length the opinions of one man (albeit an unusual man) because he is one of few possessed of sufficient courage to write his opinions down. Many scientists of my acquaintance will differ with him. Many will deny existence of any conflict between science and deity. Contrariwise, political followers of United States Senator Barry Goldwater are far from alone among laymen who will urge war on all godless thought. In President Lyndon B. Johnson's home state of Texas, for example, hundreds of Christian fundamentalists in recent weeks have been writing letters and signing petitions protesting use in Texas public schools of three biology textbooks because these books "teach the theory of evolution as fact," "make no provision for a spiritual world . . . or the resurrection of the dead," and so "put students who believe in God and Christ at a disadvantage." But the presence of difference on this fundamental issue is an argument in favor rather than against the involvement of churchmen in active practice of experimental science. For, although the initial stimulus for change in human institutions almost always comes from outside the institutions affected, details of constructive change can only be wrought from inside.

As science has grown in size and power during recent decades, its external behavior has inflamed the suspicions of those who fear the abandonment of God. Scientists are willing and even eager to subsist on the people's generosity, but reluctant to account for the money they spend. They give much time to traveling and supping at public expense, but object to giving the time required to make out reports of the claimed benefits.

They demand protection of their own individual freedom, but do too little to help enforce protection of the individual rights of the common man against surgical and medical experiments undertaken without his real knowledge or informed consent, or against biological tampering through addition of questionable chemicals to his food and drinking water, or against manipulation of his body and mind in mass experiments with such unplumbed phenomena as sonic boom.

The premium on strict honesty rises with every step in the long process of automation. As fewer workers see the contents of a package during passage of the package through the mill, the integrity of the guarantee on the contents of the package grows more precious. Yet science is silent on these matters.

Aside from the moral and ethical issues that religious compunctions might influence, purely scientific questions enter the *transnatural* realm. One that has long been under debate is the reality of extrasensory perception. Are supernormal powers acceptable scientific substitutes for supernatural ones? Are they still acceptable if their effects cannot be duplicated in the customary scientific way by any appropriately trained investigator—as displays of ESP apparently cannot always be?

Another question to which dedicated religious investigators could add new dimensions is: Where does consciousness begin?

—*Doug Anderson.*

This question was asked last spring in the pages of *Nature,* the British scientific journal, by a New Zealand researcher, D. F. Lawden, of the University of Canterbury at Christchurch, who put it thus:

"Experience in every field of science suggests powerfully that Nature is a unity which can be divided into categories for human convenience, but that we must never lose sight of the fact that the boundaries so introduced are man-made and possess no counterparts in reality. It was to be expected, therefore, that the division of matter into living and dead forms would ultimately be revealed as an artificial one, convenient for distinguishing extreme cases such as man and rock, but quite inappropriate when consideration is being given to intermediate forms such as the virus and the newly dead . . . .

"This principle of continuity is exemplified by the smooth gradation of forms from the fundamental particles to ourselves, thus constituting a hierarchy at no level of which can a clear dividing line between the living and dead be distinguished. The implication that the behavior of a human being can be given an adequate explanation in terms of the laws of physics is so strong that few will now be prepared to argue the contrary view, namely, that some special vital principle is involved. However, although the implications of the smooth transition from the fundamental particles to our-

(*Continued on page* 184)

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The High Cost of Indecision

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

THE BASIC pattern of broadcasting in this country has long been frozen. Refinements leading to a greater diversity of program sources and glamorous, versatile technical gadgetry will, in the foreseeable future, hardly modify the essential role of the broadcasting media in its dependence on consumers. Nevertheless, the Communications Satellite Act, which President Kennedy signed in 1962, may be usefully discussed. The act created the Communication Satellite Corporation, which is currently designing a system to begin operation in 1967; but the development, construction, and establishment of a full-scale system will take a longer time. Unfortunately, the general public knows nothing about the issues involved, and forty years from now second thoughts will be too late.

The problem today is simply this: Can the commercial operators of the global communication satellites, under government regulation that is not responsible for the content of the program traffic, serve their own and the world's interests simultaneously? And, if they can't, what can be done to make the system that is being constructed truly responsive to pressing world needs where the profit incentive does not operate effectively?

The Communications Satellite Act provides that the U.S. shall participate with other interested nations in the satellite system through a private corporation subject to close governmental supervision in a manner that will insure its responsiveness to the public interest. Other provisions are designed to provide maximum certainty that parochial commercial interests will not thwart the realization of national objectives. In the actual structure of the corporation, however, it is not clear just how the public interest and national objectives will be protected. The system will be a heavy-duty common carrier's carrier. It will furnish channels to several U.S. common carriers that provide telephone, telegraph, and other communication services to the public. Fifteen directors will run the corporation, six to be elected by carrier stockholders and six by public shareholders; three will be appointed by the President. Thus twelve of the fifteen directors will be legally responsible to their shareholders for policies seeking maximum profits. The State Department will look after foreign policy considerations, and NASA will be in charge of technology. The FCC will have administrative regulatory functions and will see that U.S. common carriers have nondiscriminatory access to the system.

At a recent symposium, the chief of the FCC's Office of Satellite Communications said that there will be no "censorship or evaluation" by our government or the Satellite Corporation of what is transmitted. (The system will accept intelligence for point-to-point transmission to ultimate destinations without discrimination.) He recognized that broadcasting a favorable "image" of the U.S. abroad and communicating "worthwhile materials" among nations is a real problem. But he added that this responsibility must be left to the networks and the USIA. He said he hoped criteria other than commercial feasibility would be employed by those responsible for program distribution, but he emphasized that "you cannot look to a solution of this problem within the framework of the communications medium itself. I think it's a matter for discussion and understanding and agreement among people. It's a matter of planning on a national and international level as to how to use this wonderful asset we now have."

At present, however, no one with any direct responsibility is discussing, understanding, agreeing, and planning. In short, we are trusting the commercial broadcasters to exercise, by themselves, the necessary social responsibility, just as we did in the case of radio in the 1920s.

It has been suggested that since highly topical news and sports will offer the most likely opportunities for satellite transmission, great human events will be the dominant global fare, while entertainment programs, without the press of the clock and calendar, will go by slower means via tape and film. But this prediction overlooks the fact that satellite communication will provide simultaneous distribution of programs to many points at once, thus substantially reducing the cost of tape and film and providing economic incentive for the distribution of entertainment. Commercial domestic broadcasters program entertainment chiefly because that is where the maximum profits are. Will the pressure to do the same on a global basis via satellites be any less when they associate with entrepreneurs abroad who have the same motives? The extension of broadcasting to satellites presents no essentially new problem. It merely elaborates conventional modes. A glance back at the genesis of broadcasting will illustrate this. In June 1922 David Sarnoff proposed that the radio equipment manufacturers set up a public-service company supported by them to provide broadcasting service. Such a company, he said, would be comparable to a library and might ultimately be endowed by a public benefactor. "It would," he said, "remove from the public mind the thought that those who are doing the broadcasting today are doing so because of profit to themselves. In other words, it removes the broadcasting company itself from the atmosphere of being a commercial institution."

Two months later a New York radio station earned the industry's first advertising dollar, and broadcasting, far from becoming a library, was on its way to becoming a midway. That same year Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, looked into the future at the American Radio Conference. "It is inconceivable," he asserted, "that we should allow so great a possibility for service . . . to be drowned in advertising chatter."

BUT both men misread the temper of their time and the American genius in favor of laissez-faire when that policy serves property interests. In 1934 the creation of the FCC as the industry traffic policeman completed the shaping, since it has no real control over program content. Today the business of domestic broadcasting is the delivery to advertisers, at so much per thousand, of listeners and viewers receptive to buying commodities. All else is marginal—even the peak moments of television's greatness. Once again, as we approach global broadcasting, where the public-service stakes are infinitely higher, the problem of massive world needs in mass communications is being left to forces outside the framework of the communications medium itself and beyond the government agencies that are by legislation involved.

What forces? How shall they be organized and what shall be their objectives? No one is saying. In the global vacuum can be heard only the telemetry of profit.

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Dr. Canby's Team

Continued from page 55

ation, to which he belonged, but, with his great tolerance and his pride in American literature as a developing body of work, he tried to find virtues in almost everybody. That effort to stand above the battle did not save him from being hit by misdirected pebbles. Most of these came from the younger men, who considered it their duty to be "pure," that is, intolerant. I remember an angry little magazine called *Aesthete 1925* that some of us started and stopped after one issue. It contained jibes at many of our elders, Canby included, though he got off easier than some of the others. One column, filled with items in the style of newspaper headlines, was called "Last Minute News of the Critics." Here are two of the items:

> Vast Crowds Storm Algonquin Hotel. Cultured Mob Jams 44th Street as Critics Meet for Witty Luncheon. Prominent Brokers and Actresses Narrowly Escape Trampling in Throng. Woman Nearly Swoons.
>
> Yes and No, Says Canby. Editor Outlines Middle Course Between Heaven and Hell. Solution Deemed Acceptable to Both Modernists and Fundamentalists.

I don't remember who wrote the first of those items, but it must have been either Kenneth Burke or Matthew Josephson. The Canby item was mine, and what I regret about it after forty years is that I let it be printed anonymously. I should have taken responsibility for my jibe, which wasn't very cruel and which had enough point to make it amusing at the moment. Canby *was* a little too eager to follow the middle way, whether or not it was the right one. At times he seemed to be trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. This was an amiable weakness, however, and I think it resulted from his feeling that men of letters, instead of quarreling with one another, should stand united against the always threatening forces of ignorance and indifference.

His essential purpose was to encourage the writing of good books by finding more readers for them. Never far from his mind was a sentence of Walt Whitman's, his favorite American author after Thoreau. It was the one that used to appear on the back cover of every issue of *Poetry*: "To have great poets [and why not add great novelists and playwrights?] there must be great audiences too." The force of Whitman's remark can be judged by the literary history of two decades, the 1890s and the 1920s, which resembled each other in many respects. In the earlier decade there was a band of talented new American writers that was hardly less numerous than that of the 1920s, and it included at least two men, Stephen Crane and Trumbull Stickney, of something close to genius. But these two and all their rivals had broken careers and most of them died young—"visibly killed," as Santayana said of them, "by the lack of air to breathe." What they really lacked was an understanding audience of the sort that began to take shape after the Great War. That audience in itself—though, of course, there were other reasons—might be enough to explain why some of the postwar writers showed more tenacity and left behind a much more important body of work than the men of the 1890s.

So Canby's purpose was more creative, in a broad sense, than is commonly supposed, and he held to it through his whole career. It is evident, for example, in the plan and execution of the *Literary History of the United States* (1948), another of the big projects to which he devoted his talent for finding and keeping collaborators; LHUS had four editors, including Canby, and fifty-five contributing scholars. One of the later chapters in the book is called "Creating an Audience," and I like to remember that Canby and I worked on it together. But the chapter has a fault that was owed once again to his modesty. It does not give enough credit to Canby himself, or to the team he assembled in 1920, or to the magazine they founded in 1924, for helping to create and hold together that essential audience.

Drifters

or

Opulent and light lords in white with not much to worry about or do

By John Tagliabue

SEVERAL lords
huddled together
like several clouds
on a mountain
met to talk about
what they forgot
to talk about; then
someone yawned;
they remembered
to yawn; then
someone said
let us visit
the cherry trees;
they remembered
to follow; some
looked at each
other looking
at cherry blossoms;
some fell asleep;
some drifted
away
like clouds.

distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. This year a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of St. Michael, musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards printed by the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions cost from 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents — will be mailed about September first.

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Saturday Review* readers may now enter *SR*'s twelfth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1964. *For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.

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The Third Son

Continued from page 143

vision—must be contained within the precision of mathematics. The ideal is to achieve the technically perfect disciplines that will permit exact measurement."

But the poet has disappeared with a sad shake of his head. He had not meant to disappear. He had wanted to stay at least long enough to explain that "arithmetic" was as much a metaphor as Wilbur's bat, and that what Schacht meant by "technical perfection" was nothing more than the passion to play a perfect poetic game.

He had wanted to say to the Hybrid and to Cain and to Abel and to the Poebrids and to all who would listen: "Forget the subject. Meet me in the performance of the subject. In the idiom, in the images, in the rhythms, in the total structure. Meet me there, allow me my kind of play, and you will find that I can give you back your real variousness.

"Yes," he had wanted to say, "I do have a vision: the vision that you waste yourselves in conforming to your own overnarrowed images of yourselves. I need no vision to tell me you are much more various than you think you are. For I have been all of you and the father and mother of all of you and the keeper and shaper of the total legend in which you live. Except that you will not live in it totally, because you blind yourselves with the literal, and you call your literalness 'ideas.'

"I do not deal in ideas but in experiences. I must make illusions for you. I must make something happen, and it must be *as if* it is happening to you. Every *as if* experience you try on is another way of seeing yourselves. I must lead you to feel *as if* you were a child, a lover, a murderer, a dancer, a coward. For only as you try on all your possibilities vicariously can you come to know yourself.

"But you will not be able to try them on if I only *tell you about them* in the literal language of the Hybrids. Nor if I waste my time, as the Poebrids do, trying to prove they are useful. I must make you feel them *as if* they were actually happening to you. And to do that, I must play my games.

"I am not even sure," he had wanted to add, "that I play my games for you at all. I think I would play them if I were the last man alive. If I am in any way your benefactor, the benefaction is an accident. I play the games that let me write poems because I find that writing the poem is a better way of living than not writing it. Because I am happiest when I find myself winning a hard game with myself.

"And because my games make their own guesses about who you are. That is important to me because you are me, though you do not know it."

THE poet had wanted to say that and much more to all of them, but once again, as he had in age after age, the poet had found that the language had made him disappear. The Hybrid would find him again, but it would always be the same. Once enough of The Language had been poured out upon the air the poet would be lost to all view, nor would his voice carry.

Quietly he faded back into his old anonymity as the Third Son and quietly put his pen to The Legend as he found it shaping itself to the game of the words and images and rhythms and forms. If Cain and Abel came up with any odd questions about The Legend, they would, as always, get their answers from the Hybrid.

The poet knew the Poebrid would be there, too, but he would not have much to say. Not at least until he found the poet again. And that, of course, is what the Poebrids had really been bred for, to hunt out the poet after he had been made to disappear, and to let the Hybrid work on him with the dissolving language again.

Bashir Was My Name

By James Schevill

MORE than a year ago that Vice-President came,
Singled me out in a crowd in Karachi,
And invited me to visit the United States.
I arrived at a winged place
Called strangely Idlewild, flew to Texas
With my honorable host rode his horses,
Sampled his barbecue, visited the Dallas State Fair.
A few days later in Washington, I met the President
and said, "Now I have seen the Man of the World."
Returning to my home I asked, "Can you live
In the darkness when a star sits on your shoulder?"
My shoulder began to hurt and gleam in the dark.
My son took over my camel cart.
In a friend's garage glows the pick-up truck
Which I was given in America. I am taking driving lessons.
When I get my trucking permit, I will double
Our family income. I have been received
By President Ayub Khan, fêted by the American Ambassador,
And had a standing ovation at the Lahore Horse Show.
Every night I go home to my house
Across the railroad tracks in Bashir Chowk.
The old woman who sells cattle fodder,
The milk man whose water buffaloes squat
Outside my hut, and the betel nut vendor
Come together to see my privileged possessions.
From under the single rope-bed in the hut,
I pull out the bag I took to America and show them
The awards of my trip through the sky:
A transistor radio, a Polaroid camera,
A PT boat pin, the badge of a Texas deputy sheriff,
A medal showing the City Hall in Kansas City,
A doll, half a dozen ball-point pens marked
"Compliments of the Vice President of the United States."
And then I can sleep, or rather I dream:

"Once we were chosen. Chance
Scratched us with claws,
Marked us forever with a white
Shoulder glittering beyond laws.

Cursed, blessed with that white shoulder,
We dance into the dark;
And you can tell the dancers in the dance
By the gleam of that white mark."

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Where Is the New Type of Man For Tomorrow's America?

Where are the men of spirit and noble cause . . . men with ideas larger than themselves . . . ideals that carried thirteen colonies to greatness.

Where are such men today, to serve the nation in a new hour of need? Men of all ranks, men of all races, men of all faiths and stations in life . . . But most of all,* men—*men of dedication who love their country* as it is, *and who will fight to make it what it should become.

Are you such a man?

America's Challenge

"America, without seeking it, has had world leadership dropped into her lap by the swift and heedless hands of history. Africa, Latin America, Asia, all are waiting for America to demonstrate in a crumbling civilization how all people can live united in one aim—the moral and spiritual re-armament of humanity."

This statement embodies the theme of a series of talks delivered during a recent nation-wide tour by Peter Howard, author, playwright and political commentator, who is internationally famous for his work in charge of the world-wide program of Moral Re-Armament.

To Students:

"What is your plan to build a world that really works? A world where no man goes hungry, where everybody has a decent home to live in, and the chance for an education to give him a full life. If this young generation undertook that task, the whole of history would shift."

To America's Negroes:

"The different races in America are her strength and glory. They can be her supersonic missile of revolution in the modern world. I do not say 'Be patient.' I say, 'Be passionate for something far bigger than color.' "

To America's Women:

"We do not expect enough from women. Women have not only the intelligence, but above all the heart power, to heal the hates of the modern world."

To the Intellectual:

"I wish men of great intellectual stature would give as much attention to character as they give to the new frontiers of discovery. You do not get people spending as much intelligent thought and sweat on the development of man's character and ability to live with his brother man, as on developing his wealth, his power and his scientific knowledge."

To the Business Man:

"It would be an irony indeed if, at the very time a great crack appeared in the steel fabric of the Communist world, free men destroyed themselves with the very materialism they so hate and fear in their enemies."

To the Military Leader:

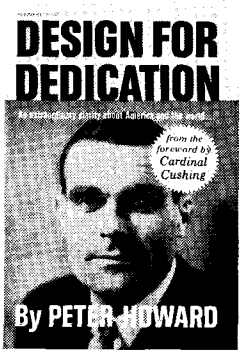
"We (the world) owe our existing liberties to your blood, your valor and your gold. I want America to stay strong. Freedom in the world depends on it. But it takes an ideology to win an ideological war. We cannot win without it."

To the Labor Unionist:

"Is America's revolutionary concept big enough to include all the Asians, all the Africans, and the whole Communist world in the next step forward in human evolution? That is Moral Re-Armament. The labor movement is meant to understand that, to equip itself to be a part of it, and then to help it forward."

To the Political Leader:

"One state legislature free from fear of men, committed not just to do the right as God grants them to see the right, but to legislate and agitate so that what is right becomes the norm of modern America, will give to nations the secret of freedom that endures, and to the world point the highroad to lasting peace."



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The moral and spiritual re-armament of which Peter Howard speaks is the objective of Moral Re-Armament—an ideology which is throughout today's world making an intelligent bid to lead mankind forward into the next stage of human progress.

It is a revolutionary concept of change in society based on absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, worked out in each man and woman's life under the guidance of God in the hearts of men.

Now for the Response

If Peter Howard's statements strike sparks of the honest dedication that is within you, then it is time for you to act. What to do? It is completely up to yourself.

You may be interested in studying the complete texts of Mr. Howard's speeches, now reprinted in the Regnery paperback, **"DESIGN FOR DEDICATION,"** currently on news stands and book racks throughout the country.

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Notes on the Future

Continued from page 44

more, the checker moves are simple and direct. Backgammon is complex. Therefore the same computer, playing both games concurrently, completes the checker moves far more rapidly than the backgammon moves. The backgammon rate is not an even wave-length multiple of the checker rate. Therefore, as with disynchronous, high-frequency twin motors, there develops a secondary low-frequency, intermittent recurrence of coincident cycles, or interferences. Suddenly the machine has to make both the checkers and backgammon moves at the same time. Because the computer has a given wave length interval within which to make moves, and because the latter is too short to accommodate both moves, the machine has to decide which it will play first. It has to ask itself and then decide, "Which is more important, checkers or backgammon?" If the machine has stored enough information on variable factors, including previous decisions, it may soliloquize: "Poor people play checkers and rich people play backgammon. I'd better cast my vote for the priority of backgammon because my memory storage also tells me that all the poor people are becoming rich and will emulate their conditioned-reflex image of being rich." From this moment, rightly or wrongly, the machine's storage contains this prospero-proletarian predilection.

"Which is more important, checkers or backgammon?" is an original question that had never been asked by man of himself or of the machine. We find that the asking of original questions is a consequence of interferences, whether in the computer or the human brain.

As far as the computer's differentiating function as judged by experts is concerned, it can be said that the computer is about to make man obsolete as a specialist because the machine can differentiate and seek out much more accurately, swiftly, and persistently than man can. The computer can stay up all night, night after night, selecting the greens from the blues under humanly intolerable conditions of heat, cold, smells, etc., yet never tire. That the machine is to replace man as a specialist, either in craft, muscle, or brain work, is an epochal event. The computer as superspecialist produces, multiplies, and administers "automation." Because the computer is superior to man as specialist, comprehensive world automation has always been developing inexorably and is now inexorably imminent.

The scientist-philosophers of computer integration say that because the asking of original questions is a consequence of interferences, and because interferences are products of time sequences, it follows that original questions are both functions and products of time. There must be a great number of moves and a vast number of computer components before enough time can elapse to develop new types of secondary or tertiary interferences that in turn may from time to time provoke original questions. The human brain as a computer mechanism consists of approximately a quadrillion times a quadrillion atoms in coordinate interpatterning. It will be a very long time before man will be able to develop an extracorporeal computer with that many transistors, storage cells, and other components. The experts also point out that, dealing in integrative complexity as a function of time, the human brain has always been dealing in complexity and has also been integrating comprehensive, historical continuity of human-experience-reflexed, design evolution relayed by human genes. Therefore, the experts say, we would have to have man-made computers running for 1,000,000 years or so in order for them to develop an equivalently integrated complexity. The experts do not see any immediate, or even far distant, competition by the machine computer with the human brain in the functions of complex integration.

We can have an integrator calculating, designing, and automatically manufacturing and putting together a geodesic dome in a giant jig, after which an automated "sky tug" helicopter will carry the dome away to install it and prepare it for human occupancy, thus providing a telephone-system type of inventing, developing, installing, maintaining, relocating, and continually self-improving service industry, able to provide telephone-ordered "instant housing." Such a computer-controlled housing and livingry service industry is even now feasible at 1 per cent of the weight, time, and energy involvement per unit of volume and living equipment found in conventional high-standard suburbia or Park Avenue skyscraper technology.

In relation to the computer-tool hookups of automation, it is to be noted that all tools are externalizations of originally integral functions of human organisms. But externalized functions such as that of the cupped hand to hold water are capable, when translated into ceramic cups, of holding hotter or more acid liquids than the human hand could. This is to say that the limits of capability of the externalized functioning are extended but are not unique in principle. Whereas the craft tools developed by man operated independently, the industrial tools develop interdependently. The machine lathe requires the blast furnace and vice versa. Individual craft tools are the externalized counterpart of the individual's separate functions, while industrial tools are the organic externalization of man's integral metabolic regeneration. The whole process of human life from conception through gestation to birth is entirely automated. After birth, despite parental ignorance of the process, the child grows from seven to seventy pounds and then as a youth often goes to one hundred and seventy pounds. Biological growth is entirely automated. For at least 2,000,000 years, men have been reproducing and multiplying on a little automated space ship called earth, in an automated universe in which the entire process is so successfully predesigned that men did not even know that they were automated, regenerative passengers on a space ship and were so naïve as to think they had invented their own success as they lived egocentrically on a seemingly static earth.

Both the universal and the local ecological automation is so successfully designed as to allow man the luxury of thinking and acting "consciously" in meager and often perverse degree and even of meddling with the evolutionary mechanism without putting the mechanism's many degrees of freedom of action into jeopardy.

With our human-computer brains, we will not now consciously relate the mechanical computers' significances with other important information.

Trend No. 4. At the American Association for the Advancement of Science's annual 1961-62 meeting, among the thousands of papers presented, there were two of special interest to us. One dealt with all the biological species that have become extinct, the other with human tribes that have become extinct. These independent papers searched for common characteristics that might account for the extinction. In both cases it became clear that all the biological species that have become extinct and all the human tribes that have become extinct became extinct for one reason—overspecialization. Evolution involves constant change. When living species become so specialized that they cannot adapt to an unexpectedly large jump in evolutionary events they are "out."

Now, men in our industrial and educational system have become more and more specialized. Everyone, wanting economic security, has seemed to think that as specialist he could command the toll gate of an expressway to unique and essential information. He thought: "A great many people will have to go through my specialization toll gate and I'll have a special, education-guaranteed economic security."

Trend No. 5. When we combine a) the trend toward increasing specialization with b) our knowledge that overspecialization leads to extinction, we

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The Saturday Review has shed light not only upon specific books and literary movements, but has provided an intellectual leadership outlining the essentials of our rapidly changing culture.

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In the closing years of this century, the booksellers will face new complexities of automation, increased pressures of competition with other media, a greater necessity to interpret the age of science. The next generation will be compelled to maintain its intake of learning and therefore become more and more reliant upon good guidance in its choice of books. In the years ahead, the American bookseller will know where to turn for his own guidance, his own continuing education.

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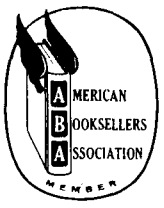

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realize that our unwitting human trend toward extinction was about to be realized as we developed the ability, through hyperspecialization in mathematical physics, to take the atom apart and thereafter to develop fission and fusion. The scientists, as specialization's victims, knew nothing of how to control the military, commercial, or political evolution of their discoveries. But just as we are about to blow ourselves up, we discover that nature has invented man with a built-in safety factor, an automated self-destruction-arrester. The safety factor is the built-in propensity not only to invent and develop tools of destruction but also inadvertently to invent constructive tools that render the destructive inventions obsolete. In this case the computer was immediately adopted by the military specialist to control the performance of rocket weapons. Here comes the surprise: The computer is now making man to some degree obsolete as a specialist. Therefore, since it was overspecialization that was leading us toward self-extinction, man has inadvertently invented his own anti-self-extinction device. First diverting man from becoming extinct through overspecialization, the computer and its automation will go on to produce enough metabolic capability to provide lavishly for all humanity. It will thus eliminate the you-or-I-must-die corollary, or the Malthus-Darwin theorem of survival only-of-the-fittest.

This means that the computers will soon eliminate war as an evolutionary function by providing enough wealth to supply all mankind. To give man adequate "purchasing power" to keep industrialization in accelerated regeneration, we will pay all of humanity to go back to the schools, to the universities, to the advanced scholar laboratories, where they will generate progressively higher standards of living from fewer resources.

Trend No. 6. Displaced as a specialist, man is now being forced to become preoccupied exclusively with integrative patterning considerations. This means an epochal reorientation. All the educational systems from now on must forsake specialization and cultivate powerful generalization. Everybody will be taught to be comprehensivists. Fortunately, that will come naturally because man is born to be comprehensive. It is his most unique biological characteristic. As he cross-breeds he becomes more comprehensively adaptive. Only inbreeding brings specialized capability. The greater the degree of freedom and acceleration, the higher the probability of cross-fertilization.

Architects constitute the last species of professional comprehensivists, for they try to put things together while the vast majority, the specialists, have been concentrating on taking things apart. The trend of world students will henceforth be toward becoming architects—that is, comprehensive and cooperative design-science artists.

A brand-new type of university will probably be required. The conditioned-reflex disease of "categoryitis" with which world society and its bureaucracy are chronically infected is going to make the university's renaissance difficult. Universities will be vulnerable to displacement by superior educational enterprises; *e.g.*, the USA and other major world governments will probably adjust their disarming economies by giving multi-billion-dollar contracts to the former armaments prime contractors, such as Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed, and General Dynamics to enable these organizations and their scientific staffs to apply their powerful problem-solving capability to the new educational and communications problems of a one-world and space-age society. The big armaments contractors have become in effect the "super graduate schools." They have sequestered all the classified "advance information" and are therefore in a position to handle education, which is destined to be history's largest and most durable industry. Today's universities must compete or die.

Trend No. 7. In order to understand the hazards of these transitions, we must also understand another major trend. In the trends to disarmament, mankind has already disclosed its joy at the accomplishment of only a token reversal of the weaponry race. Man now hopes his politicians can go further toward disarmament, and the total world compulsion to disarm is felt with increasing force. As a consequence we will probably cut down, slowly, on armaments.

Russia, in her forty years of successive five- and three-year plans, gave priority to all of the heavy industries and then to the lighter industries essential to war. Sixteen million deaths by starvation was the price Russia paid for the priorities to get herself industrialized. She has deferred applying scientific industrialization to the direct raising of her standard of living. She now hopes to do so but is frustrated by the need to focus productivity on the continuing arms race with the U.S. Therefore Russia needs to attain disarmament, or she will not be able to continue to stall off the people's demand for the higher standards enjoyed by the Western world. But disarmament is stalled in the U.S. because the country cannot keep its economy going through the "irrigation system" now fed at the top through annual weaponry undertakings without seemingly subscribing to "socialism." In wartime emergencies, national management of economic activity is exempt from charges of socialism, but by custom and law such centralized authority is forbidden in peacetime. To avoid this embarrassment and to keep our economy healthy, wartime emergency powers are extended to meet the threat of the next war. This extension is called "cold war." The U.S. knows that the world needs and wants disarmament and that its socialism-avoiding subterfuge becomes increasingly evident to the rest of the world and thus less tenable. The government and powerful Washington lobbies of the armaments contractors, supported by the labor unions, are seeking ways in which to keep the economic irrigation system fed from the top while also attaining progressive disarmament.

What is necessary is to keep the multi-billion-dollar annual expenditure in new technology flowing to the prime contractors so that it can flow successively through the wages-and-dividends sluiceways and irrigate all industries and business in succession. For every time the paper dollars run through the system, the inventory of tooled-up capability to handle any production is improved and more of the previously untapped universal energy is piped into the system. Each time the dollars go through we get vastly richer. The old-timers call this "spending"; they need a course in semantics. They should understand what wealth really means in the industrial age. It is to the old pirate's gold as an ocean is to a glass of water. For an instance, the major nations of the earth invested $2.5 trillion in the development of the airplane during the fifty years following the Wright brothers' invention. Since there is only $40 billion in minted gold in all the world, which is only one-sixtieth the airplane's price tag, the wealth that developed the airplane was obviously not the bankers' gold of yesterday. The wealth employed by all the industrial nations of the earth today is the organized metabolic capability wealth. It consists of two basic ingredients: energy and intellection. The energy itself consists of two subingredients—energy as electrochemical matter and energy as electromagnetic radiation. The physicists' law of conservation of energy states that "energy may be neither created nor lost." The physicists are the authority for the irrefutable fact that wealth cannot be lost; therefore it cannot be spent, which means lost. If any old-timers want to argue, send them to the physicists.

Where do the old-timers think all the quadrillions of today's industrial wealth came from? Certainly not from any gold bankers or feudal inheritances. The old static realities are obsolete.

(Mr. Fuller's discussion of trends and their significance for the future will be continued in another issue.)

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Future of God

Continued from page 175

selves are widely appreciated, those which arise from a consideration of the transition in the reverse sense are less frequently emphasized.

"Now, the most certain feature of the matter complex which is my brain is that it is conscious.... But, if consciousness is a characteristic of this matter aggregate, by the principle of continuity it must also be a feature of every aggregate and ultimately of the fundamental particles. If this were not the case, at some level in the hierarchy mentioned earlier, consciousness would arise discontinuously and it would be possible to draw a sharp dividing line separating conscious from non-conscious matter forms. This would only be a disguised form of the line earlier assumed to separate living from non-living forms.

"Undoubtedly, such mental characteristics as are possessed by the fundamental particles must be of poor quality and weak intensity. But unless some such features are postulated, I fail to understand how consciousness could ever arise in any matter system, however complex. A system of particles, each of which possesses the known physical characteristics of electric charge, spin, etc., might very well be designed to behave like a human being, but not to experience consciousness as human beings undoubtedly do. The conscious state each of us experiences must surely be generated by some form of interaction between the mental attributes of the particles comprising our brains.

"It may well be, of course, that the electric and gravitational characteristics of a fundamental particle are simply those aspects of its mental qualities which it presents to an external observer and that the particle, in its real essence, is a continuing mental experience of an extremely primitive nature."

The origin of consciousness may belong to the evolutionary continuum in a different sense from the one postulated above. The dawning of awareness could have been concurrent with the rise of man's submolecular ancestors in the far distant days when life consisted of a direct reaction between electrons from the sun and light-sensitive chemicals now characterized as dyes. Such a thing as a cell had not yet evolved; perhaps not even enzymes, the working constituents of a cell, had taken shape.

Since earth's atmosphere in those very early times contained no free oxygen, oxygen would have been a lethal poison to whatever primitive life was present on the planet. But as oxygen became available and the makeup of the atmosphere began to change, the shifting environment demanded a transition in life, too. At least some biochemists believe that during that period organisms captured oxygen unwittingly, discovered its unusual efficiency in transporting electrons, and managed to survive the experience by converting the oxygen into water and visible light.

Today thousands of species of one-celled ocean dwellers continue the ancient survival rite of bioluminescence. Their light is an intensely energetic blue, indicative of direct electron transport too hot to be handled conveniently by more complex life forms. The firefly, an exceedingly complicated creature by comparison, gives off yellowish-green light of lesser intensity suitable to modulation and subtle transmission from cell to cell. The only known example of a red light emitter is the slow-moving South American railroad worm, with a ruby lantern on its caboose.

Could human consciousness be a refined descendant of raw prehistoric bioluminescence? Who might better pursue the implications of the question than clergy-scientists, concerned with the spirit of man, the intangible light of life?

A sympathetic setting for research of this nature already exists, in a broad new theory of universality promulgated by Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a French Jesuit priest who is also a geologist. Father Teilhard outlined the theory in his latest book, *The Phenomenon of Man.* Sir Julian Huxley wrote an introduction to the book, first declaring his inability "to follow him [Father Teilhard] all the way in his gallant attempt to reconcile the supernatural elements in Christianity with the facts and implications of evolution" and then praising Father Teilhard for opening up "vast territories of thought to further exploration and detailed mapping."

"Through his combination of wide scientific knowledge with deep religious feeling and a rigorous sense of values," Sir Julian concluded, Father Teilhard had "forced theologians to view their ideas in the new perspective of evolution, and scientists to see the spiritual implications of their knowledge."

If to this clarifying and unifying work of a brilliant Jesuit geologist could be added books by scientists of comparable skill and devotion in other religious orders—Oriental as well as Occidental—and by philosophers of science dedicated to exploration of human destiny in genetic terms—Huxley and the Indiana Nobelist, H. J. Muller, among them—we might have the beginnings of a modern Bible fitting to scientific man, the planetary citizen.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 9, 7, 11, 1, 5, 10, 12, 2, 8, 6, 4.

First of the Month

Continued from page 16

Line? would leave the air at the conclusion of the current TV season. They said the show would be available starting in September on a first-come-first-served basis at Cypress Gardens, Florida, in a spectacular new underwater version of the grand old game.

• • •

On the book front, the literary treat was, of course, the long-awaited appearance of *Me and the Girls and the Wine and Grandpapa: A Memoir,* by the great-grandson of the late Ernest Hemingway. We had a talk with the author and found him to be just what aficionados would hope. "I decided to write it and it was good," he told us. "But then I had the pain and it was bad. But I kept on—for me and the girls and the wine and grandpapa."

• • •

And finally, on the charitable scientific front, the March of Ten-Dollar Bills announced that it would devote itself to an all-out war on athlete's foot—a disease which, its fund-raising chairman declared, at one time or another strikes one out of every ten American athletes in substandard gymnasiums. And, on the other side of the fence, in Congress a bill to protect laboratory animals was, after forty-two years in committee, voted out for debate on the floor of the House. The bill is somewhat similar to that passed by the Federation of Malaysia in 1999.

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Publisher to an Age

Continued from page 133

when you know what he's doing and he knows what you're doing, and you both go ahead and do it with trust in each other."

In the earlier days of Knopf, Inc., authors wrote manuscripts, brought them complete to the publisher, and if the publisher liked them he published them. Naturally, to a man who has put out some of the finest books of the past fifty years under those conditions, it is excruciating to view modern publishing, where a book may earn hundreds of thousands of dollars before it is written, or an advance of a quarter-million or higher may be given on the strength of a one- or two-page outline. Editors, lawyers, and agents have largely supplanted publishers, Mr. Knopf believes.

"Schools of writing do a great deal of harm," he adds. "They encourage housewives to spend time at the typewriter which might better be spent caring for the home and family. The great weakness of writing in this country is that most authors, most people, can't write simple, straightforward English prose."

Except for a few he admires, Mr. Knopf is unhappy about writers in general. He is even less happy about what they are writing these days. Sex, he says, "has got way out of hand, and sadism is almost ahead of it."

Nor is he averse to biting the hand that once fed him: "Actually, some Nobel Prize books aren't very good. I have no doubt that politics sometimes plays a large part in the selections. *Doctor Zhivago* . . . was incredibly tedious to me. If Khrushchev had banned it for dullness instead of its political implications, he might have been in the clear."

Looking about the nation, Mr. Knopf is not encouraged by what he sees: "Let's face it—large parts of the country are a cultural desert. Even the proliferation of schools and colleges hasn't been helping much." As for literary prospects in the Middle West, that fabled heartland: "There aren't many. The importance of the Middle West in American literature has been greatly exaggerated. We've published a lot of books by Midwesterners. Most of these authors petered out pretty quickly. That's true of a good many American authors. In general, British writers are more durable."

And looking at the international literary scene, which his house dominated for so long, Mr. Knopf finds little to enchant him. "There are no giants in Europe now." He is bored by the New Wave writers, has no desire to read Nathalie Sarraute, and stopped reading Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* after the first hundred pages. "But then I'm getting old," he adds half apologetically, remarking that these days it is hard to "find anything good kicking around" when competition among publishers is so keen. For a time in those early days, the house of Knopf was a primary haven for serious writers, but then others came to compete for the quality book—"our kind of writing," as Mr. Knopf puts it.

He finds present-day critics as little to his taste as most of the writers—not that he ever had much use for them in any case. "Critics can damage a book severely by either damning it with faint praise or ignoring it," he observes, "but otherwise they have little effect on a book or an author," and he cites the indifference, the mild reception, or even the outright criticism that greeted the earlier books of both Cather and Mann, among others. The New Reviewers and the New Critics alike leave him with a feeling of acute ennui. He rarely reads them.

RELAXED and amiable and getting ready to go to Brazil recently. Mr. Knopf talked about these and other aspects of his life and opinions with the detachment of a man who hasn't changed his mind but doesn't intend to let the surrealist qualities of the contemporary world, publishing or otherwise, distract him. He is writing his memoirs, whenever he has time, and occasionally in leafing through old letters the contrast between then and now stirs the familiar distempers. But in his present philosophical mood, he refuses to take seriously such current arguments as whether the novel is dead or dying ("It's always through until the next good one") or whether the book business is going to hell" ("There's nothing new in publishing").

He even contemplates the house that Knopf built with a certain resignation. "Our future may be behind us," he says, and it is true that the firm has made several concessions to modern times. Like other houses, for example, it has a paperback line, characteristically a distinctive list with a Knopfian title, Vintage Books. Recently, too, Knopf, Inc., merged with Random House in a move that was greeted with consternation by some who feared that the awesome integrity that Knopf had always represented would be lost by amalgamation.

The world, however, did not stop. Random House still looms in baronial splendor in the shade of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., still perches high above the street at 501 Madison Avenue. The businesses are merged except for one vital department —editorial. Where the books happen, where publishing begins, there sits Alfred A. Knopf himself. When that door closes for the last time, but only then, will the house be some other kind of enterprise.

Education

Continued from page 155

plant expansion, colleges will soon find it impossible to hire enough competent professors. For at least a decade we shall be educating students born during a period of high birth rate with faculty members born a decade or more earlier when the birth rate was low. There will not be enough qualified people to staff the colleges even if money is available to pay them. Class size will increase and many courses will be taught by poorly prepared instructors. When the quality of instruction deteriorates we may expect a violent wave of criticism to be directed toward the colleges.

Even after years of anticipation and planning, colleges are not well prepared for the numbers facing them. Because most private colleges plan to increase their enrollments only slightly, public institutions will be called upon to absorb most of the increase. It is predicted that by 1985 more than 80 per cent of all college students will be enrolled in publicly supported institutions.

Though all publicly supported higher institutions will grow, the greatest expansion will occur in junior colleges and other community colleges. Most of these admit all high school graduates and, because their students are commuters, are not required to provide dormitory space. Other state colleges and universities will probably find it necessary to restrict enrollments by raising entrance standards even though, in some states, this will require changes in state laws. The restrictions will be made necessary by lack of classroom and dormitory space.

Because the tax structure of most states and municipalities is inadequate to provide for large increases in support for higher education, demands for federal assistance will become irresistible. For a time the assistance will continue to take the form of loans to students and colleges and grants for research and other special programs. But before the end of the century we may expect large-scale federal support, first for higher education and then for secondary and elementary education. Whether this will come in 1970 or 1990 will depend on the uncertain political tides of the next few years. And because the appropriation bill will have to include some restrictions on how the money may be used, federal aid will result in increased federal influence over school policy. It is not likely that we shall, within the next forty years, have a tightly organized federal system of education, but we may expect somewhat greater uniformity among the schools of the nation and a closer approximation to equality of educational opportunity for all American children.

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able only to the voters in their districts or states.

The problem is that our governmental system of checks and balances has too often become a government of all checks and no balances.

Shortcomings in the states: There is no mystery about why the powers of the federal government have been constantly growing and the powers of the states constantly declining. One reason is that, in our increasingly complex and interlocking industrial society, problems that once could be dealt with on a state basis flowed over state lines and had to be handled on a national basis. Secondly, most states abandoned their powers by failing to exercise them and thus forced their people to turn to Washington for help and services their state refused to provide.

Is there, then, no end to the flow of power to the federal government? Is there no end to the decline of the states as effective instruments of government capable of meeting the needs of the present and future so that the voters do not have to look almost automatically to Washington?

Under present circumstances, the answer is no. The reason is that in nearly every state small rural minorities have so long and so completely dominated the legislatures that the problems of increasingly massed populations in urban communities have been neglected. No wonder city voters have turned in frustration to the central government. They had no other place to turn.

But a fundamental and far-reaching change is in the making, capable of altering constructively the balance of exercised power between the federal government and the states. This change will, in my judgment, unalterably flow from the decision of the United States Supreme Court unlocking the state legislatures from rural domination by requiring that the seats in both houses be apportioned by population.

Most state legislatures have not been redistricted in many years. Example: In Victory, Vermont, where reapportionment has lagged 187 years, one rural voter has the electing power of 600 urban voters in Burlington. Example: In Los Angeles County 4,000,000 citizens are represented by one state Senator while in three neighboring rural counties 14,000 citizens are represented by one state Senator. The court decided that this and other disproportionate representation violate the Fourteenth Amendment. The Court ruled that not acreage but people should be fairly represented and that this constitutional right to vote—and to have your vote counted equitably—is something that a state cannot annul.

This is good. It will mean that, as it takes effect, the state legislatures will be better able and more willing to deal with state and municipal problems that have been so long neglected. It will end a modern form of taxation without representation and the disproportionate distribution of tax money to rural districts that contribute the least. It has the clear potential of strengthening the capacity of the states to discharge their responsibilities to all their citizens and thus renew state powers by exercising them. It has the clear potential of arresting the flow of political power to Washington through the better exercise of political power at the state level.

Obviously, all this will not happen overnight. But the welcome prospect now is that it will, before long, revitalize state government throughout the nation.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? There is plenty that can be done to remedy some of these problems.

In Congress: Needed reforms will not come quickly or easily. Congress is eager to reform everything and everybody but itself. It rarely looks in the mirror. There is at this stage no concerted public demand for Congressional reorganization, and there is wide disagreement among Congressmen who are interested in reform as to the most desirable and practical measures.

Under these circumstances, I would put these two steps first: It is entirely possible that Congress could be induced to make a modest but significant beginning. This would be for Congress to create a Hoover-type commission to study and recommend measures to streamline the machinery of Congress as the previous Hoover Commission—also established by Congress—helped to streamline the Executive branch of the government.

But if Congress delays, we don't need to wait. Why couldn't the principal foundations—Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and so on—jointly finance an expert, nonpartisan research project to study ways to enable Congress to function more effectively and in behalf of which public opinion could be rallied?

Simultaneously a Bipartisan National Citizens Committee for Congressional Reform needs to be developed. A start has been made by three public-spirited New Jersey citizens who know their way around Washington—J. Seward Johnson, Roderic L. O'Connor, and Paul Douglas. Their committee headquarters is 48 Cleveland Lane, Princeton, New Jersey; if you want to enlist, there is one place to join.

There is already appreciable support in Congress for this or a similar line of action. Democratic Senators Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Republican Senators Thomas Kuchel of California, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, and Clifford Case of New Jersey, among others, are all supporting such a move. They need allies—in Congress and out. Representative Thomas Curtis, Democrat of Missouri, and Representative Chet Hollifield, Democrat of California, have long been pressing for such a study, and there is no doubt that the foundations could get incumbent and former Congressmen to participate.

There is no doubt about the point at which the main thrust of reform must be directed. The objective is to enable Congress to function responsibly, competently, and efficiently. To do this, the dictatorial powers of committee chairmen must be reduced so that legislation

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Do you want a leader who will just talk about these glaciers descending on us, or one who will do something to stop them?"

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cannot be indefinitely prevented from coming to the floor. To do this, the power of the majority to bring legislation to a vote—after ample debate—must be increased.

I submit that such steps can be taken carefully without risking hasty or ill-considered legislation. There is nothing esoteric about what needs to be done; only lack of will to do it. I am pleading for a strengthened Congress, not a weakened Congress. All I am proposing is that it be made easier for Congress to transact the public business and harder to neglect it.

There are, of course, a number of other measures that would improve the mechanism with which Congress works. There could well be separate fiscal and legislative sessions to enable Congressmen to concentrate on the two different types of responsibility—passing on money bills and passing on laws. It would be a great boon to have joint hearings by House and Senate Committees to save precious time of government officials who must often repeat their testimony four times under present procedures.

Electronic equipment for voting, which is standard in many parliaments, would reduce time-wasting roll calls to a few seconds. It now takes about an hour to complete a roll call in the House. The 87th Congress spent 600 hours, or seventy-five eight-hour days or fifteen five-day weeks on 600 roll-call votes.

The role of seniority in the choice of the powerful committee chairman should be reduced. Congressional experience is valuable but there ought to be some room for talent unrelated to long service. One way would be to choose the chairman from among the three ranking majority members, instead of allowing the office to be automatically inherited by the senior member.

In the Presidency: Three things could be done:

1) Since the staff work that is done for the President is weakest in the field of domestic policy, it would seem to me useful for the Chief Executive to have at his disposal a Domestic Planning Council whose duty would be to anticipate and propose measures to deal with developing internal problems the way the National Security Council and the State Department's Policy Planning Council are charged with anticipating and dealing with foreign problems. It should include most Cabinet officers. Its job would be creative, not administrative. It should have suitable staff.

2) Wouldn't it help strengthen party responsibility and accountability if the annual legislative programs were presented to the Congress not by the President alone, but by the President and the Congressional leaders (including committee chairmen) of his party? In other words, why not an Executive-Legislative program, not just a Presidential program? This might dilute an Administration's asking program, but it would increase party responsibility, for it would make the whole Administration—both the President and the majority party in Congress – accountable to the voters.

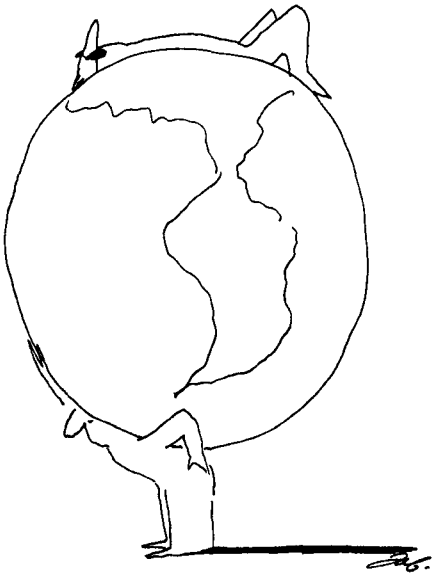
3) In view of the fact that revitalized and dynamic state governments are in prospect, it would be well for the President to establish a visible and significant arm of the White House to work out new relations between the federal and state governments, to avoid duplication, and to work with each other rather than against each other. A Commission on Federal-State Relations embracing some Governors and federal representatives might be very useful.

Finally, what of the United States Supreme Court, the third coordinate branch of the federal government?

I venture an earnest opinion: Hands off.

In the past decade neither Congress nor the President has done as much to shape our society—substantially for the good—as the court's decision requiring the racial desegregation of public schools, the decision requiring reapportionment of the state legislatures, and the trend of decisions protecting the individual in the whole range of the Bill of Rights.

Let's not tamper with the Supreme Court. It is the fortress of individual rights. It is the bulwark of the Constitution. If the Supreme Court has become too powerful, it is because it had to fill a void. The cure is not to weaken the court but to strengthen the Congress and the Presidency.

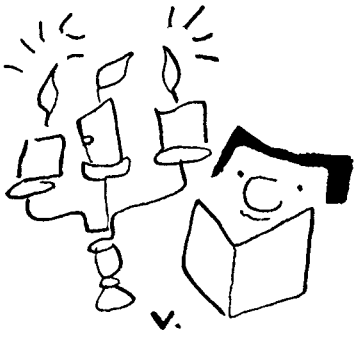


Art

Continued from page 151

kaleidoscopic variety of new material has only helped at times to intensify his need for familiar images.

There is little argument that present-day art is closely related to present-day life, both as a positive outgrowth of contemporary culture and as a strong reaction against it. Twentieth-century painting and sculpture reflect and reject the world around us, though the drive to escape at times seems more urgent than the desire to identify with modern advances. Occasionally painters, like



Gauguin, abandon their own culture in order to find relief from it. Sailing off to the South Seas or to other exotic retreats is one way of avoiding the pressures of modern life. Most artists, however, remain at home. Some few are inventive enough to break with antipathetic surroundings by recreating their world in new terms. It would be folly to underestimate how much the legitimate need to escape has encouraged the spread of abstract art, but one must also remember that this movement is not merely the result of negative escapism. At best, it has opened up radically new ways of seeing and thinking; it has freed us from oppressive surroundings; it has forced us to participate more actively in the process of looking; it has created poetic equivalents for modern life, and, above all, it has attacked basic problems with shattering intensity. Brilliant as the nineteenth century was, except for Cézanne and perhaps Seurat, its artists never approximated the revolutionary vision of our own turbulent period. It is not only our vision that has changed; it is our attitude toward this vision.

What the future will bring is anyone's guess. It is safe to predict that sensational, shallow, repetitive art will always persist, but in the long run history preserves only the work of those men who have something pressing to say about their own time. And these are often the artists least understood by their contemporaries, precisely because they deal with the present while most of us linger in the past.

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Outlook

Continued from page 53

war on poverty, the *Fortune* volume was persuasive. Kenneth Galbraith to some extent offered the same thesis in *The Affluent Society,* though he covered broader ground. A dissenting view may be found in such books as Lloyd Warner's *Structure of American Society* and Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers,* which emphasize the inequalities of our system. On the whole, however, most people would accept *Fortune*'s view. Why have we succeeded? Our rich natural resources are part of the explanation, and we are entitled to boast neither about them nor our inherited institutions. But much of the explanation lies in the flexibility, energy, and inventiveness of our life, and in this we may take due pride. It gives us the dynamism to which Kennedy adverted.

THE dawn of this Age of Abundance makes demands of a new character upon our dynamism. It liberates an ever-growing part of our population from old-time preoccupations and cares. We are feeling the impact of the change not only in such challenging problems as unemployment and the technological displacement of population, but in brighter developments like plans for the thirty-hour week and the three-month vacation, and proposals for extending the educational period at one end of the life scale or offering retirement pensions at fifty-five at the other end.

We shall hear more of all this, as of schemes for a far better use of our swelling leisure. In an economy of abundance both economic equality and the social equality achievable through fuller education will take on new meanings. The psychology of legislators, public administrators, businessmen, and institutional leaders, long adjusted to an Age of Scarcity, will need radical alteration. As Vice President W. H. Ferry of the Fund for the Republic puts it, our next great task will be that of converting the Age of Abundance into the Age of General Welfare.

This is indeed a challenge to dynamism. For Adlai E. Stevenson spoke the truth in his speech to insurance executives in New York several years ago: "We are not properly spurred on by the positive opportunities of world building and nation building inherent in our position as the most fabulously endowed people mankind has ever seen."

In yet another area of American life an encouraging movement toward wider horizons has been made. Some parts of the huge social tract subtended by the word tolerance (better, we repeat, "ungrudging acceptance") remain to be conquered. It is horrifying to note what elementary canons of justice and decency are daily violated, north and south, in the name of racism. We must agree with Senator Javits that the vote of the leader of the Republican Party against the Civil Rights Act was worse than a mistake; it was a crime—a crime against the spirit of true Americanism. Religious intolerance is far from dead; it still finds deep lodgment in every sect. Prejudice against the foreigner and a xenophobic fear of his ideas linger on. Yet the old miasmas are being dispelled.

One especially clear gain lies in the growing acceptance of cultural pluralism in the United States. Few men would quarrel with Theodore Roosevelt's stipulation that all Americans must speak, read, and write the English language; this is essential to national unity. Few would reject the general condemnation of hyphenated allegiances; we do not want German-Americans, Anglo-Americans, Russian-Americans, or Israeli-Americans confusing our political life and complicating our international relations. The two global wars did a great deal, sometimes in healthy ways, to enforce these two essentials of healthy nationhood.

BUT this process, happily, did not mean that a brutal, clumsy hammer of 100-per-cent Americanism should obliterate the cultural differentiations in our nation of nations, as Louis Adamic called the United States. We have grown sufficiently liberal in our attitude toward diverse traditions to comprehend that the American Indian and Negro, the Polynesian and Laplander, have each a heritage not only of deep interest, when intelligently studied, but of transferable values. The melting pot idea seemed a valid concept when a flood of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe was pouring into the United States. But if overheated the crucible could melt all too completely. Israel Zangwill, writing his play *The Melting Pot* in the days of President Taft, a play built about the assimilation of a young Russian Jew into American society, had the sense to suggest that in North America many cultural assets from fifty literatures, fifty arts, and fifty outlooks ought to survive the melting process. H. M. Kallen explicitly rejected the principle of an Americanization that would remold all newcomers into a standard Anglo-Saxon image.

These voices, fortunately, were heeded. Political unity is an indispensable foundation, but above it should rise a richly varied civilization, a pluralistic culture. While a simple homogeneous society may seem more comfortable, a society of many ideas, ideals, and folkways will be infinitely more stimulating and fruitful.

HOW much progress we have made in our acceptance of cultural diversity! Southern California, when the *Saturday Review* was founded, usually regarded Americans of Mexican extraction as inferior in almost every respect. They were a people with no culture worth notice. The fact that they had an art, a music, a cuisine, a literature, and even a set of moral standards worth analysis and use escaped the condescending majority. In the same area, the maltreated descendants of the Japanese met contempt mixed with hostility. What Jacob Riis did for the culture of Scandinavian immigrants, what Willa Cather did for the Bohemians on the prairies, what Jane Addams did for the Slavs and Italians of Chicago, what various persons have done for the French-Canadians, was easily accomplished in comparison with the difficulties of getting Mexican and Japanese gifts appreciated. But it was done. And cultural pluralism breaks a path for toleration along a wide front. The parents whose children come home from school with exciting ideas about African art will treat the next Negro they meet with enhanced respect.

Much might also be said about the recent decline in materialistic anti-intellectualism in this country. Sometimes this decline seems dubious. Yet if during a short ten-year period it may be hard to measure, over forty years it is incontestable. Great Britain has not more than fifty universities, university colleges, and technological schools of stature, although the Robbins plan will soon give it more. We have more than 1,500 colleges and universities, and although only two or three measure up to Oxford and Cambridge, scores of them attain high standards. According to statistics published by Seymour Lipset in 1959, the country then had about 89,000 teachers of college and university rank in the Boston area; Greater New York alone had well over 20,000 scholars teaching in about forty institutions of higher learning; and the San Francisco-Berkeley district had about 14,000. No city in the world has such a long roster of persons employed in museums, libraries, publishing houses, magazine offices, and other intellectual centers as New York. And the Boston-Cambridge area and Chicago are not far behind.

Bryce wrote two generations ago that

"We are feeling the impact of change."

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intellectual eminence was accorded more respect in the United States than in any other country of the world, except possibly Italy. If only because we have suffered less from war than other lands, our relative intellectual position has improved since Bryce's book in the 1880s. We can put this to the credit of what Carl Becker termed Reason. No nation makes so much use of intellectuals in its government. Franklin D. Roosevelt employed more professors in Washington than Woodrow Wilson had done. Eisenhower employed more than FDR, and Kennedy more than Eisenhower. It has been pointed out that although Adlai Stevenson was sometimes criticized as an intellectual, he ran up very impressive mass votes. Gifts to our universities, scientific schools, and technological institutes have recently increased on a scale that European observers find positively gargantuan.

Meanwhile, doubtless the field in which our most encouraging successes have been won, and in which at the same time our shortcomings—alas!—remain most depressing, is that of general education. Because we have fifty educational systems in fifty states, it is possible for lower schools, high schools, colleges, and universities to make spectacular advances in some parts of the Union, while in other parts they are still distressingly near a standstill. The United States now supports very nearly two hundred million people at the highest standard of well-being achieved by any such numbers at any time and in any place. In the most prosperous cities and states this well-being is reflected in admirable educational arrangements; yet side by side with them stand schools in other states that are a disgrace to the republic and a cruel impediment to progress of every kind.

The most exciting and promising part of the educational advance has been the change by which many of our children now begin school at five instead of six, now accomplish in elementary schools much of the work once done only in high school, now finish in the last year of high school the courses once reserved for the first college year, and in the fourth year of college or university are undertaking what used to be postgraduate studies. Education is moving up the ladder one full rung in all departments, sometimes two. A host of parents are astonished to find their high school youngsters discussing really esoteric subjects. Not a few colleges and universities now reach down into the high schools, select the most brilliant students, and bring them within academic walls for a year of the most challenging and stimulating activity they can devise.

This change promises to accelerate the pace of all American intellectual life, to abolish a flagrant waste of talent in the denial of opportunity to exceptionally brilliant youths, to lengthen the span of years in which persons of ability and expert training can be useful to society, and to increase the sum of human happiness in our country. But what is now done on local and restricted scales ought to be done on a national and generous scale. Our educational system can and must be enormously expanded and improved. In 1958 the nation had a shortage of 140,000 classrooms in its schools; in 1959 a shortage of 135,000 to 150,000. Such a deficiency, which continues, can be cured only by national aid. Not long ago the Joint Economic Committee of Congress held hearings on the problem of somehow combining maximum employment and an adequate rate of growth with substantial stability of the price level. The AFL-CIO submitted an especially careful report.

"Public school enrollment has been growing by leaps and bounds," declared this great labor organization. "From 1959 to 1964, the annual rate of increase will rise to about 1,200,000 a year. Official administration estimates indicate a need for 285,000 new classrooms between 1959 and 1964—201,000 to take care of rising school enrollment, and 84,000 to replace deteriorating school buildings." Population shifts would add to the needs. "Full account of these requirements plus the present backlog of needed classrooms indicates that some 500,000 new classrooms should become available during the next five years, or 100,000 a year. This compares with the current construction rate of 60,000 to 70,000 classrooms a year." As the AFL-CIO experts declared, it would be essential for the federal government to step into the gap—and it has not done so.

"What is good is seldom good enough."

So much for one shaky foundation stone of American civilization that ought to be made as firm as granite.

National growth, on any of the fronts that count for moral greatness, must always be uneven and always difficult to appraise. We may be exhilarated by certain aspects, such as the increase in the publication and circulation of good books, especially since the paperback revolution; yet at the same time we may be depressed by the declining standards of daily journalism in most of the large cities (not the smaller ones) of the land. We may find the unquestioned gains in church membership encouraging at the very moment that the rise in juvenile delinquency distresses us. What is good is seldom good enough. Too much of our history is what Bacon called "a chronicle of wasted time." Still, we must take satisfaction in the fact that the nation has had a remarkable series of enlightened leaders since Woodrow Wilson stepped into the White House; a line that from him and Franklin D. Roosevelt down to Lyndon Johnson has done much for our spiritual and intellectual vigor as well as our physical strength.

Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy, in replying to a questionnaire sent them by *Saturday Review* in 1960, made some statements of interest in their bearing upon the prospects of national greatness. Mr. Nixon pointed out that although the United States had fewer than 100 symphony orchestras in 1920, it had more than 11,000 in 1960, many of high professional standards. He noted that nearly 50,000 foreign students were working in America, and more than 14,000 American youths were enrolled abroad. "I believe we are at the beginning of our cultural thrust," he wrote. Mr. Kennedy, calling for the establishment of a National Cultural Center, asserted: "The encouragement of art, in the broadest sense, is indeed a function of government." He too listed various achievements, and he added: "I am determined . . . that there be an American renaissance in which imagination, daring, and the creative arts point the way." It was good to see the aspiring leaders of the republic write in this way. But the best statement was that made by Kennedy in another context. Speaking to students in Seattle, he said that the indispensable condition of all greatness, material, spiritual, moral, artistic, and intellectual, was freedom. "I want to see my country once more in fact, not just in word, the leader of the hopes of men everywhere to be free—free not only of political bondage, but of poverty and hunger and ignorance and illiteracy and disease."

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Time of Testing

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allies, are capable of mounting such a peace offensive. We possess, as I have indicated, the saving margin of unused human and physical resources for an effort of that magnitude. Not only could we do it without strain; we would profit from doing it, through a faster rhythm of growth here at home, which would mean full employment and the satisfaction of presently unmet needs among our own people. The doubt arises not over our economic capability but over our resources of understanding and will.

We have become increasingly impatient with foreign assistance programs since the end of the Second World War. Our experience with the Marshall Plan did not prepare us for the much different and much vaster problems of underdevelopment in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, where we must deal not with the temporary disruptions and devastations of war in an industrially advanced society, but with the creation of modern nations out of tribal and feudal societies that lack most of the technological, administrative, and educational know-how essential for industrialization.

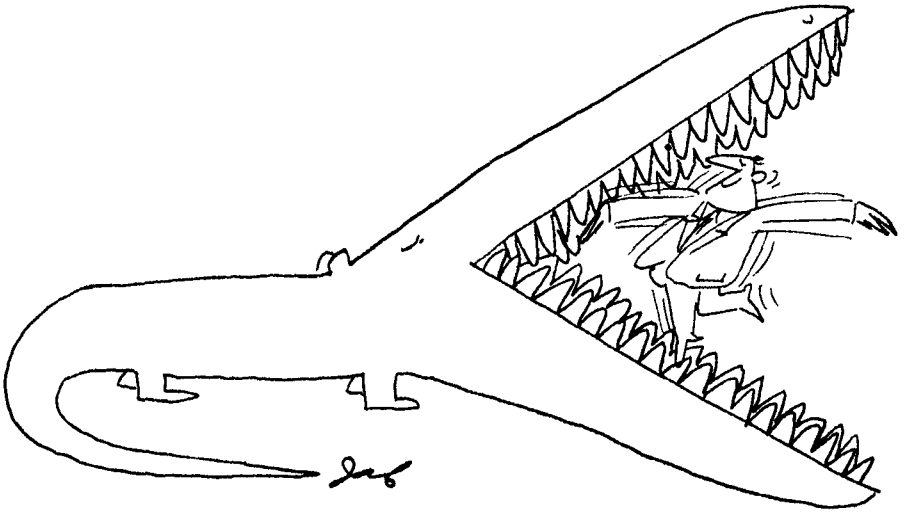
We have in recent years trimmed our investment in this difficult task of nation-building to levels we can comfortably afford in an American economy that since the end of the Korean War has been marked by economic slack and high unemployment. If, on the contrary, we had raised our commitment to levels commensurate with the need to wage peace at least as hard as we have prepared for war, that larger investment in peaceful development would have strengthened democracy's chances throughout the world and would now be sustaining full employment and ending poverty in the United States.

We can still commit ourselves to such a peace strategy. It becomes, in fact, increasingly urgent from the standpoint of our own economic self-interest; as military expenditures level off and technology advances apace, this nation has to move faster and faster economically just to hold its own against the new machines and techniques. We are going to have to create something like 80,000 new jobs every week for the rest of this decade—not to achieve full employment but just to keep the rate of joblessness from climbing higher.

The technology of abundance now at our command has rendered the economics of business-as-usual and the politics of the status quo the most impractical and utopian of stances. Democracy must now use this technology to seize new ground for the human spirit and the human community generally, rather than merely exploit it to shore up vested interests within and among nations.

OUR greater wealth and power and our rich democratic heritage give us not only a unique opportunity but the major responsibility to demonstrate that democracy, not Communism or other forms of totalitarianism, is the continuing revolution. I remain confident that the American people—the everyday Americans who constitute this free but troubled society—are capable of such a demonstration. Apathy and complacency may be rife in America, but I do not believe they rule at the levels of our deeper selves. The American people can be aroused to a greater sense of national urgency, a stronger sense of the need for national unity, and a deeper sense of national purpose.

President Johnson, in his address to the graduates at the University of Michigan, called upon America to join in building the Great Society, where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods. It must be the deeper intent of our national effort to harness science to man's peaceful purposes, to build a Great Society in which a good life and the opportunities of self-fulfilment may be within the reach of all members of the human family.



Trade Winds

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The *Times* noted that brokers were jubilant: for the fourteenth consecutive day, over 1,000,000 shares had changed hands! Today, anything less than a 5,000,000-share session is regarded as "the doldrums."

In the skimpy ad columns (remember it was a Saturday) Wallach Brothers were offering straw hats at $1.35 each, the Hotel St. George a roof-garden dinner (with dancing thrown in) for a dollar a head, Maxwell a new touring car for $895, and a real estate firm luxurious apartments in shiny new Park Avenue skyscrapers that were destined to stand for all of thirty-five years—or less. The only survivor today is Number 417, where the Urises and Zeckendorfs have been held at bay by such indomitable litterateurs as Bill Nichols of *This Week*.

Well, that was what our town was like forty years ago when *SRL* made its bow. In retrospect, it was a more peaceful time, with people prouder of the work they were doing and less fearful of the future. But there's no turning back to it—I, for one, wouldn't want to if I could—and those who think that any one man or party can reverse the trend are in for a rude shock. There's no getting away from the world of August 1964, so we might as well all make the best of it. A little more humor—particularly at our own expense—will help a great deal. A nation that has lost the ability to laugh at itself is in trouble indeed.

A distinguished publisher in 1924 told me (I was about to start my own publishing house with Donald Klopfer), "You're venturing into this game too late, my boy. The publishers have cooked their own goose. Good bookstores are disappearing. Book clubs and price cutters are ruining the market. Authors and editors have gotten out of hand. Agents—grrr! The public wants trash. There's no more fun or reward in publishing good books these days."

Lordy me! One week ago—a full forty years later—I heard a publisher telling a young Harvard graduate virtually the same thing! And it's no truer today than it was then. Troubles and aggravations? We have them galore. In one form or another, we've always had them and I suppose we always will. But for my money the book publishing industry is even more glamorous and exciting than it was forty years ago.

And so, praise be, is *Saturday Review*.

—BENNETT CERF.

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Prosperity

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simply fiscal terms. There will be a profound link in the next forty years between the right kinds of public expenditure and the ability to enjoy private expenditure at all. That private demand will be healthily sustained can be seen just by the likely rate of marriages and homemaking as the floods of postwar babies grow up. In 1975, there will be 235.3 million Americans, and they will all have to live and prosper. Where the varieties of their tastes will lead them in the private domain—from the two-car garage to the two-pool garden to the two-house family—can safely be left to their own choice. But the social or public setting in which all their activities will take place is *not* a matter of choice. It is already a matter of hard, often disagreeable, and fairly contradictory fact.

Most Americans in the next forty years will live in urban and suburban areas. But, put baldly, even at present levels of population—both of men and of automobiles—the cities are on their way to congestion and decay. While the suburban areas risk joining up with each other in long, featureless, megalopolitan sprawls. The frustrations of movement into the city for work and away from it for recreation pile up as cars multiply and the vast concentric rings of suburbia spread outward, and woods and hills and the shore seem to recede through tides of contending traffic.

So formless and arbitrary is the arrangement of these urban concentrations that one of the first principles of fully human living—an environment in which the young family can grow up in safety and contact with a well-differentiated community of young and old and rich and poor—is all too often violated by the vehement eruptions of traffic and the slower impoverishment of segregation by culture and class.

At the moment no natural, undirected forces are improving the prospect. On the contrary, the concentrations of cars and people, the acreage covered with suburban uniformity, the distances required for work or play all inexorably increase. The great cities grow four times more rapidly than the population. The joining of Boston to Washington is already more than a joke. One may therefore hopefully surmise that in the next forty years—during which in parts of America, notably New York, as many buildings will have to be put up as were constructed in all the years before 1940—the devising of a decent, functioning, humane urban order will move to the center of the citizens' demands and expectations.

A program of massive replanning and rebuilding to sort out traffic, to restore the sense of neighborhood, to recreate civic grandeur, and to open up and develop vast regions as playgrounds and holiday areas would not take up a tithe of the present arms program but could be an equal and far more acceptable stimulant to demand as the level of armaments — hopefully — stabilizes or drifts downwards.

This renewal of the cities and preservation of open land are all the more urgent in face of a second fact already built into our predictions—the fact of more leisure. The ugly, congested cities can just cover human beings on the run from work bench to bed. But nineteenth-century patterns of living are unacceptable in a world in which men have time to lift their eyes from the job in hand. One can see many possibilities here of enrichment for human society—a better cultivation of the body through sports that are engaged in, not watched; an education of the mind that, far from stopping at the end of adolescence, is taken up again and varied at different times in life—the concept put forward by Marshall MacLuhan of "learning a living" in addition to earning it, a fuller development of the spirit in esthetic and contemplative training. None of these aims outruns the physical resources available to provide the necessary educational and civic framework.

BUT it is inconceivable that they should prosper in urban communities so cramped, so ugly, so lacking in sports grounds, parks, and theaters, so divided by traffic, so senseless in design, that the environment practically forces adult and child alike back to the least demanding pleasures and rewards. These intimations of the "Great Society"—to use President Johnson's favorite image—are, however, shadowed. It is still only a minority of the world's peoples that can look forward to this fair promise of abundance and if a great society is also —as it must be in Western judgment—a compassionate society, not the last but the first priority on the new agenda of abundance is to attack with every possible means the deep roots of poverty within the wealthy West and in the world at large.

In fact, in America both a decent urban environment and any extension of the scope of education intimately involve the struggle against poverty.

In the slums of the great cities live the families for whom poverty has become a melancholy, self-perpetuating wheel of incapacity. Poor workers who save little become still poorer in old age. Unskilled workers lack the means of self-betterment either for themselves or their children. Children in crowded, filthy, often fatherless homes have not the discipline to learn and once they are "dropouts" they fall below the level of possible self-improvement. If they are Negroes, resentment is added to despair and violence to both. This subculture of the poor lies like a bitter sediment at the base of urban living. Stirred up, it could poison the whole civic environment.

Little by little—especially as the pressures of the civil rights movement increase—these facts have become more generally grasped. At the core of great cities lie breeding grounds of disaffection and violence. Only a quite new dimension of effort in urban reconstruction and educational retraining can begin to reverse the trend toward deepening disorder. While the $50 billion of the arms budget are spent without much grudging on the incalculable enemy without, not even a tenth of that sum has yet been suggested for the much more calculable enemy within. If, however, in this context citizens were to begin to think about domestic poverty on the scale of their economy's resources—which, it must be repeated, include, this year alone, an increase of $30 billion—can one question the impact that could be made in a very short time on the worst centers of urban despair? (A Harlem in which every citizen over sixty-five received, as a direct transfer payment, the sum that can fairly represent a decent living wage; a Harlem in which every youth from sixteen to twenty-one had available the opportunity for remedial education and skilled training; a Harlem undergoing, say, a fifteen-year program of total reconstruction with low or no-interest-rate loans to families to encourage home ownership—such a Harlem would probably not cost more than a fraction of 1 per cent of the country's rising national income and would save much of the costs of its reconstruction through the fall in expenditure on crime prevention, delinquency, and unemployment relief. And it would redeem a city that cannot prosper while it carries this poison at its heart.)

But Harlem and Chicago's South Side are not alone. Their tragic contradictions of self-perpetuating poverty are becoming one of the hallmarks of world city life from Santiago to Singapore. All over the world, often long in advance of effective industrialization, the unskilled poor are streaming away from subsistence agriculture to exchange the squalor of rural poverty for the even deeper miseries of the shanty-towns, *favellas*, and *bidonvilles* that, year by year, grow inexorably

"Indifference has never been the recipe for greatness."

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on the fringes of the developing cities.

And they, too, are the core of local despair and disaffection—filling the *Jeunesse* movements of the Congo, swelling the urban mobs of Rio, voting Communist in the ghastly alleys of Calcutta, everywhere undermining the all too frail structure of public order and thus retarding the economic development that can alone help their plight. Unchecked, disregarded, left to grow and fester, there is here enough explosive material to produce in the world at large the pattern of a bitter class conflict finding to an increasing degree a racial bias, erupting in guerrilla warfare, and threatening, ultimately, the security even of the comfortable West.

Where, then, should the problem of worldwide poverty stand on the agenda of abundance? The first point to make is that, at present, the condition of most developing lands is virtually the *opposite* of the wealthy nations. Everything needed for growth is scarce—skills, resources, capital. The second point is that many poor societies betray a kind of increasing unbalance that the West was able to avoid. Population has spurted forward ahead of economic dynamism; urbanization has exploded before any real increase in agricultural productivity has taken place. And these facts reflect in some measure a third factor—that the basic condition of most developing countries in the post-colonial period is a direct inheritance from patterns established during the epoch of Western political control and economic dominance.

Western medicine, public health, and public order, not combined with over-all Western investment, set the birth rate moving upward ahead of the economy. The Western tendency to develop a single import-export sector on the basis of local mines and plantations, exporting raw materials in return for imports of Western manufacture, led to little stimulation to local industrialization and to the monster development of big coastal cities. Rio, Caracas, Lagos, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Shanghai—the pattern has been everywhere the same: the great burgeoning urban port, the understimulated hinterland. And the policy of not touching agriculture—apart from export crops—has left intact feudal *latifundia* or tribal land-tenure or the landlord-peasant relationship of Asia, thus perpetuating the production of food largely at the meager levels of subsistence farming.

These are the facts. How should the wealthy nations react? Let us leave on one side for the moment the question whether they *should* have a policy. The first dilemma is whether they *can* have one, given the apparent divergence between their historical experience in the developed "North" and the fate of the developing "South." Clearly, there are areas where Western experience can be of enormous value. In the first place, the rich nations have the capital to spare that the poor so desperately lack. Not even the most optimistic estimate of the "South's" absorptive capacity at the moment puts it much above $10 billion. This is barely 1 per cent of the combined national incomes of the Atlantic world, and no economy yet has had its back broken by 1 per cent, least of all when it could look forward to a steady 4 per cent scale of growth.

Then the experience and help of the industrialized powers are wholly relevant to the deepest dilemma of the developing nations—their lack of resources. It is here that the frontal attacks have to be mounted. Western assistance to education of every kind—through university contracts, through teacher exchanges, through the Peace Corps, through extension workers—can be increased. This is a task for three generations, no doubt—but, as Marshal Lyauty remarked, all the more reason to begin now. Training in industrial skills is best given on the factory floor—and in the manager's office and the boardroom. Western private enterprise, taking local people into training and partnership and, when the case is suitable, phasing itself out to local ownership, is also the quickest, surest route to competent industrial growth.

THE West again has incomparable experience to offer in setting up the institutions for fostering local capital formation. Savings and loan societies, building societies, mortgage banks, development banks, assistance in central banking, training in public finance—the whole arterial system of public and private finance—are a vital and at present often neglected factor in development strategy.

But in addition to this general-purposive stimulus to the overcoming of all scarcities, the West could perhaps consider a special concentration on the three areas where post-colonial unbalances play the most disruptive part. Especially now that morally and culturally acceptable methods of controlling the frightening surge of births seem within sight, a much greater effort to evolve a population policy is a first responsibility. True, Western help can be offered only when it is asked for. It is also true that the very desire to practice responsible parenthood depends upon advances in education and opportunity. But the need for special assistance in acceptable forms is not in doubt.

Again, outright and generous Western assistance to launch a large-scale attack on headlong urbanization also needs to move to the center of development strategy. In part, this is a matter of massive housing programs, stimulating local industry and local materials and encouraging home ownership. In part, it is a matter of planning new cities on a regional basis to take some of the pressure off the megalopolitan areas.

And this strategy in turn helps the third field of special endeavor—to revitalize the agricultural sector. Regional centers should be planned as markets and as sites for processing industries. Industrial growth could also be tempted toward mass-consumption goods—bicycles, flashlights, sewing machines—that interest the rural buyer. The broken circuit between stagnant countryside and underemployed cities could be restored by a lively development of regional markets.

And this process of local industrialization directed to the local mass market could, last of all, be assisted—as would every other aspect of a development strategy—if Western exporters moved out of the field of consumer goods, accepted local protective tariffs with good grace, and, in the aftermath of the U.N. Conference on Trade Development, helped to improve the wealth-enhancing circuit of international trade by permitting more of its gains to remain in the developing South.

Thus strategies for development that are closely geared to the basic needs of the poor nations are not only conceivable. They flow naturally from the historical experience of North and South. Nor does national interest in seeing the strategies applied rest solely with the South. Even with all internal improvements, all cities rebuilt, all wildernesses blossoming, all energy released, it is still possible that the fabulously unfolding technology of the West will press close upon the limits of demand in lands where the two-car, two-pool, two-house family has become a universal fact. Then the South as a vast new reserve market will be interesting in even the most purely commercial sense.

But finally a great society must live not only by mind and body but by conscience and spirit as well. Is the affluence of the West simply to grow while the pressures on the poor nations as steadily increase? Surely there will not be much left of its claims to humane and Christian standards if, then, it does no more than watch, from the patios and bars and beaches of its prosperity, the darkness of frustration and despair spread over other lands. Indifference has never yet been the recipe for greatness or even survival. It will not prove so over the forty years ahead.

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Survival

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come imminent. The governmental force that would then have to be exercised in order to keep the world's population within the necessary limits would have to be organized on a worldwide scale. Action by the world's present hundred or more sovereign independent local governments would be ineffective.

This parochial governmental action would be just as ineffective for feeding a world population that was even three times bigger than the present; and it would also be just as ineffective for producing social justice and for preventing war. For all these indispensable and urgent purposes, government on a worldwide scale has now become one of the necessary conditions for the survival of mankind. The hope for a world government ought therefore now to take a high place in our inventory of human hopes. Unfortunately, however, this hope—indispensable though it has now become—is not yet widely cherished. Probably there are few people yet alive whose paramount loyalty is being given to the human race as a whole. For the great majority of the human race, their paramount loyalty is still not ecumenical but sectional. Our first hope is that our own tribe will be dominant over other tribes and that our own religion or ideology will supplant other religions and ideologies.

FEW of us, apparently, have realized, so far, that in the Atomic Age the human race as a whole is in danger of liquidating itself, and that therefore the survival of one's own sectional tribe or sectional ideology can only be insured by insuring that the human race survives. In this new situation, there is no genuine conflict between sectional loyalty and ecumenical loyalty. Sectional tribes and ideologies can survive now only on condition that mankind is preserved, and therefore we have to give an overriding loyalty to mankind as a whole in order to preserve our precious tribes and ideologies. This is already the fact; but most of us are still a long way from appreciating it, and are therefore also still a long way from making the revolutionary transfer of loyalty that this revolutionary new fact requires of us. In this field, too, there is going to be a race between mass self-re-education and mass self-destruction. We have to hope that, in this crucial race, the growth and spread of a sense of world citizenship will win, and we have to promote the realization of this hope by our personal action.

What are the chances that this novel sense of worldwide fellowship will prevail, and that it will prevail in time to forestall a worldwide human disaster? The idea of the brotherhood of man is relatively novel, but, happily, it is not entirely new. It has been preached, for the last 2,500 years. Judaism and Buddhism agree in holding that their vision of ultimate truth and their prescription for man's salvation place their adherents under a moral obligation, not, of course, to impose their doctrines by *force majeure* for the sake of asserting themselves, but to preach their good tidings to all their fellow human beings—or, for Buddhists, to all sentient beings, including animals and gods. The Buddha himself did not take advantage of his enlightenment to exercise the option that this gave him for escaping into Nirvana. He deliberately chose to remain in the world for the rest of his current life for the sake of preaching to his fellow sentient beings the way of salvation that he had discovered for himself.

This call to evangelize one's fellows presupposes that one feels, not an unbounded wish to domineer over them, but an unbounded and all-embracing love for them. It is, in fact, love that makes the world go round. Love is the ultimate force that makes for the saving choice of life and good against the damning choice of death and evil. Therefore the first hope in our inventory—the hope that includes and at the same time transcends all others—must be the hope that love is going to have the last word. The Buddha acted on the counsels of love in an apparently paradoxical contradiction with his philosophy. Jesus's and Mohammed's vision of the ultimate power in the universe was the vision of a god who was a loving person in the human sense of the word "person," except that the god of Islam and Christianity is held to be an almighty person, as well as a loving one. For those of us who happen to have been born into that minority of the human race that has inherited the Christian tradition, this Moslem-Christian-Jewish, and implicitly also Buddhist, belief about the ultimate nature of reality is summed up in the First Epistle of Saint John:

> Let us love one another; for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us.

We have to hope that this spirit is going to become the paramount inspiration of our generation and its successors. Let us put this hope at the top of our inventory. If we do that, we can omit the other items; for this one hope embraces all other hopes that are on the side of life and good.

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Newspapers

Continued from page 139

other through satellite-electronic means. In fact, forty years from this August, key newspapers will appear in simultaneous editions everywhere in the world, automatically translated and set in type to suit the indigenous language. Television will be able to transmit directly to each home on earth on a world-wide basis, and several billion people may well be watching the same program with automatic language translation to match local comprehension. We may still be sending overseas mail and parcel post by air and ship, but most mail will be transmitted by facsimile reproduction through one of many satellites weighing several hundred tons, floating in the incredibly vast spaces above the habitable world, which forty years hence will of necessity comprise practically all of the land areas, many of which are now considered unfit places to live.

The world will be advanced technically by 2004 – that we can forecast – unless it has blown itself sky-high by then, which seems quite possible when you look about you on this fortieth anniversary. If, in Fosdick's words, we have still not brought our philosophical and moral plateau up to the scientific,

if we are still unprepared in ethics, law, and self-control to meet the problems that our computer - electronic - atomic world has by then geometrically added to the pressing present, the fact of easy communication between individuals, families, nations, and peoples may be as academic as a monarch's golden boast before the flood. The democratic political system at world level is the only way by which human communication can be guaranteed. And though in the Presidential Year of Our Lord 1964 one begins to wonder at the odds and to speculate privately if the chances of human freedom and survival were not greater in 1924 than they will be forty years hence, one must believe with Faulkner that communicative man will not only endure, but will prevail.

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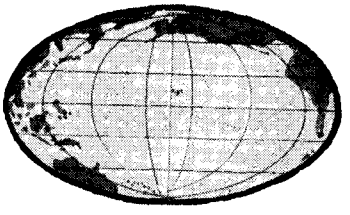

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(Continued from page 195)

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VACATIONS

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TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linens included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L. I., SR Box A-90.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. Summer Rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

THE FLYING CLOUD—Close all cultural attractions. Swimming, championship tennis. New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chalts, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

DO. Plane, train, or bus. We don't care what you come on . . . but come on! Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

RESTFUL LODGE on small lake. Delicious food, comfortable quarters. All outdoor activities available. Write or call C. M. Johnson, Dodge Lodge, Rangeley, Maine. Rangeley 309R3.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theater. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

FLORIDA KEYS, ISLAMORADA. Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed, tropical living, charming oceanfront efficiencies. Pool, dock, ramp; all sports. Cool ocean breezes. Friendly, congenial. Week, month. Box 222R.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

MONADNOCK REGION. Autumn is lovely here. Relax amidst towering pines. Private lodges, delicious food, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Open to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

UNWIND. At the charming new Christmas Tree Inn—mountain setting — Continental atmosphere — excellent cuisine. Swimming pool, superb new golf course, riding, tennis. Special golf week rates. Write the Christmas Tree Inn, Sugarbush Valley, Warren, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

RELAX AND RECREATE!!! Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Rainbow Lodge, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

VACATIONS

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Quiet, comfortable. Beautiful grounds. Breakfast served.

ARE YOU a western history buff? A nature lover? A fisherman? A rock hound? A writer? A painter? A horseman? Do you like books, conversation, open fires, superb food, beautiful surroundings, a relaxed, casual atmosphere? Richardson Hereford Ranch (adjoining National Forest), Crawford, Nebraska. $15.00 per day, everything included. Telephone 2W2.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

UNIVERSITY OF THE 7 SEAS. Combine a Liberal Arts curriculum for credit with the enrichment of around-the-world travel aboard the well-known college ship, M.V. "Seven Seas," operated by Holland-America Line. Fall semester sails October 19th from New York City. 108 days to 18 ports in 14 countries. Incorporated under the laws of the State of California Department of Education. Spring semester sails February 11th. Hispanic scholarships available. College students seriously interested in this unique approach to higher education may send for full information to: University of the 7 Seas, Director of Admissions, Whittier, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

FLOWER LEIS: Planes, ships: Arrivals, departures. Box 2117, Honolulu, Hawaii.

SOUTH AFRICA'S Kruger Park and other vast reserves show you big game in nature's own setting. They are highlights of your low-cost, comprehensive tour of South Africa. Details from your Travel Agent. For literature, write SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

BRITISH ELECTION STUDY TOUR October 1-15 arranged in cooperation with English-Speaking Union. Meet party leaders, campaign managers, candidates. Attend rallies in rural and urban constituencies. Hear Britain debate nuclear weaponry, disarmament, future of UN, nationalization, etc. Observe side effects of American presidential campaign. For particulars write or phone Club Tours, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36. LOngacre 3-0535.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1586

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Placed side by side.

B. What the men in the winning racing shell were able to do to the competitors.

C. Exhalation; breath.

D. Spryly.

E. What one goes to in making great effort.

F. Around fourscore.

G. Boys' game, in which trussed-up opponents in sitting position try to knock each other over.

H. Omnipotent.

I. Appetizer called shashimi in Honolulu. (2 wds.).

J. Residue of a siliceous rock with calcareous matter removed by solvent action of water, used for polishing.

K. What an anagram tells us one hug ought to be.

L. Full of whims.

WORDS

13 181 2 53 172 64 49 89 180 128

27 93 104 170 137 17

121 187 197 72 76 119 156

136 43 123 117 114 19

189 155 28 79 192 139 168

171 202 196 54 29 87 39 63 164

36 24 109 133 3 207 195 30 81

75 23 83 61 177 167 120 209

193 21 163 199 174 15 46

5 134 56 40 140 77 22 73 106 33 47

10 44 102 14 152 98

101 66 32 62 124 130 96 60 115

DEFINITIONS

M. Unteleologically.

N. Inhabiting the seashore.

O. Burrowing in rock.

P. Trifling; contemptible.

Q. Great planetary phenomenon in Ursa Major (2 wds.).

R. Condition of many houses in a great cataclysm such as tornado, hurricane, etc.

S. The grivet monkey.

T. A golfer's chance of making this in golf is one to 8606 (3 wds., 1964 World Almanac).

U. Surname famous for long services in public and religious life of U.S. from Colonial days.

V. Waste time.

W. Abreast of (2 wds.).

X. A physical force acting bet. particles of matter, tending to draw them together and resist their separation.

Y. A hopeless criminal.

WORDS

37 183 146 51 153 191 7 57 190

110 165 129 206 68 161 178 95

71 84 12 80 148 52 125 105 169 194 112

143 9 122 92 182 113 50 176

158 48 34 205 65 159 126 175 41

141 145 4 135 94 91 59 67 25 160 82 100

16 118 8 150

18 58 127 31 188 162 200 69 86

198 26 20 55 144 6 149

173 99 147 154 35 186 88 85 42 74

11 179 204 132 138 78 157 90

116 45 208 107 103 166 184 131 111 151

97 108 185 38 142 201 70 203 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 Y	2 A	3 G	4 R	5 J	6 U		7 M	8 S	9 P	10 K	11 W	12 O		13 A	14 K	15 I
16 S		17 B	18 T	19 D		20 U	21 I	22 J		23 H	24 G	25 R	26 U	27 B	28 E	
29 F	30 G	31 T		32 L	33 J	34 Q	35 V		36 G	37 M	38 Y	39 F	40 J	41 Q	42 V	
43 D	44 K		45 X	46 I	47 J		48 Q	49 A	50 P	51 M	52 O		53 A	54 F	55 U	56 J
	57 M	58 T	59 R	60 L		61 H	62 L	63 F		64 A	65 Q	66 L	67 R	68 N	69 T	70 Y
71 O	72 C	73 J	74 V		75 H	76 C		77 J	78 W	79 E	80 O	81 G		82 R	83 H	84 O
85 V	86 T	87 F		88 V	89 A		90 W	91 R		92 P	93 B	94 R	95 N	96 L	97 Y	
98 K	99 V	100 R		101 L	102 K	103 X	104 B		105 O	106 J	107 X	108 Y		109 G	110 N	111 X
112 O	113 P	114 D	115 L		116 X	117 D	118 S	119 C	120 H		121 C	122 P	123 D		124 L	125 O
126 Q	127 T	128 A		129 N	130 L	131 X	132 W	133 G		134 J	135 R		136 D	137 B	138 W	139 E
140 J	141 R	142 Y		143 P	144 U	145 R	146 M		147 V	148 O	149 U		150 S	151 X	152 K	153 M
154 V	155 E	156 C		157 W	158 Q		159 Q	160 R	161 N	162 T		163 I	164 F	165 N	166 X	167 H
	168 E	169 O		170 B	171 F	172 A	173 V	174 I	175 Q	176 P		177 H	178 N	179 W	180 A	
181 A	182 P		183 M	184 X	185 Y		186 V	187 C	188 T	189 E	190 M		191 M	192 E	193 I	194 O
195 G	196 F	197 C	198 U		199 I	200 T	201 Y		202 F	203 Y	204 W	205 Q	206 N	207 G	208 X	209 H

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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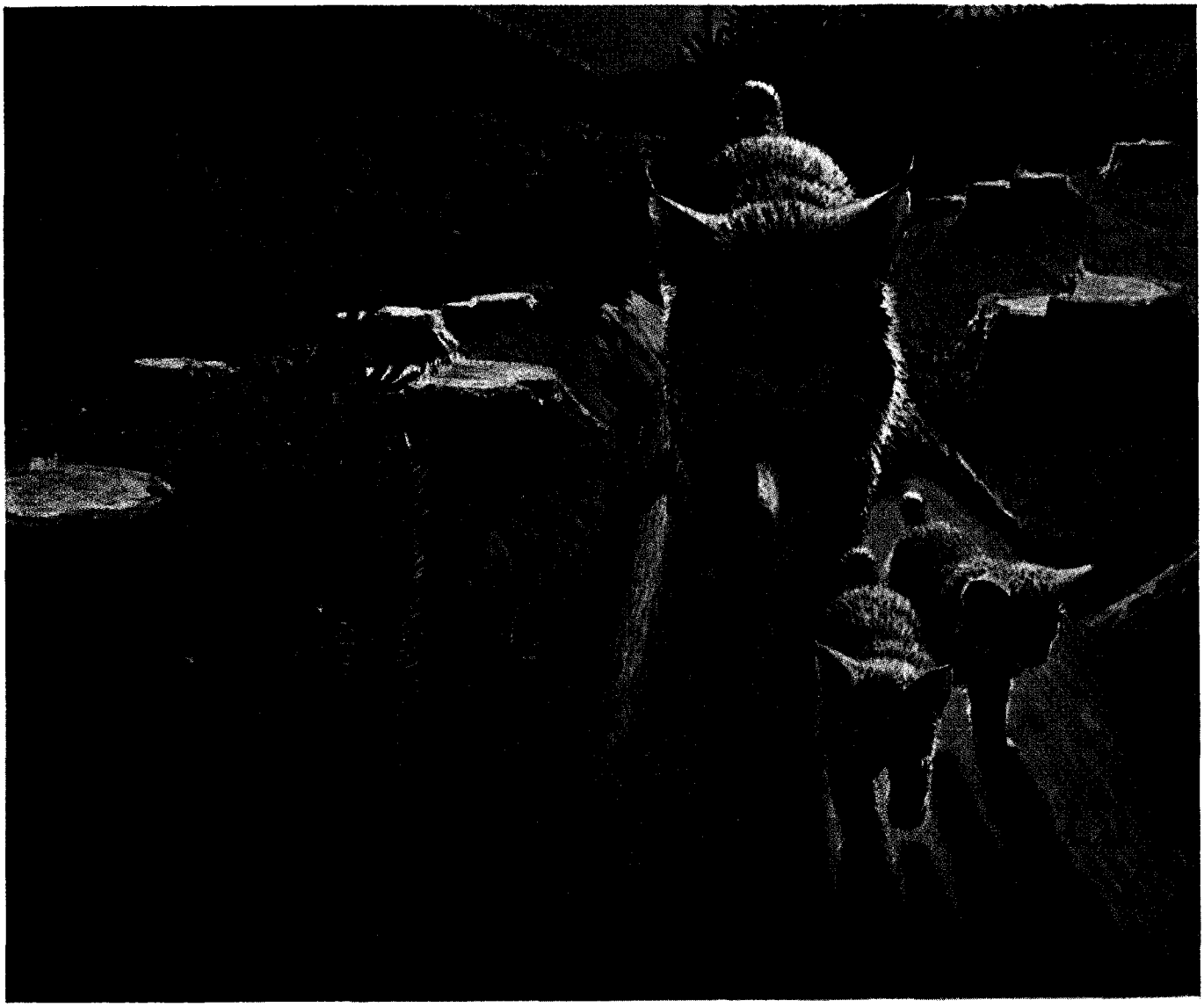

Bobcats on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where new trees always follow the old.

Growing timber as a crop for you and your family

Timber is grown as a managed crop on Weyerhaeuser lands to supply wood products for you, your children and your grandchildren. This requires continual reforestation and careful tending of each crop for 80 years or more.

Until recent years, this kind of long-range investment was impractical. Now it's a different story. Farsighted legislation passed in 1944 set up a common-sense basis for timber taxation. As a result, 27 thousand individuals and firms are now growing tree crops as a business throughout the United States.

The risks, however, are still very large.

Fire, insects and disease are constant enemies. Protection calls for private road systems, fire equipment and crews, and occasional aerial spraying to combat an insect infestation. Research to find new and better ways to grow and protect trees also adds to the cost of growing timber as a crop.

Despite the risks and costs, private tree farming is a sound business. It must remain so if America is to continue to enjoy the many advantages brought about through modern industrial forest management.

Consider the many benefits. Today about 64 million acres of private forestland are dedicated to perpetual production of timber and more acreage is being added every year. These lands are a continuing source of jobs, taxes, wood, water, wildlife and recreation. Under today's realistic tax and economic climate they can remain so forever.

Send for free Wildlife Picture Booklet describing our forestry practices and products. The booklet features a number of wildlife color pictures ideal for framing, as well as interesting facts about modern forestry. Write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A5, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.

Weyerhaeuser products: lumber, plywood, pulp, paper, chemicals, packaging.

Weyerhaeuser

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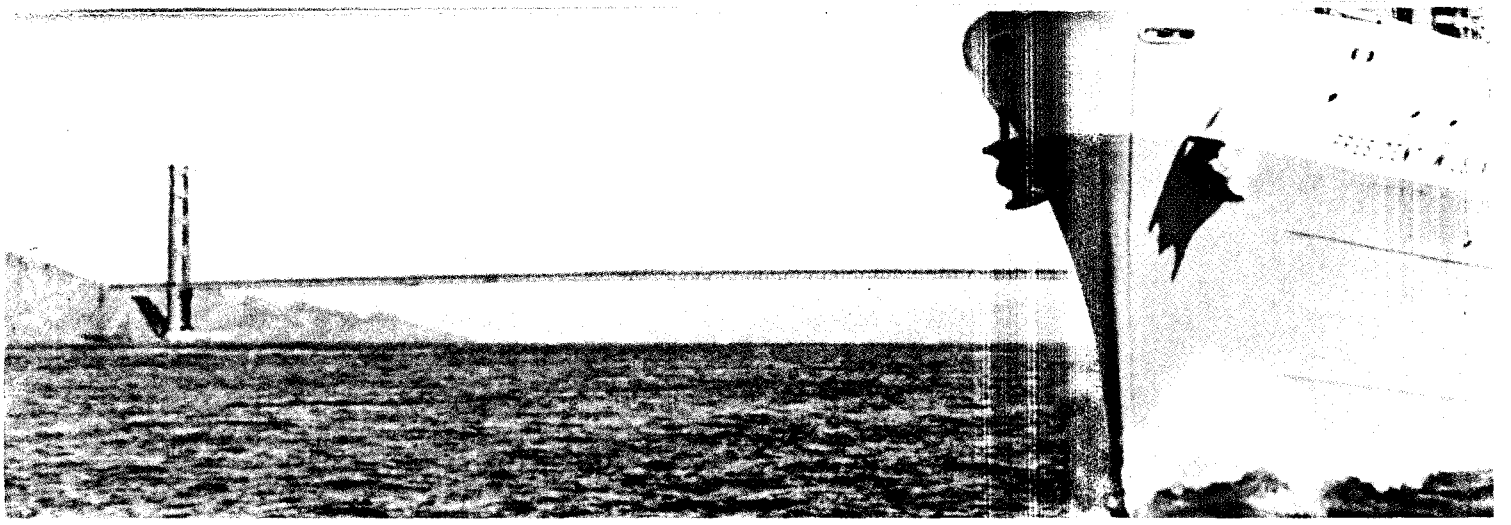
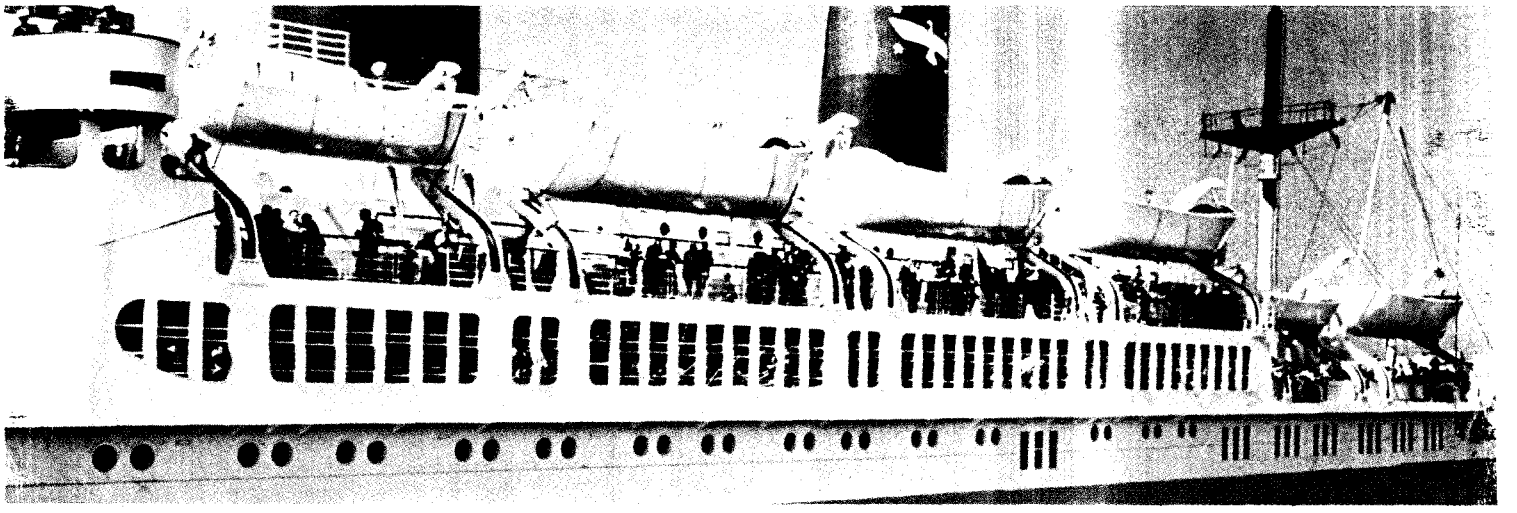
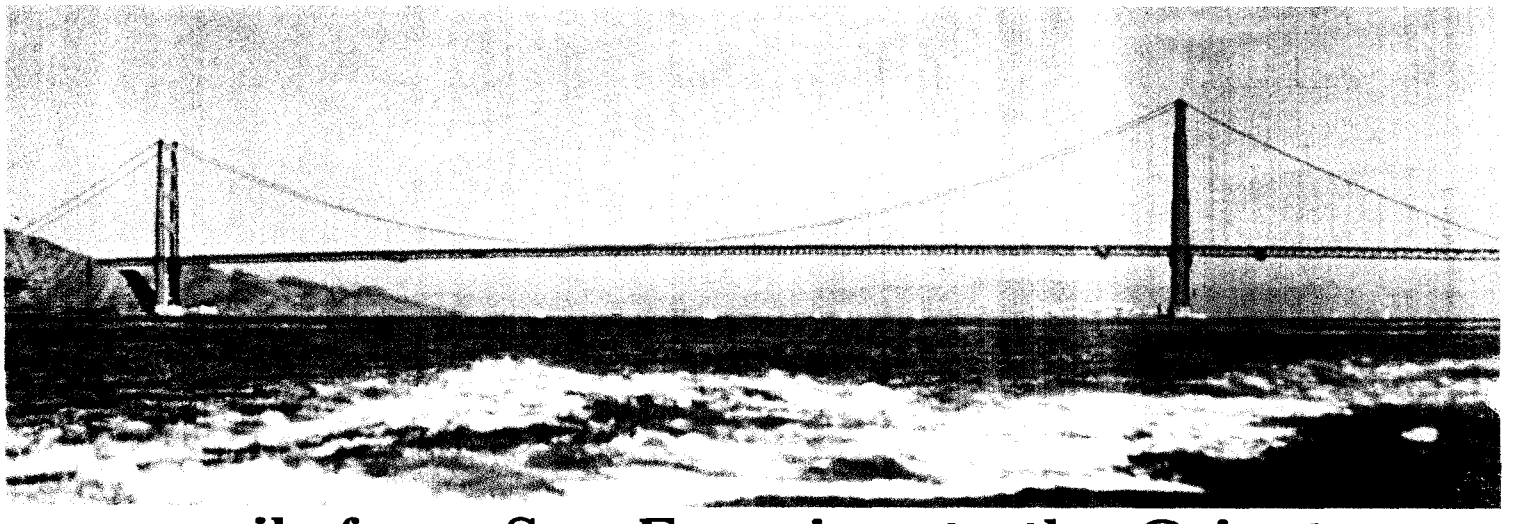


Every two weeks



a great President Liner



sails from San Francisco to the Orient.

Your course: West-Southwest. Speed: 20 knots. Destination: Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines. Along the way you'll see fish that fly, birds that swim, and a bow wave that glows in the night.

Your ship itself will be an adventure. You'll find that your stateroom comes with radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. That the salt water pool is heated to a pleasant 78 degrees. That there are, if you care to count, 420 different dishes served during the two-week Pacific crossing. And that the voyage, if anything, will seem too short to meet all of the 250 passengers aboard your great President Liner.

Fares start at $689 First Class, $403 Economy Class. This fall, three bonus cruises (Oct. 24, Nov. 7 and Nov. 21) feature five extra days, three extra ports, and a trip through Japan's spectacular Inland Sea—at no extra cost. Later, holiday season rates cut the cost of a round-trip by 25% off normal one-way fares. See your local Travel Agent for details.

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